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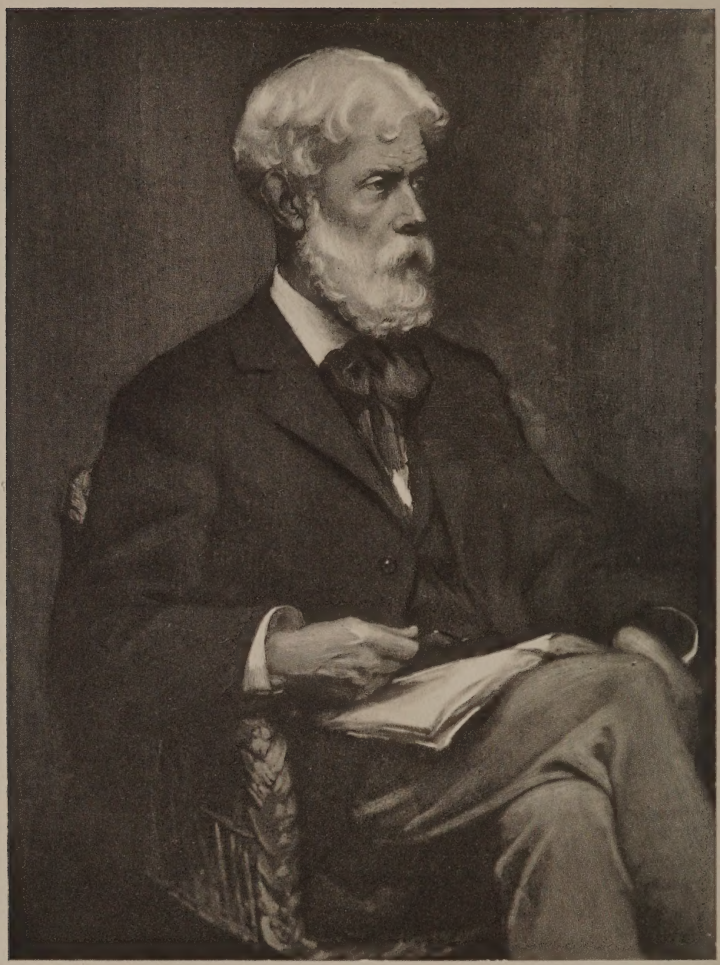

C. P. Cranch

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

BY HIS DAUGHTER

LEONORA CRANCH SCOTT

With Illustrations

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1917

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PREFACE

When my father knew that he could not live, he directed me to send, after his death, his published and unpublished works to Mr. George William Curtis. I did this, and Mr. Curtis, although a very busy man, looked carefully into the manuscripts sent to him, having also the assistance and judgment of a *collaborateur*. He decided that further publication would add nothing to the fame of his friend.

It was not until some time after that the plan of a volume of letters, connected by his own words from an autobiography, was decided upon, having its inception in his own wish, perhaps, to be better known to that public who already knew something of him through his published volumes and poems in the current literature of the day.

In this *Life and Letters* I have tried to give an impression of the man and his charm to his friends, and to show the many sides of his artistic, literary genius. As an æolian harp vibrates to the winds of heaven in melodies, joyful, tender, or sad, so Cranch's music varied with his mood. Blows it east? It brings forth martial strains. Or south? It sings of the sea, the woods, and the birds. West? Cadenzas of sweet fancy and rollicking mirth play upon its strings. While the north wind brings out clear, philosophic thought, deep and incisive.

At the instigation of his son-in-law, Colonel H. B. Scott, Mr. Cranch wrote his Autobiography for his "children and grandchildren, — or for any relatives

or intimate friends of the family who may wish to know something of the continuous thread of my life." It was thought best not to publish this as a whole, but to make extracts from it. A man does not see himself at his best; cannot therefore do full justice to himself in an autobiography. His diaries, letters, fleeting poems, tell the tale with a spontaneity free from self-consciousness.

These extracts from Mr. Cranch's diaries tell of the days in the ministry; the change from the ministry to the artist life; his marriage, and going to Europe with George William Curtis; then life abroad as an artist; the meeting with men of letters and brother artists; the return home and life in New York and Cambridge; a second trip to Europe, with wife and three children; the Cambridge home and surroundings, philosophical talks in a schoolhouse and Sunday religious meetings; the migrations to New York, and the peaceful end of a most happy life in his own home in Ellery Street, Cambridge.

There is wound in and out of these annals the continuous thread of the development of his poetical faculty, the strongest voice of many voices that called to him. My father's letters and those to him from Emerson, Lowell, Curtis, the Brownings, and others speak for themselves. I also quote from a *Memoir* of Judge Cranch, his father, which he was asked to write, — with the permission of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

Some one has said, "No man is a hero to his valet." Mr. Cranch was a hero in his own household. To his cook, his grocer, his plumber, — to his children. I remember when we were leaving Paris in 1863, how good old French Elisa, the housemaid

or *bonne*, embraced my father with tears streaming down her cheeks. He was to her, and to us, the embodiment of unselfishness, of patience, of loving-kindness, ever living up to his ideals, which were high.

I have endeavored, even with all my love for my father, to see him as a man, a poet, an artist, as he appeared to the outside world of men and women of his day. If I have done this only partially, I shall be well repaid for my labor.

L. C. S.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

Christopher Pearse Cranch was born in Alexandria, District of Columbia (now in Virginia), March 8, 1813, the youngest son in a family of thirteen children. In his Autobiography he says: —

My first recollections date from the house in Washington Street, when I was about four or five years old. I was taught to read by my sister Nancy. When she was eight or nine years of age, she died. Every one loved her. About this time my sister Mary also died. She had been married to her cousin Richard Norton about a year, and died soon after confinement, with a daughter, who also died. About a year later Mr. Norton died, from some virulent fever badly treated by an ignorant physician. The deaths of these two elder sisters were my first great griefs, and made a deep impression on me. . . .

At this time I was sent to a large day school kept by a man named Bonner. He was a great tyrant, and was noted for devising all sorts of strange, and sometimes cruel, punishments for the boys.

While occupying our house in Washington Street, our family used to pass the summer on a farm in Virginia, about four miles to the southwest, which went by the name of "Suffield." The house was a small, plain, wooden farmhouse. The farm, if I remember, consisted of very poor, clayey land. My brother Richard was the farmer.

We raised vegetables, rye, wheat, oats, etc. I remember no cultivated fruit on the place but small apples. There were plenty of fine wild blackberries, and I think some huckleberries. We had two or three farm-horses, and among my early recollections were the excursions I used to make, with my brothers John and Edward, — one six, the other four years older than myself, — to the apple trees, where we gathered the apples in bags, and brought them home on horseback.

We boys used to go about, barefooted, a great part of the summer. Our faithful companion everywhere was our dog Watch. He was a beautiful, white dog, with a fine head, and handsome brown eyes, soft and curly hair, and a splendid, bushy tail. He seemed to be a mixture of the setter and the Newfoundland. He was the most honest, the most affectionate, the most playful, the most brave, the most faithful creature that ever honored the canine race. He was just the age of my sister Abby, and lived with us seventeen years, dying at last of old age, long after we removed to Washington.

Our family at this time consisted of my father and mother, my brothers William, Richard, John, and Edward, our sister Elizabeth, about eight years older than I, — myself, and two younger sisters, Abby and Margaret.

In 1823 we moved to another part of Alexandria, which went by the name of the "Village." The house was a large and pretty frame dwelling, in the southern suburbs of the town, not far from Hunting Creek, a branch of the Potomac River. On the southern side of the house was a veranda of two stories, overlooking a yard with a semicircle of tall Lombardy poplars, a well of water, and a large garden with an abundance of fruit and flowers. The roses were particularly plentiful and fine. In the

centre of this garden was a large summer arbor, with seats, and covered with multiflora roses. We had strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, damsons, peaches, and fine winter pippins. At the bottom of the garden was a small building used by my father as a library and law-office. It was here that my brother Edward and I used to copy the pictures in India ink out of Rees's Cyclopædia. On the left of the garden was a barnyard and stable. From the upper story of the veranda there was a fine view of the majestic Potomac, and the sails constantly gliding up and down the river. It was a beautiful place, and to this day it mingles with my dreams. But the situation was not healthy, all that region near the Creek being subject to fever and ague, at which I took my turn along with the others.

A third severe family bereavement was the death of his brother Richard, who was drowned while making a topographical survey on Lake Erie, near Meadville. Of it the Autobiography says: —

The party were on the Lake when there came up a sudden squall. The boat was capsized and my brother, though a good swimmer, was drowned before he could reach the shore. . . . I was then twelve years old. Our brother was about twenty-five. . . . I never shall forget what a dark day that was, when the tidings of this event reached us. I can well remember how all the family were plunged into grief and tears. I can see even now, my uncle James Greenleaf (then making us a visit) sitting in silence, with one arm around each of my younger sisters. We all loved our brother Richard dearly. Our father and mother looked upon him with just pride in his noble and manly qualities. He was the strongest and most active of the family. I remember seeing him lift three fifty-

six-pound weights with his little finger. He was a good swimmer and skater. He was fond of agriculture; he had a great deal of mechanical talent and used to construct little machines of various sorts. I remember his making some sky-rockets and shooting them off. He was affectionate and upright and a great favorite wherever he was known. . . . He would take us with him to Washington — six or seven miles off — to see the Inauguration of John Quincy Adams as President, in the Capitol.

I shall always remember this pleasant house at the Village as the happy suburban home, where, in spite of these domestic sorrows, we children found such ample scope for play, such delight in our beautiful garden, such amusement with the dogs, the chickens, the ducks, the hayloft, and the rural surroundings.

It was there I first began to amuse myself with drawing, and in learning to play on the flute. And it was there that I attempted my first versification, a paraphrase from Ossian.

My father was tall and erect, with marked features, and was sometimes taken for General Andrew Jackson, but there was no real resemblance. He was serious and somewhat taciturn; of a quiet temperament; inclined to melancholy; but serene and self-contained, with a mild and sweet expression on his face, much aided by his steadfast, religious faith. He was devotedly fond of children, and was like the still water that runs deep, in his warm sympathy and affection. He was a conscientious and hard worker; was subject to headaches, but usually enjoyed good health, and died at the ripe old age of eighty-six, having been fifty years on the bench of the District Court. Between him and my mother there was always a devoted attachment. My mother's temperament was more cheerful and hopeful than his. From my

NANCY GREENLEAF

WILLIAM CRANCH AS A YOUNG MAN

father we children stood somewhat at a distance in our lighter talk and laughter. But our mother was full of fun, and we never stood in the least awe of her. We confided to her all our joys and sorrows. She must have been quite pretty when young, and I think my father might have been considered handsome.

My mother was very industrious and regular, and a good housekeeper. Both our parents were early risers. My father, from my earliest recollection, held family prayers, reading from the Episcopal Prayer-Book, although he was a Unitarian, while we all kneeled. We were all expected to attend church regularly. A trace of Puritanic tradition may have been seen here and there. Sunday was strictly kept, and there never was any card-playing. Whist was a game I learned some time after I began preaching, and played it on Saturday nights. The only games we knew in the house were chess, backgammon, and checkers. My father was fond of chess, but despised backgammon as a game of chance; while my uncle James Greenleaf, who spent almost all his evenings with us, was devoted to this rattling game. I don't think my mother ever played at any game. She was usually too busy sewing or darning stockings, or attending to the various duties of housekeeping.

In Mr. Cranch's memoir of his father, written for the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, he says: —

It is fitting that I should trace something of the honorable genealogy of the subject of this memoir. The blood and the principles of Puritan ancestors were in him by pure descent. On the paternal side they were all Englishmen. His great-great-grandfather, Richard Cranch, the first of his name of whom anything is known, was said to

have been a rigid and uncompromising Puritan. His great-grandfather, Andrew Cranch, carried on the business of serge-making, largely, in the town of Kingsbridge, Devonshire, where were born his son John, and John's son Richard, the father of William [Christopher's father]. These ancestors were all men of worthy character. In religion they were dissenters.

Of the Honorable Richard Cranch, my grandfather, a brief account must here be given. He was born in 1726, in Kingsbridge, Devonshire, came to America in 1746, at the age of twenty, and settled in the old towns of Braintree, Quincy, and Randolph. He was a watchmaker, and for some years pursued this business in Braintree. He was also postmaster of the town, held a seat for a number of years as representative in the General Court, and afterwards as senator of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was also for some years one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Though self-educated, he was a scholar of wide attainments, and was especially learned in theology. He was the intimate friend of John Adams, and of the Reverend Doctor Mayhew, and the associate of several distinguished men of his time. He is frequently spoken of with affection and respect in John Adams's Diary. In one place, Mr. Adams says: "Was there ever a wit who had much humanity and compassion, much tenderness of nature? . . . Mr. Cranch has wit and is tender and gentle." In another place he speaks of Mr. Cranch's "mathematical, metaphysical, mechanical, systematical head." And again he mentions him as "the friend of my youth, as well as of my riper years, whose tender heart sympathizes with his fellow creatures in every affliction and distress."

He was an ardent patriot during the Revolution. In 1780 he received the honorary degree of A.M. from

Harvard College. He was tall, grave, and dignified; and in his features is said to have borne a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of John Locke, the philosopher.

In 1762 Richard Cranch was married to Mary Smith, elder daughter of the Reverend William Smith, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, whose other daughter, Abigail, afterwards married John Adams.

To Richard and Mary Cranch were born three children, — Elizabeth, who married the Reverend Jacob Norton; Lucy, who married her cousin, Mr. John Greenleaf; and William, their only son.

Judge Richard Cranch and his wife lived chiefly in Quincy, and died there at advanced ages, within a day of each other, in October, 1811. This was in the old Cranch and Greenleaf homestead, a plain, large, frame house with an avenue of fine elms in front of it, kept up in the family for three generations as the old Greenleaf home.

William Cranch was born in Weymouth, in 1769. His education seems to have been entirely at home under his mother's tuition and superintendence, until he was put under the charge of his uncle, the Reverend John Shaw, of Haverhill, to be fitted by him for college. In 1784 he entered the Freshman class at Harvard. His friend and cousin, John Quincy Adams, was his classmate.

A little letter from William at Harvard in his eighteenth year, to his father, bears witness to his studies: —

Hond. Sir: —

I intended to have walked to Boston to-day, but having an invitation to dine at Mrs. Forbes', I determined to postpone it. If you could spare me a little money and

send it by my chum, who will bring you this, I should be exceedingly obliged. If it is not convenient, Sir, I beg you would not send it, for I am in no immediate want of it. I fear, Sir, you think my demands too frequent. If it were in my power to make them less so, I should certainly do it.

There is an Exhibition appointed for some time in next month. There will be a Latin oration, by whom is not yet determined, a forensic, a conference upon Law, Physic, and Divinity, by J. Q. Adams, Moses Little, and Nathaniel Freeman, and an English oration by Bosenger Foster. A Syllogistic Disputation, a Greek oration, a Hebrew oration, and a Dialogue. The Corporation have met, but have not yet determined about the Commencement. If they do not grant our request, we shall petition to the Board of Overseers.

With every sentiment of duty and affection, believe me your

Obedient son,
W. Cranch.

Thursday Morning,
Richard Cranch, Esq.

In the memoir of his father, just quoted Mr. Cranch, says: —

The life of a judge, however eminent and however well appreciated and honored by the members of the legal profession, is not one which usually makes a glittering show to the public eye. How little is known, outside the courts and law-offices, of the learning, the intellectual grasp, the patience, the industry, the conscience, the courage, the clear, calm power of detecting principles amid the tedious detail of facts and precedents, and of thoroughly winnowing truth from error, which are required in this profession! Such acquirements and qualities make little noise

in the world; but like the silent forces of nature, they are none the less effective and beneficent.

The Honorable William Cranch, LL.D., Chief Judge of the United States Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, is a name well known among lawyers and jurists, through his Reports of the Supreme Court, and the cases in his own court for forty years; and especially distinguished in the district, where, for over forty years of his life, he held his office, and resided, and where he died, full of years and honors. But apart from his legal and judiciary connections, he lived a comparatively retired life, uncheckered by any remarkable events. He was one of that noble fraternity of quiet thinkers and workers, of all times and professions, who are content to do their duty thoroughly and well, careless of the shining honors of fame; or else who fail to achieve those honors, because by temperament too unambitious to grasp them, or from love of their work, and conscientiousness in the discharge of it, too devoted to their daily tasks to weigh their labors against their deserts, to consecrate their days to some useful but unapplauded sphere of life.

In 1787 William Cranch graduated with honors; and the same year commenced the study of law in Boston, with the Honorable Thomas Dawes, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. . . . In 1790 he was admitted to practice law in the Court of Common Pleas, at the age of twenty-one. He began practice in Braintree, but afterwards removed to Haverhill, where he boarded in Mr. Shaw's family, and attended the courts in Essex County, and at Exeter, Portsmouth, and other places in New Hampshire. In 1793 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

His prospects now encouraged him to make preparation for domestic life in Washington; and on April 6, 1795, he

was married in Boston to Miss Ann (Nancy) Greenleaf, the youngest daughter, in a large family, of William Greenleaf, Esq., merchant of Boston, who had been, during the Revolutionary War, high sheriff of Suffolk County, including Boston. She was the sister of Mr. James Greenleaf, also of Mrs. Judge Dawes and of Mrs. Noah Webster. Returning early in the summer to Washington with my mother, he commenced housekeeping under happy auspices, and worked diligently. . . .

Two years later he received a proposal from Mr. Noah Webster, that they should together undertake a daily paper in Boston, . . . and that my father should be the editor. In this proposal he held out inducements that seemed promising. The temptation to return to Boston and the vicinity of his family and friends was, for a little while, very strong; but on mature consideration, and with advice of competent persons, he concluded to abandon the idea, and determined to remain in Washington and pursue the practice of law. His father, with whom he corresponded on all matters of moment, concurred in his determination, though it would have been an inexpressible pleasure and comfort to have his son, to whom he was so tenderly attached, near him again in his declining years. . . .

Notwithstanding many temporary discouragements he steadily applied himself to his business, and soon had the satisfaction of gaining two cases in Annapolis. The same year he was appointed, by President Adams, one of the commissioners of public buildings, upon the recommendation of the largest part of the proprietors of the city, with a salary of sixteen hundred dollars. "But how long the office will continue," he writes, "is uncertain." He adds: "The only subject of regret which the circumstance suggests is, that it will call forth the calumnies of malevo-

lence upon the President. But it will be remembered that President Washington appointed Mrs. Washington's son-in-law, Dr. Stuart, to the same office, — so that a precedent is not wanting."

In 1801 Mr. William Cranch was appointed by the President, John Adams, Assistant Judge of the newly constituted Circuit Court of the District of Columbia; William Kilty being Chief Judge, and James Marshall (brother of the celebrated Chief Justice Marshall of the Supreme Court) the other Assistant Judge. In 1805, very much to his surprise, — for he was a warm Federalist in his politics, — Judge Cranch was appointed by Mr. Jefferson to the office of Chief Judge of the Circuit Court, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. His labors in the office were, through the whole of his long judicial life, exceedingly arduous. On August 15, 1806, he apologizes for not having written to his father, by stating that he had just finished a session of five weeks at Alexandria, and that since the fourth Monday of November last he had been twenty-nine weeks in court.

In 1829 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard College, — a long-deserved and too-long-deferred honor. He was admitted an honorary member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, March 15, 1847. In 1852 he published in six volumes his "Reports, Civil and Criminal, in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia," covering forty years — from 1801 to 1841. His son says: —

Nature seems to have intended William Cranch for a judge. His patience and perseverance were only matched

by his love of clearness and order. He would take pleasure in unraveling a snarl of string and untying hard knots. He had a mechanical turn, and liked to take his old family clock to pieces, to be oiled and cleaned, and put together again. While in college he devoted a good deal of time to mathematical problems, and even went so far as to calculate an eclipse. These qualities, combined with his sensitive musical ear, would sometimes lead him to spend, on a day of leisure, a morning in tuning his piano or parlor organ, in a very thorough and methodical way. These characteristic traits, in union with the higher ones of thoroughness and exactness of knowledge, of conscientious and discriminating judgment in difficult cases, of singular ability to see the main facts and authority, and to detect always the principle and spirit of the law, made him, by nature and by long training, a judge whose decisions have always held a deserved reputation for soundness. The best proof of this is, that during more than fifty years of service on the bench, it is well known that not one of his decisions was reversed by the Supreme Court.

He was a hard and steady worker. He rose early, often being up before sunrise in the winter; and when not on the bench, he was usually engaged at work in his office, frequently until near midnight. . . . He liked to read the best English classics. Shakespeare and Milton were especial favorites with him. He seldom read a novel. But he had a keen relish for poetry, old and new. His enthusiastic love of the beautiful in nature and in art, was a marked trait. He delighted in pictures, in sculpture, in flowers, and fine sunsets. But his chief recreation was music. He played on the organ and the flute. The latter instrument he abandoned in his old age, and devoted himself to his parlor organ, on which he played

chiefly sacred music, and in which he took the deepest delight.

His temperament was tranquil, grave, and serious. He would often smile, but seldom laughed aloud. He seldom joked, but he relished a good joke from others. His demeanor was courteous and dignified. He was a gentleman of the old school. He never hesitated to carry home his own loaded basket from the market; and sometimes he would assist some poor old woman on the road in carrying hers. He liked to split his own wood and make his own fire; and in sight of all his neighbors would mend his own pump, or his gate, or his garden fence. His heart was as tender as a woman's. His domestic affections were deep. Nothing could exceed his love as an affectionate husband and father. The natural kindness of his disposition extended itself to his friends, neighbors, relatives, and even strangers, and would often take the form of an utterly unprecedented hospitality, even when his domestic circumstances obliged the greatest domestic economy. . . . This almost feminine sympathy never interfered with the just decisions to which his duties so often called him. His sense of justice was strong, and though tempered by clemency, never wavered from its upright attitude.

His character was genuinely and deeply religious. He inherited this trait from his ancestors, and it was cultivated and strengthened through his life. . . . He seldom taught by precept, but always by example, that: —

> "Our days should be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

My brother Edward writes: "I knew more than any other of the children, of father's official life and labors, because I studied law for three years in his chambers at the City Hall at Washington. I don't believe he ever

spent an idle hour in his life. His life was uniform. He never dropped out of line to go in search of events. His great idea was duty. His recreations were music, chess, study, contemplation. He prayed much when alone. He repeated old poems to himself in his walks. But for ten hours every day for sixty years he was in public and working for the public. He was working for the right, and antagonizing the wrong; and he kept the waters pure about him."

His conscientious conception of the legitimate functions of a judge led him to reject all offers of fees for any extraneous or supererogatory work, where he would have been justified in accepting them. The consequence was that he was besieged at all hours, even out of his office, by people of all sorts who came to have deeds or other law documents acknowledged gratis by him, rather than by a lawyer, who would charge them a fee. And I believe he never, at any hour of the day, refused a single one of these people.

Judge Cranch, though not an abolitionist, was no apologist for slavery. It was an institution abhorrent to his nature. But so long as it was sanctioned by constitution and law, he was bound not to interfere with the existing order of things. Whenever he could befriend a slave without violating the laws, he was ever ready to do so. He saw that a storm was approaching, but fortunately for his peace of mind, he was not fated to see how, a few years later, it burst upon the country in the horrors of civil war.

In the old Congressional graveyard in Washington are buried Judge Cranch and his wife. These are the inscriptions on the plain stones:—

NANCY GREENLEAF CRANCH
Pencil sketch by John Cranch

WILLIAM CRANCH

Chief Judge of District of Columbia.
Born July 17, 1769, died Sept. 1, 1855.

An able, learned, diligent and upright magistrate: Mild, dignified and firm. A tender husband and Father. A faithful friend. A benefactor of the poor, and a sincere Christian.

"Blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see God."

NANCY CRANCH

daughter of William Greenleaf, Esq., late of Boston
and wife of William Cranch, Chf. J., D. C.

Born June 5, 1772, died full of the hope of glory,
Sept. 16, 1849.

"Valde Deflenda."

CHAPTER II

STUDENT AND PREACHER

In 1829 Christopher Pearse Cranch entered Columbian College in the third Freshman term. There were no athletics in those days, consequently the walk of three miles in the outskirts of Washington, was both agreeable and salutary.

My father, in his Autobiography, says: —

The president was a Baptist minister, Dr. Chapin, a most excellent man. There was but a small number of students, and the course of study was not particularly extensive or thorough. My brothers, John and Edward, had graduated there. My father wished me to have a college education, but his means did not permit the expense of sending me to an institution away from home. There I remained till 1832, when at the age of nineteen I took my degree.

As I lived near the Capitol, I went often to hear the great speakers in the Senate and House of Representatives. I remember hearing speeches from John Randolph, Clay, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Benton, Calhoun, and others. I had the good fortune to hear a great portion of Mr. Webster's famous reply to Mr. Hayne. I was very much impressed with Webster's eloquence.

After leaving college the question was, what profession to adopt. My father seemed to think I ought to choose one of the three learned professions. For the law, I had no taste or ability. And my brother Edward was studying law at my father's desire; one lawyer was enough. For a while I thought of medicine, but not very seriously.

My cousin William G. Eliot, Jr.,[1] who afterwards married my sister Abby, was a divinity student at Cambridge, and urged me to the study of theology. Of the three professions, this was most to my taste; and as it accorded with my father's inclination, I decided to go to Cambridge and the Theological School. I studied a little German with an old Swiss gentleman who taught me a very bad pronunciation.

In the summer of 1832, I left home for Cambridge. . . . At this time my brother John was in Italy studying art. My brother Edward had gone to Cincinnati to practice law. I took a room in Divinity Hall, Cambridge, and began my studies with a good deal of interest. [His classmates were:] C. A. Bartol, Charles T. Brooks, Edgar Buckingham, A. M. Bridge, A. Frost, Samuel Osgood, John Parkman, H. G. O. Phipps, George Rice, and J. Thurston. . . .

Sunday, June 16, 1833, my father got up at half-past four, and having made arrangements with a brother minister to take his Sunday-School class, went to the Charlestown bridge to meet his cousin Richard Greenleaf in a gig, and ride out to Quincy to meet his father, Judge Cranch, and his mother, who were making a visit to New England, where they had not been for thirty years.

In his journal he says: "A fine view from the top of the hill. . . . Found them at breakfast at Quincy. Father was there and looks very well." After dinner at Uncle Daniel Greenleaf's and the afternoon service, the second Church service, to which he had gone ". . . walked with father across the Quincy hills. He pointed out to me his father's grounds, where

[1] Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot, of St. Louis, Missouri.

the house, garden, etc., were. It was extremely interesting to be on the very spot, the very scenes of his boyish days with him, after so long an absence from them. Met J. Q. Adams in our walk. It was a fine afternoon and we had a noble view of the harbor."

Mr. Cranch's days were spent thus at this date. Up at half-past five, sometimes an hour earlier, studied Hebrew, attended prayers, walked to breakfast, pitched quoits, studied and read, attended Dr. Ware's exercise on the "Resurrection of Christ," recited Hebrew, had tea, and passed the evening in a friend's room singing, or in social converse. Once a week they had practising of elocution, which they called "explosions." Some of the students held a Sunday-School class in the State Prison, where they found some interesting men. The atmosphere was religious and prayerful, and my father earnestly strove to work conscientiously. His great diffidence kept him from doing justice to himself. He could always do better with his pen than in extemporaneous speech. But he nevertheless persisted.

There were many fine preachers who came to them, and the studious life suited his temperament. Orville Dewey, Henry W. Bellows, William Henry Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, and others spoke to them. And these were memorable occasions.

My father's good friend, John S. Dwight, was in his class for a year; going to Meadville, Pennsylvania, returning again later to Harvard. He was therefore in the class after Mr. Cranch, where also was Theodore Parker. The instructors were Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., and Dr. John G. Palfrey.

Mr. Cranch went home to Washington in summer vacations, but spent some time in Boston where he had relatives, and a good deal of time in the home of his grandfather, Richard Cranch, and of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Greenleaf, in Quincy. Their daughter Mary, Mrs. George Minot Dawes, was like a sister, and nursed him one summer in the old Greenleaf and Cranch homestead, very devotedly. This cousinly friendship was kept up all through their lives, and was a source of great pleasure to both.

In the summer of 1835, Mr. Cranch graduated from the Divinity School, and entered at once upon the duties of preaching, at the age of twenty-two. Among the first churches in which he preached was Reverend Doctor Farley's, in Providence, Rhode Island, a large church "which frightened me not a little," he said.

In the winter of 1836 — an unusually cold one — Mr. Cranch was persuaded to go down to Andover, Maine. This was a hard place, but missionary work was much needed. He spent some weeks there, preaching in a small schoolhouse or in a half-finished meeting-house. A tremendous snowstorm set in, keeping people in their houses. A letter to his friend John S. Dwight describes his feelings: —

ANDOVER, MAINE, February 9, 1836.

If you have a spark of sympathy and kindness in you, you will commiserate me. Will you have the kindness to put up the following note for me at some Christian church in the civilized country I have left: "A man abiding in the wilderness desires the prayers of his friends for his liberation and return." Here am I, a tropical animal,

as it were, thrown by some convulsion of the earth into the middle of an iceberg. Some ages hence I shall, peradventure, be discovered and be looked upon by the learned doctors as a rare specimen of a departed race of animals. What! is there nothing but snowstorms and snowbanks extant? Has the earth taken wings and left behind nothing but rugged mountains, endless pine forests and stumps! It would doubtless seem so to you were you in my situation, for I need take but a very few steps out of doors, to be a companion unto bears, wolves, and moose. In short I am mewed up in this *ultima thule* of civilization against my will, by reason of these vile and rough roads. It seems as if the elements had combined to keep me here. All passing almost is impracticable. I can't even stir out of doors. There is a regular siege and blockade carried on by wind and snow against the town. I am like Hildebrand shut in by Kuhlborn and the water spirits, and the white old man nods and whistles in every snowbank; but alas, there are no Undines in this land of desolation to help me to beguile the lingering hours. But if I am a prisoner bodily, I am determined (and this is my resolution) that my thoughts and feelings shall have liberty, nay, even that they shall take the form of an epistle. O, the *cacoethes scribendi*, is a pleasant passion! . . . I have scarcely ever felt the mournful gusts of *homesickness* (why have we no better word?) sweep over my soul, as they have during my stay here. Were you ever six hundred and sixty miles from home? I think you have been. Then you may know how distance increases this aching and longing of the heart. Even from Boston and Cambridge — my adopted home — I am distant one hundred and eighty miles. Well, may you never light upon this wilderness in the depth of winter, for a very wilderness it is in all

respects. I dream day and night of absent friends and of home.

But there are redeeming circumstances about this same polar region. As to soil and climate, I say with Justice Shallow, "Barren! barren! marry good air!" As to products I can answer, for one, that they have most bountiful crops of snow, together with forests and stumps in any quantity. Inhabitants and parishioners few and far between, to my sorrow. Ignorant, rough and farmer-like, but withal good, ordinary, well-disposed folks as one could desire, and many good Christians among them; but as ignorant of Unitarianism and rational Christianity as " 'Ebrew Jews." The good things that I have to mention are: the good, in the first place which I think my visit here does to myself; next the good — I hope I may have done a little — which the people may receive from my services; besides the pleasure which I have received in preaching and in talking with the good folks. I intended to have visited much among these Andoverites, but the bad driving has prevented. We have had a miserable place to preach in — a little box of a meeting-house not half finished, and afterwards a miserable little schoolhouse, hardly big enough to turn around in, without any pulpit or desk. I had as lief almost talk in a tin cup. Last Sunday was an extra Sabbath beyond my engagement, and I preached half a day. Besides regular preaching for four Sundays, I have preached and prepared two-evening-a-week lectures, one of them extempore, and a temperance address. I have small audiences, but very unusually attentive, which is pleasant. I found them all entirely ignorant of Unitarianism, but more or less disgusted with the orthodox preaching which they have had here, and willing and glad to hear something more liberal and rational from the pulpit. By far the

larger part of the town are anti-orthodox in their feeling. As to their theologic notions they are very crude and unsettled. I have preached "plain practical" sermons, as Br'er Frost would say, and such they like. Besides, controversial discourses can do little good and much harm. . . . I have not attacked Calvinistic doctrines by name, but indirectly; and this I could not avoid, if I wished to preach what I believe to be truth. It was curious to observe how my sermons were received. Many good orthodox people thought I preached sound doctrine, and even a good old ultra-Universalist lady was pleased, though I urged the doctrine of Retribution frequently. . . .

To John S. Dwight

RICHMOND, VA., June 15, 1836.

I have just returned from the post-office with the glorious and unexpected haul of three letters, by no means a common occurrence in these later times, one from William G. Eliot, Jr., one from my brother Edward, and last, not least, the delightfully refreshing one from yourself. Glorious! Such a treat as this I have not had for a long, long time! Permit me to thank you for yours as it deserves. I own I should have written you before, but "matters and things" you know. But your kind epistle has done me infinite good. I can feel with you, as you describe your feelings in the pulpit. It is a throne, and you can hardly conceive the uplifting sensations that sometimes rush through one, when one mounts it as a spiritual leader, and stretches forth over his audience his invisible sceptre of thought and feeling. I realize every time I preach, more and more, the importance and the glory of the preacher's office. O for one of those voices to sing for me the hymns I give out! I miss the old music of New England exceedingly.

But now methinks you are anxiously looking down this scrawl, to learn when, why, and how, I got me into this out-of-the-way place. For by your direction I perceive you are not acquainted with my localities. I will answer you briefly. I have been here nearly four weeks; came not exactly as a candidate, though they seem disposed to hold me. They do want a settled minister here most confoundedly — to use a lay-phrase.

They want doctrinal and controversial preaching here, as they do in almost all "new places." The Virginians will not read and inquire for themselves. A tract or treatise on theology or religion is an abomination unto them. They depend very much on what they hear from the pulpit, but more persons depend entirely upon hearsay. I gave them a pretty direct talk about this matter, from the text, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," in the conclusion of which I told them they must not depend upon what they hear of our views, from the mouths of ignorant, prejudiced opponents, or what they hear from the pulpit, for the pulpit, though the altar of truth, is not the arena of controversy, but that they must read, think, and inquire. I felt gloriously while delivering this sermon. It was glorious to arrest the attention of a passer-by, or a door lingerer (such hearers of the word are by far too common here), to catch his eye and a new inspiration the same moment, to blaze away right at him and to hold him like the Ancient Mariner to his seat, and address to him an appeal, which it almost seemed as if Providence had brought him expressly to hear. I have preached better here than anywhere else. I think I have improved; but there is something of the feeling of desertion and of standing alone which one experiences in the Unitarian pulpit here, which makes me feel how very important is my station,

and what a call there is for larger earnestness, directness, voice, gesture, and unction. I have had some most glorious moments in the pulpit, moments which have carried with them an excitement I do not remember ever to have experienced elsewhere, or ever so deeply. The audiences have been unusually small, but this we must expect. The habits of the people here of all denominations are, in this respect of regularity at church, diametrically opposite to our good old New England customs. Can't some of your class come out here as a candidate? If I was not possessed with the Western mania in some degree, I should prefer settling here to almost any other place.

The city itself of Richmond is, for situation, scenery, walks, etc., enchanting. There is nothing in all New England like it. The society is good. All that is disagreeable is the wall of prejudice and ignorance we must break through. I have not been much into the society here. I have become quite domesticated in one of the finest families I ever saw. They are Jewish ladies — not young or handsome, but everything else — refined, educated, Christian; in point of fact, poetical, and above all musical. I go there every day, sing, play the flute, chat, send poetry, etc., etc. I don't know what I should have done with myself in my loneliness here, had it not been for these kind, excellent ladies. They know all the Unitarian ministers almost — are intimate with Dr. Channing, William Channing, Mr. S. G. May, and others. Their names are Hay and Myers. There are a great many Jews here and they have a synagogue. I cannot write you more of them now — I have a great many things to say, but my paper is out.

I wanted to tell you about a musical German minister I met with in Washington. A real German and enthusiast

in everything. A student, a man of learning, but his voice and guitar were glorious. And he did sing with so much feeling, it was a luxury to listen. I heard from him the genuine air of the old ballad of the Erl King. It was unutterable. I was exceedingly sorry to leave him, with Washington, — my dear home.

O that you were here, my dear friend, to enjoy my delightful walks with me! There are beautiful rambles in every direction, in and out of the city. Flowers are quite abundant. I have now on my mantelpiece a magnificent magnolia grandiflora. It is larger than my fist — when blown full, larger than both fists, a beautiful pure white, imperial-looking, forest flower. It grows here only in gardens. It would inspire you to write a sonnet upon it, to see it. It has almost inspired me. There is something so grand, queenlike, and chiselled in its large, oval, close-folded petals, and its dark, shining leaves, rising above it like guardian maidens of honor around their queen. Something in the powerful and delightful fragrance that carries the imagination so into the dark and deep forests of Florida, and the banks of the Mississippi, that I wish I could show my present — for it is a present, and from a lady too — to all my friends.

Preaching in Bangor, Portland, Boston, Richmond, and back to Washington in the summer, Mr. Cranch made many friends; some that lasted all his life. One of these was Miss Mary Preston, of Bangor, Maine, afterwards Mrs. George L. Stearns, of Medford, Massachusetts. Her husband, Major Stearns, was the lifelong friend of the slave. He frequently hid runaway slaves in his own house, and provided them with clothes, money, railroad fare, and drove them to the station, which would take

them to freedom, in his own carriage. It was he who advised the use of colored soldiers in the war, officered by young men of the best New England families. Before John Brown's execution, Major Stearns went to visit him in prison. The only bust in the country of John Brown is the one by Brackett in the Stearns' home.

Giving his fortune, his life, to the great cause of freedom, Major Stearns was one of those quiet heroes, whose death was none the less a sacrifice, although not offered in the ranks of the soldier or on the field of battle.

Mrs. Stearns lived among her relics, and in the past. She was the intimate friend of Whittier, of Samuel Longfellow, of James P. Bradford, and of Dr. Hedge. The portraits of these and of many others adorned her parlors, and before each was a little bunch of flowers and a wreath of pressed fern, forming a fragrant and tender offering at each shrine. The portrait of Major Stearns is over all, — as he was uppermost in the mind of her who lived ever in the light of his spirit and memory. Although in her seventies, when I knew Mrs. Stearns, she never seemed old; she was full of mental vigor and enthusiasm. There was an atmosphere of hospitality and serenity about her, rare nowadays in this over-strained, nerve-racking world. A combination of beautiful surroundings — exquisite flowers, rare and luscious fruits, which a dear old Scotch gardener, by his faithfulness and devotion of many years, helped to create — made a unique setting for this beautiful and strong personality. No wonder that Mr. Cranch enjoyed a long talk, after a walk to Medford and a Sunday evening tea, at his friend's

hospitable board! Her sympathy was always at his need, and during their long lives the friendship never wavered and was a beautiful tribute to the character of each.

The Reverend Frederick H. Hedge was pastor of the Unitarian Church in Bangor, Maine, about 1836–37, and had met Mr. Cranch as a young minister and Transcendentalist. Mrs. Stearns was a member of Dr. Hedge's church. One day she read in the "Dial" the lines called "Enosis," and signed "C. P. C."

Although better known than any of my father's poems, I quote the whole poem here, because not included in his later volume of poems: —

Thought is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought,

Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they melt and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

Miss Preston thought the lines very beautiful and asked Dr. Hedge who "C. P. C." was. Dr. Hedge replied that he was a young minister, an admirer of Emerson, who contributed to the "Dial," and other papers, and that he was coming soon to exchange pulpits with him, and she would have a chance to make his acquaintance. The visiting minister was entertained at Mr. Preston's, and it was thus in her father's house that Miss Mary Preston first met Mr. Cranch.

I asked what kind of sermons Mr. Cranch preached. Mrs. Stearns said, "spiritual sermons," that were much liked by the liberal members of the congregation.

CHAPTER III

WESTERN EXPERIENCES

In September, 1836, Mr. Cranch returned to Washington for a visit to the old home. He was urged to come to the West by his cousin, William Greenleaf Eliot, who was preaching in St. Louis, Missouri. The invitation was accepted and Mr. Cranch preached several sermons in St. Louis, staying with kind Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Rhodes, while Mr. Eliot preached in New Orleans and Mobile. In St. Louis Mr. Cranch wrote poems and did other literary work for the papers. His flute was his constant companion, and Mrs. Rhodes being musical, they sang and played together.

In those days travelling was slow and tedious. It took nearly two weeks, by steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, with stage across the mountains, to go from Washington to St. Louis.

Mr. Eliot afterwards settled in St. Louis, where he not only built up a strong society, but founded the Washington University and the Training School for Nurses, among other good works. His zeal and public spirit were unbounded, and he became one of the leading men of the West in educational and philanthropic work. His life was a consecration to the highest ideals of duty, and it did not fail of great results. In June, 1837, he married my father's sister, Abigail Adams Cranch, who, by her devotion and unselfishness, was of great service to him in building up his church.

Mr. Cranch went to Cincinnati tentatively as regards the ministry at large, to be appointed to work among the poor; but he thought himself unfitted for the position. He was trying all the time to prepare himself for his duties. His early diaries are quite pathetic from his struggles. It was endeavoring to fit a square peg into a round hole; his poetic effusions, his love of painting and of music all calling him away from sermonizing, which he was strongly urged to follow and to crush the rest. When James Handasyde Perkins appeared in Cincinnati, my father knelt to him, metaphorically, in homage and in gratitude. Mr. Perkins had the consecration necessary for a minister's life.

In March, 1837, Mr. Cranch left St. Louis and went to preach in Peoria, Illinois. There he stayed with Judge Bigelow and made some very warm friends.

To Miss Catherine Myers

PEORIA, March 29, 1837.

How sweet to be remembered so, and to be written to by such kind friends, when so far away as "the Childe" now is from the land of his home! . . . If my poor letters to you are well-springs in a desert, what must yours be to me. For truly, I am in a desert in more respects than one. But you must not imagine that I am complaining of the West, or of this place where I at present am. You see that I am at last actually in Peoria; yes, actually in that much-talked-of place, when I was with you in Richmond. Harriet's map has at length guided me safely hither, to this prairie land. But before proceeding farther, I suppose I must give you some idea of the place itself. Latralie, let me say, was here before the town as it

now is had started from the old chrysalis it then was, the ruins of an old French settlement. Now, though small, the growth of not three years, it is a thriving and growing place settled by many New Englanders, good, intelligent Unitarian families. Of course the houses are small and scattered at present, but what more could be expected in so young a place? The location of the town is indeed beautiful as has been represented. It is a prairie country. The land rises gradually from the Illinois River, where there is an excellent landing for steamboats, which are constantly coming and going, — then continues perfectly level and broad for a good way till it rises back of the village into a long bluff, on which there are trees and beautiful locations for country-seats. The bluff extends back into a prairie, which in summer is covered with the most beautiful flowers of all kinds. Below the bluff, where the town is, there are no trees, and the ground is as level almost as a floor for miles up and down the river. In winter, and at present, it is rather a bleak prospect, and so unsheltered are we that the winds of the four heavens sweep to and fro at all times. But in summer every one describes the place to be quite another thing. Nature seems to have intended that a town should be built directly here. I miss hills and trees very much, but otherwise am much pleased with Peoria. It will be a thriving large town before a great while, I feel confident. The Society also will go on improving, as it has done the last year. . . . We have preaching in the court-room. A classmate of mine, Thurston, is stationed at present over two other small towns from ten to fifteen miles off, at Tremont and Perkin. . . . .

But hark — it rains, and seems as if it set in for a storm. It will quench the prairie fires which have been lighting up to-night. These fires are seen almost every

night in various directions. I have not yet seen a real prairie, much less one on fire, — I mean except at a distance. How the rain and the darkness and the silence and the solitude turn one's thoughts from outward things to the objects of the heart's affections. I believe it was intended that the eye within should see clearest when it is most dark to the eye without — that the soul's ear should listen and hear best when the storm speaks to the outward ear. . . .

To the Reverend James Freeman Clarke

WASHINGTON CITY, July 18, 1837.

As Eliot and I were wending our way homeward, the idea came into my head, that at our gathering to dedicate the St. Louis church in the fall, we might also get up an *ordination* as well as not. Do not all things agree thereunto? Here am I only a half-made minister, going out to the West, unconsecrated by my older brethren by the laying on of hands to the labors I am to engage in. Then, too, we hope to have lots of divines together at the occasion aforesaid, and an ordination at such a time and on such an occasion would be a new and impressive thing. Why should not we of the West have our "sprees" ecclesiastic as well as our Eastern brethren? I think it is time we should begin. I mentioned the idea to Eliot, who likes it very much. And I hope it may be carried into effect, should we have clerical brethren enough to form a council. I therefore write to you, to ask if you could at that time preach the ordination sermon. . . . If you think well of this plan, and can conveniently preach me into the goodly fellowship of the ordained prophets, you shall receive all a brother's thanks for your services.

I intended to have sent you something for the "Messenger" rather more solid than those scraps I gave you,

but my time has been so taken up here that I have had too little to dispose of in this way. Poetry, such as it is, I can almost always spare. I have been thinking of sending you an article on Wordsworth, from a lecture I wrote on the same, and will, if you like, and time admits. Having preached all my old sermons in Washington, I am put to it to write new ones, though Eliot preaches about half the time. This writing and the pleasurin' I have had to do of late have taken up many hours which I should much like to have given to other things. . . .

To Miss Julia Myers

WASHINGTON, D.C., August 10, 1837.

. . . I have so many things to say, as I told you when I was with you, that I never know where to begin or end. Indeed, during the whole of the time I spent in Richmond I felt the same oppressive, unsettled feeling, and *could* not do or say what I wanted to. Many, many things were at my heart, but I could not trust to common spoken language to utter them, and indeed I know not if it is much easier to do it on paper. I have *never* been accustomed to give full vent in words to my feelings and thoughts: I *cannot* do it; I have at times, under the influence of a temporary excitement of the organ of language, joined with other causes, been thrown, as it were, for a brief period, out of myself, my diffidence driven out by self-possession, and my inertness by a short-lived vigour, and *words* came with an ease and aptitude which surprised myself. But this is only at times. In general I am reserved, *secretive*, proud, indolent, but above all *diffident*. This besetting diffidence lies at the root of all my reserve, and keeps me again and again silent and seemingly cold, when *no one* could tell how deep and strong the stream which ran hidden *within*. . . . The reason why this diffi-

dence is not more seen is that I am too proud and sensitive to opinion to let my diffidence be seen. This, combined with my indifference to most objects around me, make me often seem what I am not. . . .

I shall write my cousin again soon, and tell her all about my Richmond visit. And is this long-thought-of visit indeed over, and am I in Washington again? Am I no longer within walk of your hospitable bower, and the magic ring that held me there in bonds of enchantment? Enchantment, Verbena, Richmond, — these three words shall ever be associated. And am I, indeed, — how long I know not, — beyond the sound of your sweet voice, and the beautiful Beethovenish "four flats," and its cousin, the gentle guitar that inhabiteth that box in the corner? No, I am not beyond them. I hear them still. My memories of all these joys, and many, many more are vivid, indeed, and shall not soon fade. My heart is garlanded around with the flowers of Memory. I have been dipping these flowers in the fountain of present enjoyment, and "the picture of the mind revives again" — the flowers lift up their bright, many-tinted leaves and petals, and I shall long live in the odour of the past. . . .

His next stay of any considerable extent was in Louisville, Kentucky, where he took James Freeman Clarke's place, preaching and editing the "Western Messenger," a monthly paper "conducted in the interests of the liberal faith and of literature."

A letter to his sister Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Erastus Brooks, gives an account of the society in Louisville, and of what he did for the "Messenger." It shows how his genial nature made him a favorite, and his various talents were brought into use. Of

the spiritual qualities of his sermons we must judge later. The following letter is dated October 14, 1837.

Well, here I stick in Louisville still, where I am Preacher, Pastor, Editor *pro tem.*; until that reverend dignitary, whose place I am trying to fill, shall return from his Eastern wanderings! His congregation are getting impatient to have him back again, and I should be impatient to get away, were it not that I find it so pleasant, and that the poor deserted "Messenger" seems to beg so hard for an editor. I have contributed several articles, but still there is a large vacancy, — this is the November number. I would stuff it with more poetry, but I am ashamed that so many pieces should go forth with "C. P. C." dangling at the end. The numbers should be made up by the fifteenth, and as much as one half, I think, is yet unfinished. William Eliot has sent nothing yet but an article on Unitarianism. I am preparing an extract from one of Edward's letters to give in, and am rummaging my "Omnibus Book" for scraps and ends to publish anonymously. . . .

I have found several good pleasant folk here, and a few musical ones. Last night I was at a meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Society, at Mrs. C.'s. On entering there, I encountered a whole table full of bright faces, ranged around a large astral lamp and busily engaged in chatting over their work. Some gentlemen were there, and some more came shortly after. At half-past nine the ladies put up their sewing and dispersed about the room. Soon I was called upon to sing with Mrs. E. C. So we sang — "Home, Fare Thee Well," "I Know a Bank," and "As It Fell Upon a Day"; also, "I've Wandered in Dreams," though I never tried it before.

I went the other night to see Mr. Keats, an English

gentleman residing here, and brother to Keats, the poet. He seemed to be a very intelligent and gentlemanly man, and has some daughters, only one of whom I saw, a young lady about fourteen apparently, with face and features strongly resembling Keats, the poet, or that little portrait of him which you see in the volume containing his poems in conjunction with Coleridge and Shelley. I could scarcely keep my eyes from her countenance, so striking was the likeness. They say she plays beautifully on the piano. . . .

I have been preparing, this forenoon, a review of Mr. Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, which is now in the printer's hands for the "Messenger." This child, being left by its father, the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, crieth continually for food. Not more than half the requisite matter is furnished, — and most of that is spun from the brains of your humble servant, C. P. C. Clarke just lets his offspring go to the dickens. If it had not been that C. P. C. happened to adhere to the south bank of the Ohio on his way downstream, and take roost awhile in these diggings, where had been the flowers and fruits that must spring therefrom to fill the "Messenger's" demands? I look about now like a hungry lion seeking for prey, yea, like some voracious, responsible spider, that sitteth solitary in a corner of a deserted house, spreading its web and looking on emptiness after straggling flies of contributors, which come not — of which the fewest are to be found. Nevertheless, I give myself no uneasiness. The young ravens are fed, and so will the "Messenger" be, in time.

An old gentleman named Judge S. called on me the other day, and wants to take me into the country to his house, about five miles from Louisville, to stay some days. I should like to go, but doubt whether the "cares

of editorial life" will permit. I find everybody here hospitable. I can't make visits fast enough. By the time I get acquainted here, as it has always been elsewhere, I am obliged to go. But I shall not have been long enough in Louisville, quite, to become strongly attached to the society.

To Miss Margaret Cranch

October 15, 1837.

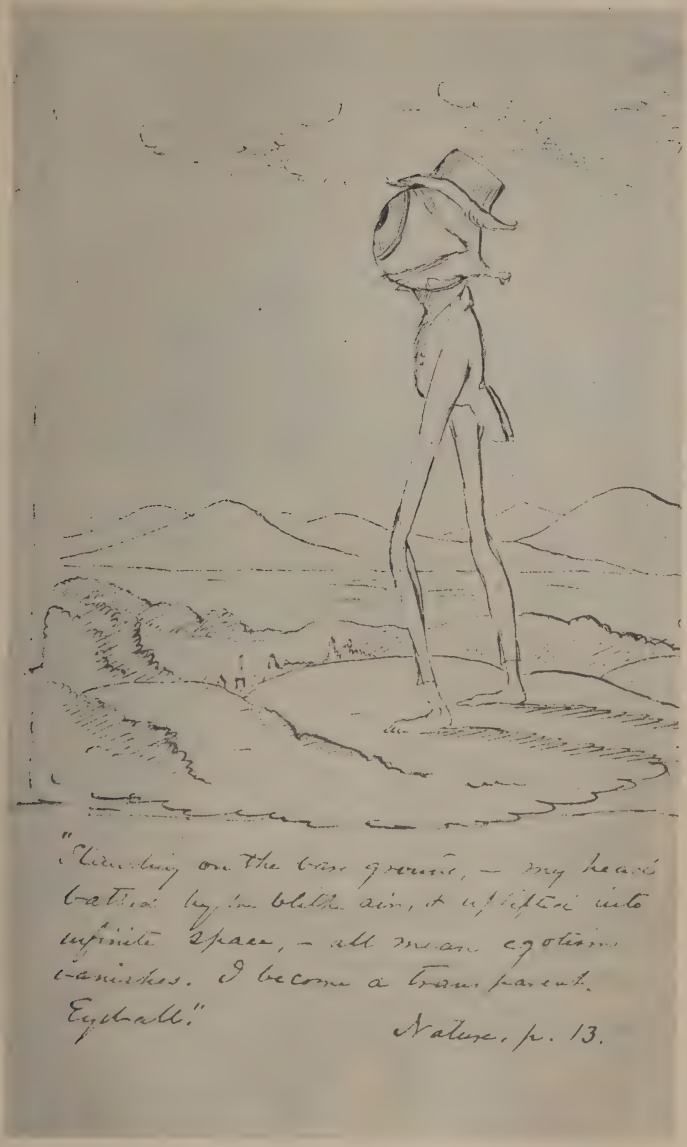
. . . Found that Mr. Clarke had returned. Went to see him, and spent most of the evening with him, talking and looking over Retzsch's illustrations of the Second Part of "Faust." By the way, Clarke brought on also the fourth part of the long-expected "Pickwick," which I am at present enjoying. I have just been laughing over it all alone, "till the tears came." I preached twice yesterday, as Mr. Clarke was not very well. Had a fine congregation in the morning. Preached on the text — "The way of the transgressor is hard." And in the afternoon, on "The duty of thanksgiving." Mr. Clarke praised my afternoon sermon much. He is full of genius and magnetism.

I shall set off in a day or two for St. Louis. . . . I begin to grow a little impatient to be back among my little scattered flock at Peoria. Perhaps I may be able to unite Fremont with Peoria in one parish. . . . I have enjoyed my stay here very much. My impressions of Louisville are very different from what they were. Mr. Clarke has a noble society and a desirable station, both for comfort and usefulness. He has a most enviable independence of character, which peculiarly fits him for such a place as this. It does me good to be with him. He possesses in a marked degree that which I am perpetually conscious that I am most deficient in — that is,

boldness — an habitual independence and disregard for the opinion of men. I think I am acquiring of it slowly. The West is a grand school for me in this respect. Still, the lack of it palsies me continually. I cannot forget myself. My eyes are turned so habitually on myself, that almost every action of my life is divested of freedom. Nothing goes from me that has not passed under the eyes of self, and is not referred to the opinion of those around me. I am not free enough; I am not bold enough for a minister of the Word of Life. Over and over again do I chide my timidity, my reserve, my sensitiveness. I want what might be called *spontaneousness*. And I think the West is the school where this want is to be supplied. I must mingle among men and women more. I must converse freely and about everything. I must interest myself in their conditions and wants. I must think more of my fellow men and less of myself. I must not feel myself detached from society, but as forming a stone in the arch, helping to support the building. In the West it is especially necessary that no member of society should forget his relations and isolate himself. He must step out from the charmed circle of his own peculiar tastes, habits, feelings, and sympathize with, and help, all around him. This is the minister's office by preëminence. The minister should not be a standing, placid, lake, embosomed by mountains and gazing on the stars; but a quick, deep, active, strong-moving stream, winding about among men, purifying and gladdening and fertilizing the world.

The Autobiography here says of James Freeman Clarke: —

On his return I had some very pleasant days with him. He was full of the new poet, Tennyson. He had bor-


"Standing on the bare ground, — my head
bathed by the blithe air, & uplifted into
infinite space, — all mean egotism
vanishes. I become a transparent
Eyeball."
Nature, p. 13.

AN EMERSONIAN CARICATURE

rowed a volume of his poems, not yet published in America, and transcribed copiously from them. And from his copies, I made several, in my own Commonplace Book. We were both fascinated with these poems.

And it was here, too, that Clarke and I started the idea of making comic illustrations of some of Emerson's quaint sentences, such as the "Walking Eyeball," and the man "expanding like melons in the warm sun." I was quite busy while at Louisville. One number of the "Messenger" was made up almost entirely of my own writings.

To Miss Catherine Myers

LOUISVILLE, KY., November 24, 1838.

Your letter, dear friends, of the 16th has just come to my hands and its spirit to my heart. I have received it and read it as I always do your delightful epistles, for they all come to me like well-springs in a wilderness. Let the heart through this poor pen, its index, thank you, dear kind friends. I have yielded to the impulse (for I do confess, as Julia says, I am much the child of impulse, though not wholly so, I hope) and have sat down to answer it, and make some amends for my long silence. I wrote to you, Julia, the other day, but that shall not prevent me from writing again. Your reproaches, those gentle reproaches, of my silence, might indeed have been deserved, had the fault of this long suspension of correspondence been with me entirely; but the fact is, I had been waiting for the moving of the waters on your part. If I remember, it was myself that sent the last letter, some time last summer, and a long one too, and ever since I have been expecting a reply. What can you say then? Have not I the best side of the quarrel? At any rate, are we not about even? The fault I suppose is

to be chargeable upon some viewless spirit of taciturnity somewhere between us. Yet I confess that I may be somewhat in fault. As I have often said when egotizing, I am a bad mixture of the oyster and the spirit, the unexcitable and the excitable, the sluggish and the impulsive, the lymphatic and the nervous, or of whatever other strange contrarieties and extremes you please. I stop at times and wonder at myself, and fear. At times so alive, so excited, so full of one or another faith and aim; and at others, so dead, immovable, ennui-ish, a dumb beast, a clod, an animal, — a man of two natures living on earth and in the sky. I hope it may not always be so. It is a great hindrance to me in my walks and undertakings in life to be such a Janus with a double head, looking two ways and going neither. It is truly a "mortal coil," this body. We are veritable "spirits in prison," and rarely get a chance to stand a-tiptoe and look out of "the loopholes of retreat." Christopher out of his "cave." Yet we are encompassed around by Spirit. The solemn morning light, the presence of Duty, the voices of friends, the existence of vice in the world — every feeling — every thought, the very existence of our bodies and our minds, yes, our very night dreams — all are proving it to us, day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, in every pulse of our life blood, in every breath of our mortal lungs, in every word embodying our inmost *Me*. And yet, fools that we are, we disbelieve, we doubt, we forget, we dream, we disobey, we hug our fetters, we kiss our prison walls, and our creed is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we must die!" It is fearful, the mystery that is in us. Still more fearful a mystery is it, that we do not always recognize and live by this inner mystery. God is in us, but we so quench the spirit, that we crush and mangle into ruins His

glorious Image in our breasts. But I am mounting the pulpit, when I should be seated at your fireside, talking face to face. Let us talk of matters other than those

> "Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break,
> On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring."

By the way, I need not say how I should rejoice to be in *propria persona* by your fireside. I have always been at your house in summer, though I have never found you summer friends. I very often have delightful dreams of you all, and somehow I almost always dream of seeing you in winter. I do not dream of you as being exactly in Richmond, but in some dream city of a Nowhere, where a good many other friends reside: sometimes so many that I have not time to visit them all. Last night I dreamed of travelling through Canada, and waiting with a crowd of fellow passengers on the banks of the St. Lawrence, — they called it by some other name in the language of Dream Land, I forget what 't was, — for a steamship which was coming with flying colours to take us to our journey's end. So I still dream of travelling, night after night it is the same. I am a second Peter Schlimmel with his seven-leagued boots. If I ever get crazy, I suppose it will be on this subject, possessed with the demon of perpetual motion, not through the air on wings or sunbeams, but by the dull, prosaic methods of conveyance usually esteemed in fashion upon this nether planet. By the way, did you ever read Keats's "Endymion"? It is great! Full of redundant imagery and words of thought, but rich "as a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns." This will transport you to every spot in air, earth, ocean, but this dull earth surface we plain mortals grovel upon. I consider Keats one of the greatest poetical geniuses

that for a long time has walked the earth and left it, like Chatterton, —

"the marvellous Boy that perished in his pride."

What might he not have become, had he lived? There is a brother of his here, an old resident of Louisville, a business man with a large family, — not much resembling the portrait of the poet, but a man of fine mind and acquirements. That piece in the "Messenger" by Mr. Clarke, "To a Poet's Niece," was written to a young daughter of his about thirteen or fourteen. There is another daughter, older, who is a fine girl, and hath the poet's dark, soul-like eyes and diffident manner. . . .

To the Reverend James Freeman Clarke

CINCINNATI, February 16, 1839.

Your letter received to-day was peculiarly acceptable. As to the information you ask about charitable female associations, and your plans and interests, I have referred the matter to James H. Perkins, our new brother in the ministry. He will write you all about it. He is entering upon his duties as minister at large, with the broadest grounds and best hopes. He is just the man. He and Vaughan and Channing and a few others — what a host they will be — an irresistible phalanx, a select school for the development and realization of true democratic ideas. The Unitarians here are getting broad awake. Channing is pouring life into them by week-fulls, and John C. Vaughan is stirring his stumps and the stumps of all around him in the great work. Everything looks encouraging. Other denominations seem disposed to coöperate. The "Mechanics" are ready for it, and are taking us by the hand. They are holding weekly meetings now about the Penitentiary

System of the State. Vaughan will sooner or later see his favorite idea of a House of Correction realized. He is a democrat of the highest order. William Channing preaches glorious sermons, extempore, opening his mind and his mouth with all boldness. I don't know but I like him better as a preacher than I do you. His mind seems exhaustless, and his devotion to his calling seems to press almost painfully upon him. He is almost universally admired, and will, no doubt, return and settle. He has not been well since I have been here, being dyspeptic. Avoid that malady, my friend! Besides preaching two extempore sermons weekly and attending Sunday-School, he attends a Bible-class-sewing-circle of ladies, every Wednesday afternoon, and has conversation meetings in the vestry every Thursday night. These have been very interesting. The ministry at large has been talked over, with its attendant topics, for several evenings. Men and women are waking. The green leaves and flowers are starting; let us pray no untimely frost may wither the young germs of life.

As for myself, I have been a regular loafer here. Living in a dusty, noisy law-office, and sleeping in the same on a most extemporaneous couch-bed, without a pillow, — very unsettled and inactive. Am about starting for Washington, probably on Tuesday next. Think I shall candidate at the North, and settle there. Heartily tired am I of wandering. I want a home; quiet steady work, and a wife. I shall not find them this side of the mountains.

I sent you two poems, and a short article. Did you get them? . . .

I heard of your letter to Mr. Furness with the Emersons in it.[1] My sister Margaret is staying with Mrs.

[1] Dr. Clarke did also some funny drawings at that time, along the line of Mr. Cranch's caricatures of the "moral influence of the *Dial*."

James Furness, and wrote me about it. She says Mr. Furness came in one day with your letter in his hand and showed her the illustrations. She says she could not laugh much because I was not with her, and we were not at home together. She is delighted with William Furness; says he is the most delightful man in conversation, and laughs with her over "Pickwick," and recites old ballads to her at twilight. . . .

I hope to send you some drawings some time. Continue yours to me. Tell me from time to time what you preach about, and add some poetry occasionally to fill up chinks. A letter from you will reach me in Washington. Write us, friend James; much will it refresh our souls!

Heaven send you peace and joy and all success in your ministry! . . .

From Philadelphia, May 27, 1839, Mr. Cranch in a letter to the Misses Myers, speaks of his cousin William Furness: —

I see him very frequently, and pass many of my pleasantest hours in his company. He is a most delightful man. I never knew one who seemed to possess such a cheerful, even temperament. You know he has suffered much bodily pain. The other day, in pulling up a bush in his garden, he strained his back, which is always weak, and has been unable to move without great pain for several days. Yet he seems as cheerful as ever. Yesterday he was unable to preach. In the evening I preached for him after having preached in the morning and afternoon at the Northern Society. This is a small society which is struggling to get along, in the "Northern Liberties," and for which I am engaged to preach for several weeks.

Of Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) he writes: —

This lady, who resides near Philadelphia, I met in the country a few evenings since. I was much pleased with her, though I had no opportunity of conversing with her, but only of hearing her converse. I, however, found her out to be a hot Abolitionist, as nearly all the English are, before the raw material of their brains is worked up in the loom of practical observation. I had no opportunity of hearing her read, as I wished.

To Miss Julia Myers

BOSTON, February 4, 1840.

. . . I have many friends and other sources of profit and pleasure to attract me here, and begin to like Boston quite well. For books, lectures, music, churches, literary and refined society, it is a great place. Boston has been overrun with lectures this winter. I have attended but one course, — Mr. Emerson's on the Age. This is nearly completed. These lectures have been a treat whose worth I can find no words to express. Emerson is to me the master mind of New England, at least so far as depth and wonderful beauty in thought, rare and eloquent delivery go. His name will stand the test of time. I rank him along with Carlyle and other stars of the age. Emerson's doctrines, however, are considered very heretical by most persons, and by as many, downright atheism, mysticism, or perhaps nonsense. Horace Mann being asked the other day by a lady how he liked Mr. Emerson, "Madam," said he, "a Scotch mist is perfect sunshine to him!"

New England is the place of places for all sorts of views. Things new and old are brought to light, and have their advocates and believers, and denyers. We

have one Miller here, an ignorant preacher, who teaches that the world is coming to an end in the year 1843. We have another man who is zealous as a flaming fire in lectures upon English grammar! — defying his antagonists like a second David. We have had lectures on the Turks by a Turk; on Switzerland by a German, the lamented Dr. Follen; on Geology, on carbonic acid gas, on Eastern customs, on storms, on Shakespeare, and on the Smithsonian Legacy — and a thousand other subjects. In fact this Boston is a very Athens. Moreover, we have grand orations. I have attended several. Books we have *ad infinitum*. Have you read Professor Longfellow's "Hyperion"? It is full of beautiful things. A work of Jouffroy's, a French philosopher, is just published, on Ethics, translated by William Channing. By the way, I see the Doctor occasionally, and his daughter Mary, — do you know her? Every Thursday evening we have a little meeting of the Pierians, a musical society, where we have flute music and singing. So you see something of my manner of life. It is a sort of dissipation. To-night I am going to a little party to meet Roelker, a German, who sings and plays, and is a grand fellow. . . . I shall have Mrs. Lamb's guitar to-morrow in my room to solace my loneliness withal. I play scarcely at all on the flute now. I have taken to singing instead. I am preaching for the winter at a small parish in South Boston, at the foot of Dorchester Heights. I have had no invitations from the muse for a long time. I seem to be in a wintry state rather. I have done nothing lately. I am most miserably unproductive. O for a mental Spring! O for a new budding of the soul! I am an unprofitable wretch!

CHAPTER IV

TRANSCENDENTALISM — EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE

In regard to the meaning of the word "Transcendentalism," we find a letter about this time to Mr. Cranch's father, who had undoubtedly read the charges against the "New Views" and Professor Andrews Norton's pamphlet reprinting two articles by two divines of the Presbyterian Church, — Drs. Alexander and Dod, — where "an exposition of Cousin's philosophy" and the German transcendental philosophy were "arraigned," says Mr. Lindsay Swift, in his interesting book on "Brook Farm."

The young Transcendentalist writes: —

Quincy, Mass., July 11, 1840.

My dear Father: —

I received your letter of the 6th by Mr. Green, day before yesterday, and reply to it immediately on my return to Quincy.

You express alarm at intimations you have received, that I am "inclined to the Transcendental sentiments of the German theologist's," and refer to a statement of "Transcendentalism" in the "Examiner." The article in the "Examiner" I have not seen, and indeed must confess that I know very little about this system of philosophy. So far, however, as I do know anything about it, I can assure you, that it neither recommends itself to my mind nor heart. The philosophy of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, etc., which is what I suppose to be the

Transcendental philosophy, has always, from the very slight idea I have of it, struck me as a cold, barren system of Idealism, not calculated to strengthen the soul's faith in the external realities of the spiritual world, or enable it as a perfect philosophy should, to give a reason for the hope that is in us; although to some minds it may have this effect. However that may be, and however these Germans distinguished themselves as profound thinkers and acute reasoners, I am very certain that to my mind, a philosophy quite opposite to theirs has far greater recommendations. Though not much inclined to metaphysical studies, I have found great truths in the philosophy of Victor Cousin and his school, who seems to stand between both Locke and Kant, the two extremes. I will only say that while Kant's system seems to me to leave the soul without any certain power of knowing the great truths of God, duty, revelation, etc., Cousin expressly contends for a religious element in the soul; a faculty breathed into us by God Himself, whereby we become surer of the existence of such great truths than of anything else. He grounds faith on what is deepest in the soul. And his philosophy is spiritual; is religious in the highest degree, for it effectually removes the possibility of skepticism by proving man to be created a religious being, a being who has an inner light, which can never be entirely quenched, whereby he acquires a knowledge of God and duty and spiritual things.

But somehow the name "Transcendentalist" has become a nick-name here for all who have broken away from the material philosophy of Locke, and the old theology of many of the early Unitarians, and who yearn for something more satisfying to the soul. It has almost become a synonym for one who, in whatever way, preaches the spirit rather than the letter.

The name has been more particularly applied to Mr. Emerson, or those who believe in or sympathize with him. Mr. Emerson has been said to have imported his doctrine from Germany. But the fact is, that no man stands more independently of other minds than he does. He seems to me very far from Kant or Fichte. His writings breathe the very spirit of religion and faith. Whatever his speculations may be, there is nothing in anything he says, which is inconsistent with Christianity.

I can assure you that my faith is as strong as it ever was, in the truth and the divine origin of Christianity. I believe that no man ever was inspired, spoke, or lived like Jesus Christ. What my intellect receives must accord with the blessed revelation to my heart and conscience. God cannot utter two voices.

It is convenient to have a name which may cover all those who contend for perfect freedom, who look for progress in philosophy and theology, and who sympathize with each other in the hope that the future will not always be as the past. The name "Transcendentalist" seems to be thus fixed upon all who profess to be on the movement side, however they may differ among themselves. But union in sympathy differs from union in belief. Since we cannot avoid names, I prefer the term "New School" to the other long name. This could comprehend all free seekers after truth, however their opinions differ.

All Unitarians should be of this school, but I must confess that there are several of the Orthodox who more properly belong to it than do many Unitarians. There is certainly an old and a new school of Unitarianism.

His belief was more fully and decidedly expressed, a little later, in his journal: "Men will never agree

about the fundamentals of Christianity as long as they are possessed with the idea that Christ came to teach a system of doctrines. The only steadfast ground to be taken is that Christ came as a spiritual reformer, not as an instituter of new doctrines."

In his journal he speaks of having consigned to the flames twenty-four of his sermons, saying that others would soon follow. He thus states his growth from the old ideas to the new: "They are old clothes. I feel myself too large to get into them again. I do not stand where I stood a year ago."

Lindsay Swift in his "Brook Farm" says: —

> The appearance of Cranch at Brook Farm was always an event. This uncircumscribed genius, by his very presence, made everybody forget the dilapidated condition of the parlor furniture at the Hive; and by his singing, which he himself accompanied either with guitar or piano, he contrived to infuse an atmosphere of affluence into the place which lent grace and elegance to this little world. Curtis says that he became simultaneously acquainted with Cranch and Schubert; for Cranch had made a manuscript copy of the "Serenade," which he sang with such deep feeling as to move sensibly his audience; and when, on his first visit to the Farm, he sang the ballad "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear," tears were the tribute from some who heard him. His powers of entertainment were almost unlimited: he had a good baritone voice; he played piano, guitar, flute, or violin as the occasion came; he read from his own poems or travesties; and his ventriloquism, which embraced all the sounds of nature and of mechanical devices, from the denizens of the barnyard to the shriek of the railway locomotive, held the younger members spellbound with amusement, or led to loud expressions of approval.

In personal appearance he was of the picturesque type of beauty, with much dark, curling hair, a broad forehead, delicately cut features, and great sensitiveness of expression. Tall, slight, and graceful, he was an alluring presence at all times, and especially when, as at Brook Farm, his imagination was kindled and his sympathies strongest.

Another glimpse of Mr. Cranch at Brook Farm is given in "Years of Experience," by Georgiana Bruce Kirby: —

On the dreariest of winter days, when the sleet and biting wind detained at the Hive the few women who had ventured down the hill to supper, and caused quite a bustle in the kitchen, putting up meals for those who had remained behind, the omnibus arrived with no less a person than C. P. Cranch, the preacher, poet, musician, and painter. How a simple, affluent individual puts one at ease! We apologize to the impoverished and dull-witted alone. The furniture of the little reception room was beginning to look exceedingly shabby, but I am sure no one noticed the fact, when that evening, our visitor sang to the notes of his guitar: —

> "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear."
> "Take thou, where thou dost glide,
> This deep-dyed rose, O river," —

melting to tears the more susceptible of his sympathetic audience. That night no one of us doubted that we, who were permitted to hear, were the most favored of the gods. No after quartettes on the violin, in which Mr. Cranch took part; no weird passages from the Erl King, with mysterious, awe-inspiring piano accompaniment; no charming caricatures from his notebook of "The Experience of the Child Christopher down East,"

or of the Harvard mill grinding out ministers, could efface the tender impression made by the ballads which he sang in the poor little parlor on that first evening.

Mr. Cranch was invited to deliver a poem at the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Quincy at the First Church, May 25, 1840.

"The spell of Beauty is upon the hills,
The fields, the forest, and the leaping rills,
For Spring hath breathed upon us, and the hours
Move to the dial of the budding flowers.
Joy to ye, leaves and blossoms — ye are springing
Fast to the melodies around you ringing:
New life, new thought, midst tame and common things."

Then he speaks of the contrast, the sternness, the barrenness of the scene, and of the Pilgrim Fathers, of their high aims, and deep religious cult.

In another measure comes a very devout "Hymn of the Pilgrims": —

"Hear us, almighty Father!
No light but thy great eye above us shines!
Darker and darker gather
The shades of twilight through the moaning pines —
Hear while we pray!

"Hear us, thou great Jehovah!
When, wandering through the tangled wilderness,
Cloud after cloud goes over,
Forsake us not in our loneliness!
Shield us to-night!

"Guard us from every danger,
Thou, who hast ever been our sun and shield,
When trials deeper and stranger
Swept o'er us, as the wind sweeps o'er the field!
O guard us still!

"From the wild foeman's arrow —
From the dread pestilence that walks unseen —

From sickness and from sorrow,
And more than all, from hearts and lips unclean,
Save us, O God!

"And unto thee, great Spirit,
All that we are and have would we commit; —
Not for thy children's merit,
But through thy own free grace, so clearly writ,
Keep us, we pray!"

The poem goes on to speak of the superstition, narrowness, and even ignorance, contrasted with the better forms of a later religion. He cannot resist contrasting that older faith with more liberal ideas.

The poem is rather long, but there are some fine verses in it. It is not "stuff," as he has written to his friend John Dwight. Mr. Cranch had that *mauvaise honte* which never appreciated himself, especially in those early days. It was sent to his friend Miss Julia Myers who marked in it the best verses. In another place I find, "How like C. P. C."; and at the end, "Très bien, mon ami Christophe!" in her handwriting.

To Miss Julia Myers

QUINCY, May 29, 1840.

. . . I have been for over five weeks in Portland, supplying Dr. Nichols's pulpit during his absence in the South. Have you seen anything of him? I enjoyed myself hugely in Portland. Saw a good deal of society, visited, went to parties, renewed old acquaintances, and formed new ones, sang everywhere, and was quite a lion in this way, *pro tem.* Portland for society, of ladies especially, is one of the pleasantest places I ever was in. I had a golden time there. . . . I came away to attend the Centennial celebration in Quincy. It was the two

hundredth anniversary of the naming of the original town of Braintree, the old name of Quincy, on which occasion I delivered a poem. We had a great day of it, — orations, processions, music, dinner of six or seven hundred persons under a large pavilion, toasts, sentiments, speeches, etc., etc. Things went off generally very well. Reverend George Whitney's discourse was excellent. Of your humble servant's performances it behooveth not me to speak; but they seemed to please, and I think parts of the poem are quite respectable. It did well enough to deliver. The season is charming here now. I never saw trees and fields so luxuriantly green. Fruits we have none yet, — a few flowers. With you it is hottest summer. Do you not envy us Yankees one or two of our East winds occasionally?

To John S. Dwight

QUINCY, MASS., June 19, 1840.

. . . And now let me recall your letter. I thank you for your account of your delightful environment. You seem to be in a paradise. Verily I would I could be with you a few days. I must try to manage it this summer. I hear so much of Northampton, and know nothing of it. But I, too, have been in Arcady this spring and summer. In this leafy month of June, I can sit in the old hall of my father's,[1] surrounded by old whispering ancestral trees — and hear the birds — singing forever. The singing of the birds is all new to me this year. It seems as if I had never listened to them before.

I mean soon to visit Emerson, and he shall impart some knowledge of the different "wandering voices" which fill the air and woods.

[1] The old Cranch and Greenleaf home in Quincy.

To John S. Dwight

QUINCY, November 20, 1840.

. . . I have just returned from Hingham. I walked over yesterday morning, attended church and communion, and preached for Mr. Stearns in the afternoon, and in the evening we had a rather interesting conversation meeting in a schoolroom, where there were, I should think, one hundred persons. I thought it something remarkable, a sign of life at least, that so large an assembly should come voluntarily to a conversation on religious subjects. Mr. Stearns has great influence, love and respect among the people there, and it seems to spring simply from his entire simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness. He is perfectly transparent, and has such a plain, direct, solemn way of speaking from the heart to the heart, that he seems to win everybody. Both in pulpit and parlor he is completely independent and fearless. He has all the spirit of a reformer; is quite transcendental, though he preaches Christ more prominently than some of us; is deeply alive to the evils of our present religious and social institutions, and ready to be one of the first to attempt change and renovation therein, in the sphere of his influence. I don't know where I have met a more liberal and earnest soul. There is no sham about him, depend upon it, — no dark cobwebbed corners. You might turn him inside out and find him everywhere clean.

"On every side he open was as day
That you might see no lack of strength within."

. . . I have dreamed, really dreamed in sleep, of Northampton several times since I left. My visit there seems to have enlarged and embellished my possessions and estate in dreamland considerably. It was a good speculation that way, — my going up to see you. I as-

sure you I have beautiful dreams of you all sometimes, but so shadowy, — so vague. I have a strange fashion in my dreams of seeing the features and feeling the presence of several persons, who are yet one person; and of mingling many places, which are at the same time one place. I would cultivate the art of dreaming, were I you.

I made a visit of a week at Parker's, immediately on my return from Northampton. Parker was taken ill suddenly at Chelsea, while preaching, and I went out to Spring Street, expecting to find him on his back, the nurse, doctor and wife and aunt all in attendance, — but no, the creature was up and alive, laughing and working and digging at Sanctus Bernardus like a very Theodore Parker as he was. You might as well put a young steam engine to bed, cover it up and give it physic, as this marvellous creature. The learned Theban was by no means dieting in the article of books, though forced to do so in profane, vulgar, material eatables and drinkables.

To Ralph Waldo Emerson

Boston, March 2, 1840.

If the enclosed pieces are worthy a place in the New Magazine with which I understand you are to be connected, will you stand as their godfather, or dispose of them as you think best?

And may I take this occasion, to express what I have long wished to do, my deep gratitude for the instruction and delight I have derived from all your productions, published and spoken. I utter no hollow compliments or vain imaginings when I say that I have owed to you more quickening influences and more elevating views in shaping my faith, than I can ever possibly express to you. From my very heart I thank you. With what

delight I have read and listened to you, cold words like these, have no force to utter. I trust, therefore, you will pardon this expression of my gratitude and admiration, which could not have been restrained, while addressing you, without pain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mr. Cranch

CONCORD, 4th March, 1840.

I thank you for the beautiful verses which I have read and re-read with great content. The first piece [1] is true and the second is brilliant; I do not know which I like the best, for I am wonderfully taken in the "Aurora" [2] with the "Ripples over the stars," which is so true and descriptive, and, I believe, with a certain Miltonic tone in "the air that freezes around the Pleiades." I am sure that my friend, the fair editor of our yet unsunned journal [the "Dial"] will be greatly obliged by these contributions. To me they are welcome as one more authentic sign — added to four or five I have reckoned already — of a decided poetic taste, and tendency to original observation in our Cambridge circle. I call it Cambridge, because it is not confined to Boston, though it does not extend far.

Within a year my contemporaries have risen very much in my respect, for, within that period, I have learned to know the genius of several persons who now fill me with pleasure and hope. My dear sir, I recognize with joy your sympathy with me in the same tastes and thoughts, in the kind, though extravagant, expression of your letter. If my thoughts have interested you, it only shows how much they were already yours. Will you not, when our fields have grown a little more invitingly

[1] "Thought is deeper than all speech."
[2] *The Aurora Borealis.*

green, make a leisure day and come up hither alone, and let us compare notes a little farther, to see how well our experiences tally. I will show you Walden Pond, and our Concord poet too, Henry Thoreau.

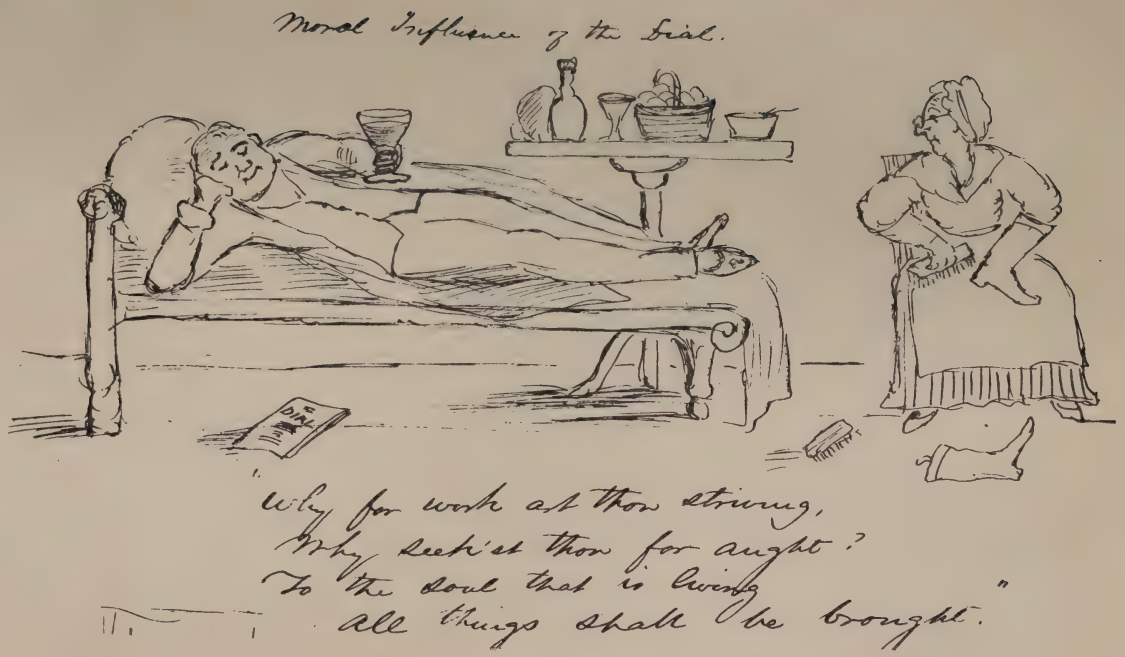
To Ralph Waldo Emerson

FISHKILL LANDING, NEW YORK,
September 12, 1841.

The favor you showed to some little pieces of mine some time since, and the pleasant hours of intercourse I have enjoyed with you under your roof and occasionally in Boston, encouraged me to trouble you with a few more verses, which you are at liberty to give to the "Dial" or to the poet's corner of your "Portfolio" as you please. They were written last winter, since which time an affection of the head has indisposed me almost entirely to any inspiration or mental labor.

I have been spending the summer at the South, and have lately taken very vigorously to landscape painting, which I am strongly tempted to follow in future instead of sermon writing. It is an art I have fondly looked at from boyhood. Whether I turn artist or not, I become more and more inclined to sink the minister in the man, and abandon my present calling *in toto* as a profession. Verily our churches will force us to it whether we will or not.

Once more, my dear sir, permit me to express my enthusiastic admiration and love of your writings. You must pardon me, but I am constrained to tell you what I never could do in speech, though I have so often wished to. I feel now as if I should be guilty of a poor and unnatural reserve, were I in writing to you, to be silent in this matter. The rare beauty of your style is but the first charm of your books to me. They are wells of deep truth,


Moral Influence of the Dial.
DIAL
Why for work art thou striving,
Why seek'st thou for aught?
To the soul that is living
all things shall be brought."

CARICATURE OF "THE DIAL"

which I feel as if I could never exhaust — full of that "divine philosophy" which is described as

> "A perpetual feast of nectared sweets
> where no crude surfeit reigns."

Your thoughts have had a deep influence on my faith and opinions. There are no writings of the day which have so captivated me, and afforded such matter for profound thought as yours. I read them again and again, and see new truth and beauty at every new reading. Again I ask pardon for such blunt praise, but again plead an irresistible call to speak from a full heart. It is less to praise you, my dear sir, for what is praise to you, than to acknowledge a great debt of mine.

Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mr. Cranch

Concord, October 1, 1841.

With my hearty thanks for your wise, wistful verses, which I read with great pleasure, not only for their tunefulness and particular merits, but for what I admire still more, their continuity of thought and unity of plan — I hasten to write that an apology may reach you before the knowledge of the offence. I sent them very soon to Miss Fuller, who, seizing them as editors seize such godsends, found them a succor of Apollo for her closing pages. The printer took them and Miss Fuller left town. It now appears that there was not space enough in the number left to print the whole, and, Apollo and all gods having left the printer to his own madness, he printed the first half, the "Inworld," and left the "Outworld" out.[1] The proof which had been directed to be sent to me, only arrived

[1] My father wrote for the *Dial*, the *Inworld* and the *Outworld*. These were separated by a mistake of the printer, the first part appearing alone. Mr. Emerson writes this delightful letter in consequence, to my father at Fishkill.

this morning. Miss Fuller is here, with Mr. Metcalf's compliments, explaining that he could not wait for correction, as he had been foiled in opportunities of sending, and the '*Dial*' *would appear to-day.* Our only amends now possible in this great wrath of the muses and their diabolical coadjutors, is to declare to you that the piece shall appear whole in the next number, with apology for the divorce in the last. Let me now take breath to congratulate you on what is grateful to me in your letter; that you dwell in a beautiful country, that the beauty of natural forms will not let you rest, but you must serve and celebrate them with your pencil, and that at all hazards you must quit the pulpit as a profession, I learn without surprise, yet with great interest, and with the best hope. The Idea that rises with more or less lustre on all our minds, that unites us all, will have its way and must be obeyed. We sympathize very strictly with each other, so much so, that with great novelty of position and theory, a considerable company of intelligent persons now seem quite transparent and monotonous to each other. I have no doubt that whilst great sacrifices will need to be made by some to truth and freedom — by some at first, by all sooner or later, — great compensations will overpay their integrity, and fidelity to their own heart. Indeed, each of these beautiful talents which add such splendor and grace to the most polished societies, have their basis at last in private and personal magnanimities, in untold honesty and inviolable delicacy. The multitude, when they hear the song or see the picture, do not suspect its profound origin. But the great will know it, not by anecdote but by sympathy and divination.

May the richest success attend your pencil and your pen. I wish I had any good news to tell you. You will

like to know that Miss Fuller transfers the publication of the "Dial," — now that Mr. Ripley withdraws from all interest in the direction, — from Jordan to Miss Peabody, an arrangement that promises to be greatly more satisfactory to Miss Fuller, and so to all of us, than the former one. Do not, I entreat you, cease to give us goodwill and good verses. We shall need them more than ever in the time to come; and yet I hope the journal, which seems to grow in grace with men, will by and by be able to make its acknowledgments, at least to its younger contributors. I remain your debtor for your kind and quite extravagant estimate of my poor pages. I have a pamphlet in press which I call "The Method of Nature," an oration delivered lately at Waterville, Maine, which I shall take the liberty to send to you as soon as it appears, if I can learn in town that you are to remain at Fishkill. I have heard lately from Harriet Martineau and Carlyle. The former writes about the latter, that he is — fault of his nervous constitution — the most miserable man she knows; but that lately he seems greatly better, and was *happy* at her house at Tynemouth for two whole days. Carlyle writes that he has left London and removed to Newington Lodge, Annan, Scotland, but of his works or projects, saith no word.

To Ralph Waldo Emerson, with a copy of Mr. Cranch's first poems which he dedicated to him

New York, May 22, 1844.

Dear Sir: —

I should have sent you my little book before now, had I received my copies sooner. I trust you will pardon the delay, and more especially the liberty I have taken to place your name on the dedication page without having apprised you of it beforehand.

Pray receive this hasty note in the light of some fuller testimony it would give me pleasure to send of the admiration and regard of

Yours truly,
C. P. Cranch.

Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mr. Cranch

Concord, June 7, 1844.

I received a few days ago, in Boston, the beautiful little volume of poems which you had sent me, and on opening them and your letter, I found the deeper obligation you had put me under, by the inscription. Had you asked me beforehand, I should have said, "Be it far from thee, Lord!" for I dare not sit for a moment in the chair, and all the skill I have is to study in the youngest class. As you have thrust me into place, I must only hope that your fair and friendly book shall not suffer by the choice, and then thank you for the noble gift.

I am glad to find my old friends in the book, as well as new ones, and, throughout, the same sweetness and elegance of versification which I admired in the pieces which adorned our first "Dials." But I should like to talk over with you very frankly this whole mystery and craft of poesy. I shall soon, I hope, send you my chapter on "the Poet," the longest piece, perhaps, in the volume I am trying to bring to an end, if I do not become disgusted with the shortcomings of any critical essay, on a topic so subtle and defying. Many, many repentances he must suffer who turns his thoughts to the riddle of the world, and hopes to chant it fitly; each new vision supersedes and discredits all the former ones, and with every day the problem wears a grander aspect, and will not let the poet off so lightly as he meant; it reacts, and threatens to absorb him. He must be the best mixed man in the uni-

verse, or the universe will drive him crazy when he comes too near its secret. Of course, I am a vigorous, cruel critic, and demand in the poet a devotion that seems hardly possible in our hasty, facile America. But you must wait a little, and see my chapter that I promise, to know the ground of my exorbitancy: and yet it will doubtless have nothing new for you. Meantime I am too old a lover of actual literature, not to prize all real skill and success in numbers, not only as a pledge of a more excellent life in the poet, but for the new culture and happiness it promises to the great community around us. So I am again your debtor, and your grateful and affectionate servant,

R. W. Emerson.

CHAPTER V

PAINTING — MARRIAGE

In 1841 there enters into my father's life a new element. To occupy himself while he had some distemper which prevented him from writing or thinking for the time being, he turned to painting. His brother John had given some time to portrait painting, afterwards studying abroad. Some very good portraits remain in the family, attesting by their worth his ability in that direction.

At that time in America painting and music as professions were generally very lightly regarded. When my father was about to decide upon a profession, he considered the ministry the only one left him to his taste. His brother Edward was a lawyer, and for a doctor he seemed entirely unfitted. He speaks thus of the beginning of this great change in his life: —

> In the winter of 1841 I passed several weeks in Bangor, Maine, where I preached for Dr. F. H. Hedge during his absence. But I was far from well, suffering from a trouble in my head and brain. In the spring I was at home in Washington, where we had my brother Edward and his bride for a short visit. As I was not very well, it was a great solace and delight to me when I began here my first attempts at oil painting.
>
> The following extracts from a letter to Miss Myers tell of these first crude beginnings in my artistic career.[1]

[1] Autobiography.

WASHINGTON, August 2, 1841.

I am actually at present almost too busy during the day to write or read. I have for the last week given up everything but the brush, — yes, the brush, — the glorious brush and palette! I have come to it at last, and am anxiously at work — *alias* daubing landscapes. I first tried modelling in clay. One day while ransacking the old garret, which, by the way, is the greatest curiosity shop in the country, containing the strangest odds and ends of forty years' housekeeping, on the strict principle of throwing nothing away, not even an old shoe or an iron hoop, or a rusty nail, or an empty bottle — ransacking, I say, this queer old musty garret, I forget for what, I came upon a great lump of clay left here by Powers,[1] the sculptor. I immediately went to work, daubing in the sticky materials, and modelled a few faces, then proceeded to taking likenesses therein: tried at my brother William and my sister Margaret. But as my busts were by no means flattering, I was not encouraged much, and very soon laid aside the spatula, and struck into another field.

The success of two friends of mine at landscape painting has mightily moved me to enter the lists, as a knight of the palette.

In a moment of superabundant inspiration I went me to Fischer's store and bought me divers colors, brushes, a palette, palette-knife, *et cetera*, hunted up an old scrap of canvas and an easel, left in the aforesaid garret by my brother John, and forthwith set up a studio, — ahem! Unfortunately I have taken no lessons, save a few hints picked up from my artist friends aforesaid, who encouraged me mightily, and offer to give me what information they are masters of in the art. For a week I have been painting steadily, and think with my friends that I do

[1] Hiram Powers made a fine bust of Judge Cranch.

remarkably well for a beginning. I feel encouraged to go on. It is moreover a real blessing to me, for I needed something to occupy me pleasantly, without tasking my mind. I feel, while painting, as if I were amid the very scenes which my inexperienced brush attempts to portray. It is living with nature. It is more, for I feel the joy of a creator, as if I were the spring, — making the trees put out leaves and unloosing the purling streams, and rolling them down their rocky beds, calling up clouds, and lighting them with sunset glories. The mere attempting to do this is an infinite pleasure to me. In fine, I am in love with my palette and easel. I only want some elementary instruction in coloring and a proper supply of canvas, and I am a sovereign on my throne. I do not know how long this fit will last, but I certainly have had a little foretaste of the joys of the artist, and it seems to me, I could never grow weary of the work. I have attempted nothing but small sketches as yet, but long to launch into something larger. Why may I not pursue it eventually as a profession? It is a precarious one, I know, to earn a livelihood by, but not less so than that of a minister, a free speaker, — I mean, in the present crisis of things. I shall therefore work on, and trust in Providence.

To John S. Dwight

BANGOR, ME., February 12, 1841.

. . . Thy letter was as the rennet which turneth the watery milk into the rich coagulum of curds, — the chemical element wanting to the union of half intention and performance. For my long silence you must in part charge my bodily system — for I have not been, and am not well, and my ailment is of a kind to depress and render unelastic both mind and will. While this trouble of

the head lasts, both enjoyment and endeavor are damped. Nothing is whole, bright, and perfect to me. I have no inspirations. Thought, eloquence, and poetry desert me. Preaching and praying are fallen into traditions, and things of routine. I live — that is all. Nothing interests me but what excites or amuses. Music and drawing I can enjoy. But reading and writing lag most ominously.

But I should not weary you with complaints. The fact is, after all, that I am enjoying myself. I am very pleasantly fixed here — at John A. Poor's. Have his library to myself — see pleasant people — and do very much as I please. I have no sermons to write — which is a comfort to me now. I use the pencil not for comical subjects or devils — I am out of that vein — but in landscape sketching. One want I feel here is music. There is a flute in the house. And I have seen a couple of pianos since I have been in Bangor — but more unmusical people I have seldom met. Rupel has been here, giving concerts this week. Mr. Poor you know. He spoke with enthusiasm of you and your preaching. He is a clever man and so is his brother Henry, who, by the way, is engaged to a sister of Mrs. Hedge. I have as pleasant quarters here as I could find in the city. I have had lately some refreshing communings with Mr. Stone of Machias, who spent a few days here lately. He is a brother-in-law of the Poors. You remember his article in the "Dial" — "Man in the Ages"? A freer, more childlike, more beautiful mind, I never met with. He is fragrant with the very warmest bloom of the true transcendentalism — a true Christian Pantheist, a man with a soul — which is leading him farther and farther away from the prison house of his brethren, the Philistines. All the best things of Emerson and the "Dial," flowering and exhaling in spontaneous odors in his spirit. I see not how he can stay in his present

fetters. The man is larger than the bed — the unwieldy armor of Saul's carcass fitteth not this spiritual David. I would we had conversed more on matters of faith. I saw so much in him that I longed to see all — were it even remotely possible. . . .

To John S. Dwight

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1841.

. . . One thing I know of you — and herein feel deeply the contrast between us, viz., that you have been at work, that you suffer no dark ennui or vacancy, that you have a definite, daily, sphere of action and are happy in doing somewhat at the quarry of life. I have no such sphere, no such daily necessity to labor, hardly even a definite source of action to look forward to. The future, like the present, seems to me a cheerless blank. Conscious of capabilities, yet unable to choose, unable to decide what I am to work at, as first and foremost. Where am I to go? What am I to do? Advise me. I feel called back to New England, and yet when I get there, it is more than I can say or foresee what my vocation is to be. I must support myself. Body, mind, soul, all need action. Yet I see not into the dark void before me. At present I cannot study or write. I am not well enough. I have the same old trouble in the head, nerves, and brain. Of this, however, I hope to get rid in time. Meanwhile I cultivate the fine arts a little. I spend a part of every day in drawing, which always makes the time pass pleasantly. Of late, I have been a little excited to aspire somewhat higher. Some productions by two young landscape painters here, contemporaries of mine, who, until of late, were working in quite different spheres from the artist's and now have "planted themselves indomitably on their instincts," which instincts promise not to betray and befool

them, have given me a desire to try the brush and palette. I have not done it as yet, but I feel a call that way. To be a landscape painter, I have often strongly desired. It would be an infinite joy to me to do something in this way. And I think I will try it. A little instruction in coloring is the most that I need. With this I feel that I could go on alone, conquering. I shall not, however, take it up as a profession. That were too hazardous an experiment. I do not look any farther at present than to begin, to be seated before the easel, with brush and palette.

JUNE 9.

Another steaming day. There is one pleasant place of resort this warm weather, quite near me, and that is the Congress Library. It is getting, however, too public for a library. Strangers, men and women, are thronging in all the time. I have almost just returned from there, where I have been with my sister looking over Flaxman's Dante, Michael Angelo, and a splendid collection of mezzotint engravings of Claude. Did you ever see these? They are in an English work, folio, 3 volumes, called "Liber Veritatis." They are great. After looking at them I have no taste for your modern landscapes. There is such truth, yet such ideality, such simplicity, yet such richness, variety and effect! He has such splendid trees, such graceful classic groups, such a delicious coolness about his rivers, and woods, and flocks and herds, and all executed in such masterly drawing, and such a rich brown umbre tint, I am never weary of turning them over. They are just the pictures, those quiet, cool, pastoral landscapes, to look at this fiery summer weather. Quite different are other apartments in that great Capitol, from this room.

Congress you know is in session. I have gone into the

Chambers of Council, a few times, but it is so close and crowded and warm; business moves on there so laggingly, or so uproariously, that I have little taste for resorting there. . . . J. Q. Adams, as you will see by the papers, has quite unexpectedly succeeded in getting the 21st rule of the House rescinded, that, namely, which rejected all abolition petitions. It is quite a triumph for the North, and more a triumph for truth and freedom, though I doubt if any immediate good, or any quite remote good, can result from it. The Southern members are doubtless mad enough about it. . . .

Have you sent any German translations to Brooks for his forthcoming book? I sent two or three trifles. I had nothing by me and one sees no German books here. What a totally different atmosphere — intellectually and morally — there is here from Massachusetts. You cannot conceive a more external place than this. . . . I want to hear something about Boston matters — particularly about Ripley's farm. I may join them yet. Write to me, dear friend, and tell me what is going on.

My father speaks of his visit to his relatives, the De Windts, at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson: "In the latter part of August, I went by invitation from Mrs. J. P. De Windt to Fishkill to preach to a very small congregation and society, which had been for some time in existence there. The meetings were held in a schoolhouse. I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. De Windt, in their beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson, amid flowers and trees, surrounded by lovely scenery, and soon held spellbound by a tie which has lasted all my life."

My mother, Elizabeth De Windt, was a beautiful creature. She had regular features and quantities

MRS. CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH
Pencil sketch by F. O. C. Darley

of light-brown, curly hair. Her head was handsomely set on her shoulders, and she carried herself with grace.

Tom Hicks had painted a portrait of her in a sad and pensive mood, which impressed her father gloomily, so he painted another. But the first picture was much the better, and was given to my mother by the artist. Later, F. O. C. Darley said to her, "Mrs. Cranch, your profile is full of tenderness." He dashed off a little sketch of that profile, and as it is the most characteristic likeness of her extant, it is much prized by her daughters. It is given here.

Mrs. De Windt was a granddaughter of John Adams.[1] She brought the culture of New England into the De Windt family, and often made visits to her uncle, John Quincy Adams, in the old home in Quincy. Her mother was the beautiful Abigail Adams who went to the court of George III when John Adams was Minister to England, and whose picture was painted by Copley in pearls and powder. This was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the old De Windt homestead, but a copy is in existence with the same beautiful coloring, done *con amore* by George Hall.

[1] John Adams
married
Abigail Smith. sisters
Their daughter
Abigail Adams
married
Col. William Stephen Smith.
Their daughter
Caroline Amelia Smith
married
John Peter De Windt.

Richard Cranch
married
Mary Smith.
Their son
William Cranch, the Judge,
married
Ann (Nancy) Greenleaf.
Their son
Christopher Pearse Cranch
married
Elizabeth De Windt,
daughter of Caroline Amelia.

Miss Elizabeth De Windt was the third daughter in a large family. She frequently visited Quincy and Washington and kept in touch with her mother's family.

To Miss Catherine H. Myers

FISHKILL LANDING, N.Y., October 4, 1841.

. . . Know you that here in the beautiful village of Fishkill Landing on the Hudson, with a most beautiful environment of things, places, and persons, I have been sojourning since the last of August. A small society is established here, to whom I have been preaching. But the pleasantest part of it is that I am the inmate of a delightful family; that is, not to be enthusiastic, a right good, excellent, kind, intelligent family — by name De Windt. It is one of the oldest, best, and, I believe, wealthiest families in this vicinity, consisting of Mr. De Windt, his wife and some eleven children. Their farm and house is directly on the banks of the Hudson, embosomed in trees, a most lovely, lovely spot, called Cedar Grove. Mrs. De Windt is a relative of my father's. She is the granddaughter of John Adams, and daughter of Colonel Smith, who was a somewhat distinguished officer in the Revolution. Her mother was Abby Adams, the only daughter of the old President. Mrs. De Windt has published a volume of her mother's letters and correspondence which you may have seen. Now, you ask, what have I been doing — which may be easily answered. Little enough of anything, for I am the laziest of men. Yet I have been doing something, not writing much, but painting, sketching, singing, rambling in search of scenery, — which is abundant and of the first order here, for we have river, mountains, streams, and woods around us, — cultivating some pleasant acquaintance,

and altogether enjoying myself in my old dreaming fashion.

My health is considerably better — indeed I am a well and sound man to what I was when with you. So do not be anxious about me on that score. I have preached regularly, made visits, taken walks, and enjoyed life and nature.

And I may allow myself to hint another thing, of later date. I cannot exactly decide with myself whether I am actually *in love*, but there is a fair spirit here who has breathed new life around me of late. More of her I shall not say just now than this, and just amuse myself with hinting afar off the remote possibility of some crisis occurring in your friend's life. Yet it may all turn out a dream.

. . . The other day came William H. Channing for an hour or two on his way up the river to see his wife. Day before yesterday came Charles F. Hoffman and spent yesterday with us, a writer and poet of a good deal of merit. I found him a highly agreeable man, of fine mind and fine powers of conversation. Over the river there is a son-in-law of Mr. De Windt's — at Newburgh, opposite Fishkill — a man of fine intellect and caste, whose house and gardens are perfect gems. His name is Downing. He is the author of a work on landscape gardening. Then there are beautiful houses and good collections of pictures to be seen, and people who seem to appreciate them. . . .

To John S. Dwight

FISHKILL LANDING, October 16, 1841.

. . . I am a happy man, and you will rejoice with me over my good fortune. Know thou that not only am I a lover, but am actually engaged. A true and lovely soul,

incarnated in a lovely form, has crossed my orbit within the last four weeks, in the person of Miss Elizabeth De Windt, daughter of John Peter De Windt of this place, at whose house I have been residing since the latter end of August. Three weeks' acquaintance may seem a short prelude to a genuine, matter-of-fact engagement, but you must know that I have seen her and been near her all the time, and our attachment to one another ripened fast. A few days after I saw her she became my pupil in German, my first pupil, now my companion through life. Should not the old Saxon tongue wear now, besides its former attractions, a new and original brightness? Is it not associated with some of the brightest passages of my life? Good friend of mine, if you would win your love, if you have not won her, try this order of tactics. Cannonade the proud citadel with right tough Teutonic words, watch her lips as she reads and stumbles over the rough vocables; insist upon her sounding the *ch* right and all the other hard pronunciations. . . . Then, how has beautiful Nature befriended me! what beautiful moonlight rambles, and piazza promenades, and rides; also music, and drawing! Surely all good angels officiated in bringing the happy result about. I would describe her to you, but don't feel analytic — yet may give a few random strokes. For her mind, she is not a genius, but has talent, good sound sense, and can appreciate the higher sorts of minds. For her soul and heart, they are of the finest make, warranted sound and pure and noble, she is eminently "a girl of truth, of golden truth," for her heart in all its purity and devotion has she given to me. And last — for her person — not so faultlessly beautiful as your young flower of Northampton, but yet very fair, tall, very tall, regular features, lightish hair, soft blue eyes, and the loveliest mouth and

smile — and so on — and so on. I care not to describe, when I love so well.

And now for the dull necessities of the world. I must look about in earnest for a living. I have thought and thought and thought, and am now pretty much determined, spite of all my objections, to stick a while longer at the candidatory trade. I am sick of it, and pining for freedom and self-repose, but there is a good side to the profession after all, and I must be married. I may not always be a minister, exclusively a minister, but at present I see no other way open. How are the vacancies in New England? Write me what you know about it. I shall probably be looking that way ere long. I shall be here, however, perhaps a few months longer, after a short visit South. The country is magnificent for scenery. It is perpetual enjoyment to me to see. I have painted considerably, little things, and carry my colors and palette with me. I need instruction, but improve, nevertheless.

To Miss Julia Myers

FISHKILL LANDING, N.Y., April 11, 1842.

. . . I can hardly tell you in the compass of a letter all that I have been seeing, hearing, thinking, and doing since I last wrote you. I have been for the most part in Boston, that little world, that vortex of life, that spot of all others in the country where life in all its various aspects is so concentrated and distilled, that city of bright intellects, warm hearts, fair faces, sweet music, parties, concerts, lectures, churches, schools, — an *olla podrida* of everything to be thought of and done. . . .

Of the many æsthetic banquets at which I have regaled, I will here speak of one of the most savory and satisfactory, that is the concerts. The music of Harmony certainly seems to have descended this past winter upon

the capital of Yankee land. No longer speaketh the divine guest through pumpkin stalks and base fiddles and spinnets and fifes and drums and Jew's-harps, but through the sweetest tones of the violin, violoncello, oboe, guitar, and organ; and through the richest of singers of both sexes, and the sublimest of choral and orchestral harmony.

There is one instrument, which in the hands of the master whose performances upon it I have repeatedly listened to, has been like a new revelation in music to me. It is the violoncello. Did you ever hear it? But even if you have, and in the hands of the best amateur, you can have no idea, nor can I give you any, of its wonderful power when touched by Knoop, said to be the greatest artist on this instrument in Germany. If you would hear the very soul tell all its deepest, most inner feelings, if you would listen to language as from another world and from some matured spirit in a more exalted and perfect state than here below, go to hear Knoop. You will feel as if he were drawing out of you your very soul. I will transcribe a part of what I wrote down on first hearing him.

O the power of expression it has! Those high, flute-like harmonic notes, vanishing off and off like some bird you watch in the blue sky, till it recedes forever from you: — those deep wailings of grief, where the rich bass of the man's voice and the softer complainings of woman so wonderfully blend with and succeed each other, — those bursts and growls of passion from the lower strings, the tenderness and depth of all its tones, make it to me the most expressive of all instruments. It seems to have all the force and expressiveness of the violin, without any of its obtrusive harshness, and besides this, the glorious bass, which the violin wants. It is the violin matured

and mellowed, the perfect man of stringed instruments. How eloquently it seems to talk and discourse to us, how persuasive, how dignified, how careless and unconscious it appears of its own commanding power! It is Adam conversing with his spouse — man and woman, wisdom and love blended.

. . . My friend Dwight has been delivering a great course of lectures on the musical composers, but to very small audiences. The people are hardly prepared to enter into those moods from which his lofty strains flow. Music is a different thing to him from what it is to anybody I ever knew; therefore he is a mystic to those whose natures do not lead them into the same feelings and ideas. . . .

To John S. Dwight

Burlington, Vermont, May 25, 1842.

I am determined not to give up preaching unless compelled to by health, and by want of sympathy and encouragement from without. I like my profession in many respects, and have grown accustomed to it. I should never get my bread in any other way; and I know not if, upon the whole, any other sphere of life would bring me any more inward peace and satisfaction, than this. I am resolved, therefore, to submit as far as I can do so without compromising my views and feelings, to such usages and forms as the profession ordinarily carries with it, and wait for things to grow better and more rational.

I have rather pleasant quarters here in the Pearl Street house. The people of the society are friendly and sociable, with some degree of refinement and cultivation. I miss the delights of music. There are some pianos in town, but none at the house where I am. I hanker and

thirst for a piano, the want of which excitement I make up for, as well as I am able, by playing through "Norma" on my flute, and by smoking cigars. I have written a little rhyme, and two sermons — I also sketch a little, and go out after wild flowers; but spring with her glories seems but a slow and reluctant visitor to this northern clime.

To Edward P. Cranch

FISHKILL LANDING, N.Y., May 30, 1843.

. . . I thank you for all your sympathy and counsel, as to the vague future before me, and the blank present, which this transition state is the natural cause of. Preaching I have about done with. What little I have lately done, has not been through choice, so much as necessity, and for love. I feel ambitious of entering life as a whole man — an individual man; and if possible, of working and earning money in some way suited to my tastes. But at present I do not stand even on the threshold of this new life. Something I must do, however, and soon. Three ways present themselves to me, and I do not know why I may not endeavor to unite them all! (1) Make illustrations; of this I have spoken. There is a good field for this work in the city of New York, and I shall make inquiries there about it. I could easily learn to draw on wood, or even perhaps to etch. This, however, we waive for the present. (2) Landscape painting. I want to make the experiment at least, and see if I can't paint something that will sell. I have many friends, who may perhaps help me. I took a few lessons in Boston of John Greenough which helped me a good deal. And with a little more practice and a few more hints from painters, I should get on, I think, quite fast. (3) Author. I am writing for magazines which will give me a little.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH
Pencil sketch by William Wetmore Story

I shall publish a small volume of poems before the winter, which, though it may pay me nothing, will get my name up, and insure me better pay with the magazines.

I think of going to New York to live, — at least for the present, — and look out there for something to do. . . . I should live in New York as economically as possible, and as independently as a Bedouin chief. There is no place in the United States like New York for individual living. I shall miss Boston society, and the friends I saw there, but then, I shall be near my Cara Lisa, and the Highlands. . . .

So far from my lady love's thinking it a descent from pulpitdom to any otherdom, she rejoices infinitely over the chance, and would indeed have me be anything but a minister. She is content with any sphere of life which would allow us a support. We have even talked of joining Ripley's community at Roxbury, and the suggestion came from her. She has a truly independent and energetic soul. . . . She wants me to devote myself to landscape painting and illustrations; also to authorship. But her own taste in painting encourages me particularly towards that path. Next week I shall probably be in New York, where I can feel about me more tangibly. I feel as if there must be something for me to do there; from which dollars and cents shall flow forth for the refreshing of my soul. Believe me that your wholesome doctrine therefore begins to assume a deeper significance to my soul. Henceforth I devote myself to money-making, "remuneration"! I repeat over to myself with Costard the clown; "Guerdon, O sweet Guerdon! Be thou before me night and day, till I can command where now I stand and beg." . . .

To John S. Dwight

August 13, 1843.

. . . Is the world all occupied, that you and I cannot find a single corner to stand in and eat our bread and cheese? Must we be "of the chameleon's dish and eat the air, promise-crammed"? But your lot is a harder one than mine, for you have less in common with the ways and tastes of the many than I. You stand upon a loftier summit, and feed on purer nectar, and more divine ambrosia, and the world acknowledges none such as useful. They lend no money's worth to the markets, and then "on their hermit's rock, on their divine mountain summits, let them starve!" says the thick-skulled, filmy-eyed world. Yet, my friend, I am in the hope you will one day be not without your reward, even in hard specie. Only produce, produce, hide not your light under a bushel, but let it blaze forth, wherever there is an eye to appreciate it, for it is a rare genius you are endowed with, and you should not hide it like the Rosicrucians, nor dream it away in the fields, but bear it like a torch into the very thickest of the multitude, and make them acknowledge and honor you.

I am becoming more and more a student of nature and only regret that heretofore I have made so little use of the opportunities, I have had, when among scenes of great natural beauty. As yet I do not expect much profit from painting, pecuniarily. The parson as you conjecture is pretty nigh obsolete. I have preached one sermon only for Bulfinch, as he needed help. But I am fairly rid of all parishes and all the bores and petty hopes and fears which young ministers are heir to, and am a free and independent man, thank Heaven! My only regret is now that I did not cut through this tangled skein long ago.

Though all is uncertain before me in this, my newly chosen profession, yet welcome poverty, I say, if it wears such a jewel as this — if I can so brighten my days with the delights and fascinations of an artist's life. I have now no ennui, no grief, no anxiety, no pain, no languor, which I cannot drown in this flood of beauty which pours around me, and which bears me buoyantly and in festal pomp and strength upon its bosom. While I can transfer, even so imperfectly, sweet nature to my canvas, or trace the ideal nature beneath this outward life, I live in perpetual creation. I am in a world of my own, and nothing can pain me. After all what atmosphere is comparable to that of the studio? Here in this quiet, subdued, mellow light, the harsh world is shut out, and approached only when duty and common everyday interests summon us to action, which only prepares us for the next day's absorbing labor, at the end of which we only find ourselves weary without knowing why. And, is not the artist, too, working for truth and goodness as well as beauty? Is he not doing the world a great benefit when he thus sows flowers along its sandy tracts, and festoons its desolate places with beauty? I have an inward feeling that my time is not misspent, though I may never attain to eminence. If I can in the remotest degree, by my labors, bring thoughts of nature and dreams of paradise into a single soul, I have done some good, I have spoken some truth.

To Edward P. Cranch

WASHINGTON, October 18, 1843.

The great event of my life, I am happy to inform you, has at length taken place, and all things therewith connected and associated have up to the present hour proved auspicious and happy, even the weather . . . .

The wedding took place at half-past eight on Tuesday evening the 10th, precisely two years from the day of our engagement. Dr. Dewey officiated. Charles F. Hoffman, of New York, was my groomsman, and Isabel, Lizzie's sister, bridesmaid. The bride was dressed in white muslin, her hair curled and adorned with beautiful white flowers, and looked very lovely. There were twenty or thirty persons present, the greater part relatives of the family. A supper and a big wedding cake concluded the evening. At ten o'clock on Wednesday we were off, making a call at Mr. Downing's in Newburgh on our way. — And here we are safely at home, where already has commenced the routine of visits of ceremony to the new married pair. We only want you and Abby here to make everything complete. It is really provoking that you should have been here so recently and were obliged to return without seeing your sister-in-law. But I hope it may not be long before you will see her.

We shall remain about a fortnight, and then return to New York, where we shall get established in our house in Lexington Avenue, near Twenty-second Street,[1] in the course of next month. . . . If I can contrive it I shall have my painting room in the house, where I expect to be very industrious the coming winter.

To John S. Dwight

New York, December 6, 1843.

I scarcely yet realize the change I have gone through. From a lonesome loafer of a poor bachelor to a proud and

[1] Of this house he says in a later letter to his brother: "It is nearly in the suburbs and three miles from the Battery, but omnibuses are passing us all the time, and you can go the whole distance down for 6¼ cents. I have become used to New York distances. Sister Lizzie lives about a mile from us, but we consider it quite in our neighborhood."

happy bridegroom, from a careless, independent, irresponsible, improvident dreamer, to an anxious, dutiful, active, practical, prudent manager and head of a family, living in a three-story house, my name publicly blazoned on the front door, and ten grown people and a wife to look after every day — a man that counteth the dollars and cents, keepeth accounts, maketh bargains, taketh the daily paper and saith to his servants in the kitchen — "do this — and they do it"; one that looketh before rather than after, and feels that life is earnest, and the Ideal — alas! less for a season than the Actual. One, that feeleth after, with sorrowful surprise, the limitations, which press on all sides, whenever he compareth the Fact with the Idea, — here is signified a change which is not small. Not that I would dwell more on the cares of married life than its delights, for both have their emphasis.

It is a great step to have taken. But I see, I think, the leading hand of Providence in it. It is singular that I should have been married just at a time when I have no profession, no resources, nothing certain to look forward to as a support. We take a house at three hundred dollars rent for the first year (it will undoubtedly be raised the second year), move into it, with nothing given us but our furniture and some occasional presents from my father-in-law, and depend for our daily subsistence on a few boarders. Somehow we get along very comfortably. Our boarders are not strangers, but friends. We have a house full, and make quite a pleasant little circle. Doubtless it were far pleasanter to have a home consecrated to no divinities but Hymen and the Muses, but there would be after all a sort of refined selfishness in this, which might punish itself in monotony and ennui. On the whole, I quite like to have my house full, pro-

vided the inmates are to our taste. I have a little room, just big enough to turn around in, where I paint and write. Of the first, I have done little lately, of the second, nothing; but as I become more settled, I hope to be more industrious. You compliment altogether too highly my letter in which I spoke of turning artist. I fear I shall utterly disappoint my friends, on this score. Besides, I fear I am but a half-blooded artist after all. There are still sidelong glances at my old profession. You will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that I have occasionally preached, and still shall do so, when the inward and the outward calls agree. But I do so with perfect freedom, preaching whatever I please, with none to make me afraid. When I do not preach, I hear William H. Channing. I regret every chance I miss of hearing him. I could write you a great deal about him, had I room and time. He is a wonderful speaker, and it is perfectly astonishing that he is not more appreciated here. I never have seen such purely intense inspiration in any speaker. You must come on and hear him with me. Besides, I want to see you and talk with you about sundry matters. I heard of your plan you had in consideration of going to Europe, and am glad you did not go, though the temptation must have been strong. You are living, too, in a musical atmosphere. I hear no music. Ole Bull is great, no doubt, and Castillan, and Vieuxtemps, and others, but I fear I must deny myself these luxuries. I must, however, see Macready. Do come on and see me. I have a spare room for you, and room at the table, and a chair for you by the fire, and a warm welcome to all I can give you.

Of the Reverend William Henry Channing, Mr. Cranch wrote more than forty years later: —

My first acquaintance with him was in the Divinity School in 1833. But I cannot say that I knew him well till somewhere about the year 1839, when he was in Cincinnati. How long he was settled there I forget. I afterwards knew him better in New York, I think in 1844–45, where he preached several years, in a hall to a small congregation of "Come-outers" and where my wife and I regularly attended. He seemed to me then one of the most fervent and eloquent of preachers; all the other preaching in New York was tame in comparison. His themes were mostly in the line of social reform. He always took an intense interest in the spiritual elevation of the people, but no less in establishing a high standard of morality for the cultured classes. He was an uncompromising opponent of the encroachments of Slavery upon the country, and his sermons against the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas were very powerful. It is difficult to describe a man who seemed so perfect. He would have appeared like one of the saints of the old time, had not his keen, cultivated, but restless intellect, and his broad, liberal tendencies allied him to all the nearest and most practical interests of life. He united in his nature, the ideal philosopher, poet, and preacher. He was keenly alive to everything true, good, and beautiful. He held an ideal standard in everything. His tenderness, his enthusiasm, were almost feminine, and though his emotional nature seemed the main spring of his life, he had a wonderful strength, balance, and self-discipline. He seemed to live habitually in an upper region of thought and feeling. He had a limpid purity and a lofty standard which almost set him outside the pale of intimate fellowship. . . . He was always cheerful, always hopeful — a genuine optimist. . . . He was never idle, never off his track. His temperament seemed to yield

him no easy cushion on which his nervous intellect and his keen conscience could repose.

But I can only imperfectly give the impression he made upon me, at that time. . . . Since those early days I have seen almost nothing of him. I do not think he ever in the least declined to a lower range in his ideal standard, or in his daily life.

To John S. Dwight

New York, April 8, 1844.

. . . I see you are thoroughly immersed in Fourier, and hear of you as established at Brook Farm. You have got the start on me altogether in this reform, theoretically and practically, for as yet I am but a humble and very ignorant inquirer, standing hardly on the threshold of Phalanstery, an imperfect note in the great harmony you and others are aspiring towards; an instrument, weak, dull, ineffective, discordant, out of tune in the grand symphony, your great Panharmonic Orchestra are about to perform. But I hope that I shall tune up my fiddle by degrees, and learn to keep time and tune with my brothers. I have long been looking to something better than I can arrive at, under our present social organization. . . . It is getting to be more and more the great vital question, the heaviest pressure upon my thoughts, the gloomiest shades around my heart, this matter of Social Reform, and I wish now more than all things else, in my higher moments, to study the system of Fourier, of which, I am ashamed to say, I, at present, know so little. Channing has been a great light to me here, as well as to many others. I have no words which would adequately express what I owe to him, as prophet, thinker, eloquent speaker, pure and heaven-gifted spirit. But I must do more than receive. I must

also give out and create. May heaven only help me to be true to myself. I should study and write more were it not that I have so earnestly taken hold of the brushes and palette. This, as you know, is now "my vocation, Hal." I have taken it up with the intention of succeeding in my limited sphere, as a painter of landscapes. To be sure, as yet it puts no money into my pockets, but it is to me a perpetual spiritual joy and satisfaction. It is its own reward. Besides I have some hopes that in a year or two it may bring something to me in the way of vulgar dollars and cents, which I by no means affect to despise. I have improved considerably since the miserable daubs you saw in the garret of the old United States Hotel, Boston. I shall send three pieces to the Exhibition of the Academy this spring.

I shall also exhibit in a few days another work, in another and kindred line, viz., a small volume of Poems from the press of Carey and Hart, in Philadelphia. It has been delayed somewhat, and should have been out some weeks since. My publisher insists upon limiting me to 112 pages which I fear will not contain me. Besides this, I wish I had given vent in a few more poems to some of my later and riper thoughts. These poems seem hardly to do justice to what I might say and sing now, but are of the past, in a great degree.

To John S. Dwight

New York, November 30, 1845.

. . . I was glad to see your criticism on the virtuoso school, and your last word about Leopold de Meyer. Such views are much needed among us, when there is so little soundness of faith. What you say of Ole Bull I think is perfectly just, neither too little nor too much. Mrs. Child, however, is angry with you because you do

not make him the god he is to her, but assign him his proper niche and pedestal. But she is one who sees everything in the prismy hues of feeling; with her mind there is but little of the pure white light of philosophic judgment. How can she then consent, that this subject of her highest enthusiasm should be called one who "moves in the sphere of virtuosodom"? To her he is the top of the world: the rarest perfume of all genius. No one denies that in his sphere he is truly great. I have never heard anything to compare with the depth and purity and passion of his tones. Then what grace, what power, what finish of execution! But what are his compositions beside the master composers? Even Vieuxtemps far excels him here, it seemed to me. Write me what you think of the Norwegian minstrel, more at large. There is such a nimbus of light around him at present, that few persons are clear-sighted enough to speak moderately of him.

December 7.

I wrote thus far a week ago, but my unfinished sheet has been lying *perdu*. I could not send it as it was, because I had a few words to add to what I have said about Ole Bull. The fact is I was in company with him at Mrs. Child's the very evening of the day I had been so coolly writing about him, and the deep impression the man made upon me was hardly in harmony with the very moderate tone in which I had been speaking of his music. . . . He is the most delightful person I almost ever met. He attracted me at once. We now saw what we could not see in a concert room, from the distance we were, and hear him speak only in his music. This seems only a part of him. We could now observe the beauty of his countenance with its varied expression, his soft

eyes beaming with genius and his whole heart shining through them with such tenderness, such open truth and friendliness, a sweet smile. His strong electric motions are rounded in by an almost feminine grace and gentleness; his perfect harmony of organization, bodily and mental; his healthy self-abandoned unconsciousness, so much better than the conscious self-possession of many — in fine his graceful and cordial manners: all these combine to make him exceedingly interesting.

We soon had him seated at the piano, where he sat at least an hour, singing wild Norwegian airs, and passages from "Don Giovanni." He says he plays only by ear, but he seems perfectly at home in all chords and modulations, as if he knew the instrument intuitively. His voice is agreeable, and very expressive. Among other things, he sang and played part of his fine Concerto in E minor, his voice taking the violin part and his fingers the orchestral. He also told me anecdotes of Norway, its mountain scenery, its music and dances; its houses and peasantry, with most dramatic spirit.

I parted from him with deep regret, for it was the first and last time I met him in society.

To Edward P. Cranch

FISHKILL LANDING, N.Y., July 26, 1846.

I must write you once more before sailing; even though it be a short letter. All is arranged for our departure on the first of August, on the packet ship Nebraska *via* Marseilles. Our friend George William Curtis goes with us. The ship is a fine one, new, having made but two voyages, and the Captain — who is a very nice man — says we shall make the voyage in thirty-two days.

I wrote you from Washington on the receipt of your letter about Italy. I hope you received my letter. In it,

I presented the matter in a light, different from that in which you viewed it. And I hope now that you agree with me, that it is not so mistaken an idea we are carrying into effect. . . .

My views about landscape painting are and will be unchanged, wherever I am. Nature and nothing but nature shall be my guide. The book you spoke of called "Modern Landscape Painters," by a graduate of Oxford, I have been reading with great pleasure, and general approval. I shall now in some measure be able to judge for myself whether he is right. I cannot yet realize that I am so soon to leave the country, and for a month or more to be tossed on the sea; then to land in a strange clime. How exciting is the prospect of a first sea voyage! Heaven grant us a safe passage! We have every reason to anticipate one. It is hard indeed to part with our friends, but the worst part, to me, is over, since we left Washington. You and John and Abby, I should scarcely see even if I remained, for separation seems our destiny, whether parted by mountains or by seas. Let us all pray for a happy meeting, in a year or two at least. God bless you, dear brother, and grant you every happiness and success.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE — THE VOYAGE — ROME

We come now to a very interesting period in my father's life, — his first experiences at sea, with my mother and his friend, George William Curtis; and the opening of that life of romance and of art, so fascinating to one of his temperament. It was a slow voyage of nearly seven weeks' duration; but one of great charm to these three friends.

I give some extracts from my father's Journal at Sea. "We left New York, Lizzie and myself, with George William Curtis, August the first, 1846, in the packet ship Nebraska, bound for Marseilles. We number, I believe, fourteen passengers, including five children." One of the passengers was a "strong English woman, who has crossed the Atlantic twenty-four times, and boasts of never having been seasick in her life. She seems able to take command of the ship, should any accident befall the Captain! and she was dubbed by our party the 'Commodore.'" She and the other passengers made "a very pleasant company." Later my father says, "We left at twelve o'clock M. and had a pleasant afternoon and evening on deck, — passed Fort Hamilton, where Mrs. Curtis[1] is staying. We saw her waving her handkerchief from shore, and responded from the poop deck; passed the Narrows, Coney Island, Sandy Hook, and the Highlands of Neversink. Saw the city and all the spires and houses on shore diminish to white dots against the blue, misty distance. Night set in ere we

[1] Mr. Curtis's step-mother.

took our last leave of shore. We sailed slowly out. We sang several duets on deck in the moonlight, and so our dear native land was left behind with music on our lips."

August 2. One long horrid day of seasickness to almost all the passengers. It all seems one day of cheerless blank. A day of desperate abandonment to the sway of the grim sea. What I recollect most vividly was on staggering up the gangway, from my berth in the morning; the view from the stern windows looked somewhat thus:

My wonderment was great, how the sea ran its horizon so at an angle of forty-five degrees, till I got on deck and found the ship all on one side, leaning on her elbow, and like a duck along the green, foamy water.

August 3. Woke up well and have kept well all day. Praised be Providence! Perhaps it was the "Petroleum" did it; perhaps the stomach got disgusted with its day's work and took a new tack; which, pray Heaven, it may not deviate from until we get safely into port. . . .

The Captain is a nice man, very sociable and entertaining, fond of talking, simple-hearted and honest and good-natured; a regular Yankee, withal, in his speech. One of the most remarkable things about him is his pronunciation of the French, — "Mr. Goozoot," Guizot; and the "*table dot.*"

August 4. A warm, still day. Scarcely any breeze stirring, so we crept along at a snail's pace, our sails flapping, sailors doing little, passengers dozing and enjoying the *dolce far niente.* We sat, all of us, on deck under the awning, looking on the calmly swelling waters, the petrels skimming about and faintly chirping about the ship and picking up the crumbs, and diving after them — now and then in flocks resting on the waves for a moment at a distance from us. Saw a nautilus floating by with its pink-edged sail, which it now and then furled, then spread again. A school of large, black fish, resembling the porpoise, looking as hard and black and smooth as if they were turned out of wood in a lathe, sailing by in pairs, sticking up their sharp fins now and then and their hippopotamus, pig heads, and snorting like horses. And once we caught sight of a young whale, a grampus, I suppose.

August 5. A beautiful morning; wind fair, course east, going at eight knots an hour. On going on deck the air was as soft and summery as if it came over a clover field in a green island. The waves swell and toss and break gloriously. 'T is surely a pure delight, a blessing, for which we cannot be too grateful to heaven that we have been so far favored with such a prosperous voyage. . . .

To-day we passed two sails; a topsail schooner and a ship. The latter came near enough for us to hoist a signal and receive an answer. . . . It was beautiful, this telegraphing on the seas. They will announce us on arriving, and our friends will know that so far we are safe.

August 8. The other day we fished with a long piece of black thread for Mother Carey's chickens in the stern of the ship. We caught three or four and let them go.

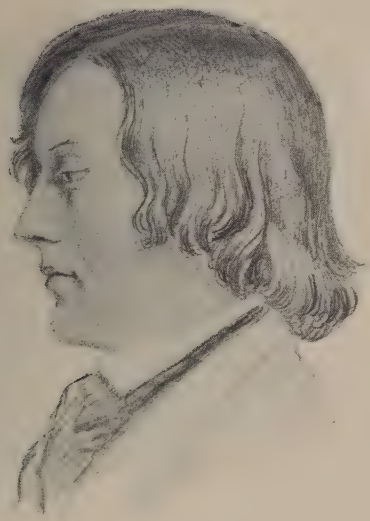
They catch themselves by getting entangled in the thread which they cannot see, and so we draw them up.

With us three, checkers, backgammon, novels, eating and sleeping, with a little promenading and music, are the chief beguilers of our time. We are now exactly a week out and have come near a thousand miles. But as to our latitude and longitude, I am ignorant. One of the important items which I forgot, was to bring a map of the world.

Ten o'clock. To-night I have been up on deck with G., singing duets in the moonlight. It is one of those magic moonlights standing out by itself, not connected in association with anything of the past, but like a dream. Under the sail we stood and looked out as from a tent or protecting roof, abroad over the mild ocean, the horizon a long, dark, shorelike-looking black cloud, but above it the large, unclouded moon, just edging the extreme distance with the intensest silver fire, then interrupted by the dark shadow of a cloud, then bursting out again, and flaking the restless waves for miles and miles with its glorious alchemy. Both to eye and heart it was a scene, which I never remember to have seen before, made still more romantic and wild by the harmonies we awoke. 'T was more like the old moon which used to enchant me, and keep me awake at night, when just emerging from boyhood. I used to feel music, poetry and the company of young girls with a vividness of delight which hardly comes in after years.

Monday, August 10. Met a Danish brig; attempted to come within speaking distance of her, but she rounded to in an unmannerly way, as if she wished to have nothing to do with us. So we merely showed our flag, and she hers. The second mate says she is a hog.

Last night was very beautiful in the moonlight. The



CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH
Pencil sketch by William Wetmore Story

sails, filled with the wind, were rounded like great sea-shells; on their wide, white curves lay the shadows of her masts and intricate rigging, looking like the shadows of the forest trees and branches in winter against the moonlit snows.

Tuesday, 11th. To-day I feel as if I had really seen the sea, — the great, heaving, restless, foaming sea! A stiff breeze has been blowing all day, which has ruffled up the water tremendously: all hands staggering and pitching about. The ship plunged and tossed up the foam and flung the soft spray over herself, as if she really felt it all. The waves rolled around her magnificently.

Thursday, August 13. We are still sailing on with a fair wind, clear skies and soft temperature. To-day I went up into the mizzentop and sat some time, looking out on the sea. One sees something of the ship and her motion from this point.

That most doughty mariner B. has been telling me a long yarn to-night of a sea adventure which once befell him between New York and Boston, to which I have been "listening like a three years child." He seems perfectly inexhaustible in his stories of legendary sea-lore. The Captain is also very entertaining, and what is better, quite reliable in his facts. He is not gifted with Mr. B.'s imagination and conceit. We derive quite a stock of useful information from the Captain's yarns. They are solid stuff that will wear, but B. touches somewhat on fairyland; his soaring fancy scorneth the dry limitations of the actual.

Two glorious sunsets I have seen from the mizzentop. From this point I get an idea of the vastness and loneliness of the ocean, which I cannot on deck. I am not sailor enough yet, however, to climb to the crosstrees. The days glide by pleasantly enough with such favoring

breezes and skies as these. We are now about fifty miles north of Corvo, one of the Azores. This afternoon I am sitting on one of the quarter boats which hang from the ship's side over the water. I look out over and over the wide, blue, wrinkling expanse of ocean, now rippled by a gentle breeze which flaps the sails above me, which shade me beneath their ample wings. A delicious sensation of quiet summer joy almost lulls me to sleep, —

"The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky," —

around me, with only here and there a few white sea birds, skimming about in search of their prey. Could anything be more calm and holy than this loneliness, this stillness!

August 19. For a day or two we have been almost becalmed, just moving along as slowly as possible under the most delightful skies. . . .

These still, warm nights are beautiful on the ocean. The stars seem so thick and multitudinous. The Milky Way seems brighter and more distinct than ever I saw it. This motionless group of star clouds casts a bright reflection on the waves, and makes a pathway of dim light almost to the vessel. In the wake, the foam streams off in the dark water like smoke, and the phosphoric sparkles seem to spring from some hidden fire under the ship.

August 28. We are not more than forty or fifty miles from the Straits of Gibraltar, but are almost becalmed. The day, however, though warm, is beautiful. A splendid pilot fish has been swimming about the ship; he is the forerunner of the shark. His gambols and perpetual motion, his striped pied coat, and his life of perfect immunity and safety, make him the harlequin of the ocean. A sharp hook is thrown out, but the pirate of the deep remains uncaptured.

August 29. This morning at sunrise we entered the Straits with a fine, fresh breeze, and hearts bounding with delight. Long before the sun was up we were summoned on deck and saw the first dim blue of the welcome land before us, at first like a cloud, then gradually shaping itself into distinct and substantial forms. Oh, what a gust of fresh pleasure to see that we were, indeed, fast nearing dry land, and that land, the grand mountains of Spain and Africa! There stood the shores of the two great continents before us, and we about to enter between them by a narrow strait, ten miles wide. Right over this strait, these old classic waters of the Mediterranean, rose a cloudless sun. As we neared, faster and faster, the blue mountains on either side were more and more sketched in detail. We all crowded on the forecastle; myself, for one, using my whole concentrated power of eyes in my eagerness to lose nothing. Here was at length the Old World. Spain, Barbary were before us. At night, as I recall it all, — now that we have left the land again behind us, — it all seems like a dream. On the right was Cape Spartel and all the rugged African mountains heaped and crowded one behind another. On the left, the hills of Spain, the heights of Meca, equally fine, some of them splintered and jagged at their summit. Drawing nearer, houses, castles, and the town of Tangier, on one side; on the other, the town of Tarifa, with its square fortification and military aspect; above it, the hills, brown as autumn, and studded over with olive and other small trees in rows; the old watch-towers peeping out, here and there, square and Moorish-looking; and at length, the grand heights of Sierra Bullones, — vulgarly, Apes Hill, — and farther on, the great rock, fortresses and town of Gibraltar, looming up gray, grim, defiant, impregnable: its steep sides all bristling in guns

and caves and portholes, ready, at the least sign of remissness in the customary courtesy of raising a flag, to fire at any ship that passes. Before and behind us, other vessels, all bound the same way with us, some of them picturesque-looking, Spanish *feluccas*, with their triangular, lateen sails, winging along like large birds, over the deep. All this and much more, which cannot now be distinctly recalled, have made this morning one of the most delightful in my life. The occasion seemed to diffuse a social and friendly feeling through the whole ship. On the forecastle, sailors and passengers were all mingled, and seemed to take in the spectacle as one.

The whole day has been cloudless and beautiful. A fine breeze, joined with the current which sets into the Mediterranean, has carried the good ship along at the rate of twelve knots an hour. To-night, a glorious moon, in a most perfectly cloudless sky, makes these beautiful waves still more romantic and classic. For a little while a watch-tower lit its red star on the shore, which, as yet, we have, however, but dimly seen.

August 30. It has been too hazy to-day to permit us to see the coast. The great, towering mountains of old, romantic Spain seem to have drawn over their faces a thick and jealous veil of mist and cloud, as if unwilling to reveal to us, eager and curious searchers for the picturesque, their steep sides of broken summits, their dark ravines and rocky fortresses, and all that they contain which would delight the eye and stimulate the imagination.

This afternoon, however, the haze partly thinned away, and showed us the bold mountainous shore of Cape De Gat, with here and there, on the steep sides, a solitary watch-tower overlooking the sea. These towers at night are lit up, as a signal for the detection of smug-

gling vessels. Two soldiers are stationed at each of them. They add much to the picturesque appearance of the cliffs. On our left we had a dim, far-off view of the mountains of Granada, the Sierra Nevadas, which are very lofty. The Pyrenees I missed, owing to the second mate's hesitation to wake me up at daylight. I would have sat up all night rather than miss them.

September 6. . . . We have been blessed with fine glimpses of the rugged, mountainous coast of Spain. The mountains all along retain their brown, severe, bare, broken aspect. So bleak and lonely they seem as if they could give shelter to none, save to beggarly shepherds or desperate brigands. Yet there are cities with ships and commercial relations, shut in there. They make me think often of Don Quixote, these bare mountains. So must they have seemed to his fancy as they do to ours, as they lie afar off in the dim distance, a kind of fairy-land.

These islands in the sea seem to bask so dreamily. Beyond Ivica we had a glimpse of Majorca. To-day we saw a rock, strongly resembling a sail. There are others near it; among them, one, quite an island: in it there is a harbor, which, they say, formerly gave shelter to Corsairs.

Thursday, September 10. Calms, calms, nothing but calms! Making no headway, but rather drifting backward with the force of the current. To-day we are passing Barcelona, with its fortress of Montjui. We are about twelve miles from the shore; but with a glass can see towers, houses, churches, monasteries, fishing smacks.

Perhaps, after all, it is best that we can only see these shores from a distance, and through the soft-tinted veil of romance which the name Spain throws over all. A

nearer view might destroy some of our visions. Yet I think not, for all would be so new and foreign, and even bad inns, fleas, beggarly priests and thieves, the lazy muleteers and abominable roads, would remind us of Gil Blas and the Knight of La Mancha.

We have at length got fairly round Cape Sebastian, and are to-day crossing the Gulf of Lyons and beating up to Marseilles. Here it is always windy. It is Sunday, — our seventh Sunday aboard, — and a glorious day it has been! The wind has been blowing hard from the north all day, but as soft and mild a breath as France ever breathed, and laden, too, with a delicious perfume of the fields. This fragrance of clover and hay, fifty miles off from shore, was to me something exceedingly new and delightful. France surely has sent out a sweet, subtle spirit of health and greeting, to welcome us into our long-desired harbor. The waves pitch us about somewhat, but as in joyous sportiveness, as if they were pleased at bearing us in. The air has been perfect to-day, warm, yet bracing.

To-night the sea stars are flashing in the foam behind the ship. I have never seen these pure, cold fires under the salt waves kindle and float on so vividly before. They seem like sparks from some submarine furnace, struck from the ship's keel by the foaming waters.

Arrived at Marseilles on the morning of September 16.

Left on the afternoon of the 17th in the Poliphemus, a miserable old Italian steamer. We were landed at Genoa, the evening of the 18th, and were shown to the Hotel di Felicita.

Genoa. Our room looks upon the harbor; shipping, customs offices, villas, churches, vineyards, lie in the distance, rising behind one another on our right; right under

us is an immense court, where the market people seem to be collected. Carts with enormous wheels, drawn by mules, and donkeys with loaded paniers, and noses stuck down into straw muzzles, where it may be supposed they are feeding, not suffocating. . . . Here, Genoa, we spent the greater part of the day in sight-seeing. Hired a *cicerone* for four francs, who showed us four or five churches — San Lucca, San Ciro, the chapel of Andrea Doria and the Cathedral. . . . These churches are very splendid. We visited three palaces: the Palazzo Brignole, the royal palace, and the Palazzo Durazzo. Here we saw some of the finest of the works of the old masters, Rubens, Vandyke (the Italians spell his name Wandik), Titian, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Guido, the Carraccis, Andrea del Sarto, etc., etc. I think I was most struck with the Vandykes and Guidos. Two full-length portraits of the Marquis Brignole on horseback and the Marchesa Brignole, and some of his portraits of children seemed to me his best. . . .

Saw a statue of Christopher Columbus and a house erected in his honor, also the place on which it is supposed his house stood. A monument is to be erected on this spot, with a statue of the great world discoverer, by Bartolini, upon it. The first stone of this was not long since laid by the King of Sardinia and consecrated by the Archbishop. The exterior of the Palazzo Doria we saw, but the building was undergoing repairs and we could not enter. A statue of Andrea Doria as Neptune, of gigantic dimensions, stands in a niche in the sloping gardens of the palace.

In another place, in niches on the side of two houses stand, not far asunder, a statue of Columbus and another of Doria. Under the former stands this inscription: —

"Dissi, volli, il creai
Ecco un secondo
Sorger nuovo dall' onde
Ignoto mondo." [1]

. . . Columbus and Doria are the gods of the Genoese. . . . In the narrow streets, under the tall houses, we were constantly at almost every turn coming upon old doorways and shrines and bas-reliefs of exquisite and quaint workmanship — old melancholy relics, which were forever, in the midst of modern poverty and degradation, pointing back to days of serene and palmy splendor. Up these broad steps the old doges once stepped, robed and crowned, to their thrones and council chambers. Before these shrines knelt men of the stamp of Doria and Columbus. Merchant princes once looked from these balconies over this most beautiful of harbors, where their spice-laden argosies lay riding at anchor.

The following brief extracts are from the Autobiography: —

Reached Leghorn the 20th; from there we went by *vettura* to Florence. Then (after about a month there) we went by *vettura* to Rome, taking five or six days for a journey of a hundred and eighty miles. We arrived in Rome about the last of October. We had intended making only a short visit, and expected to return to Florence. Besides the wonderful attractions for us, in which Rome stood alone, I found that this was the place of all others in Italy for the life of an artist. There is nothing in the world like Rome. Here was picturesque material on every side in superabundance. And here

[1] He spoke, he willed, he created.
Behold a second unknown world
Rise from the sea.

were American friends and artists. The famous places to be seen, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and other celebrated ruins, the Vatican, the Capitoline and other galleries, the villas outside the walls, the Carnival, — the endless sights to be seen, — these in themselves were enough to occupy us from day to day. But there were open-air pictures waiting to be painted everywhere around us, and on the wonderful Campagna, so that there was a perpetual stimulus to draw and paint. The climate was so mild that working out of doors was usually practicable. And I soon joined a night-school where students drew and painted in water colors from costumed models. The cost was about a dollar and a half per month! During the two winters we were in Rome I made a large number of studies.

Rome, November, 1846. We took advantage of the first fine moonlight to visit the Coliseum, steering our course by the map, and without that troublesome and expensive appendage, a *cicerone*. We took our way toward the ruins, stopped to contemplate the old Forum, the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Pillar of Phocas, and all the ruins in that vicinity, — all steeped in the loveliest of moonlights. We passed under the small Arch of Titus, and stood before the Coliseum. For some time we stood, or walked around on the outside, reserving the impression of entering, like something too rare and sacred to be hastily snatched. But the temptation proved to be too strong to be long resisted, and entering by one of the smaller arches, before we reached the open area, we enjoyed through the openings of the walls and arches glorious gleams of the opposite walls. At last we drew slowly to the centre, and never have I beheld before anything to compare with that scene. First, the night was perfect and unclouded, the air mild, the moon

nearly full and brimming over with light. Around us stretched and towered up the solemn, imperial, old ruin, circling us like a gigantic spell of the hoary past. Ages on ages seemed looking down on us. We walked around in the deep shadows, with feelings hushed into silent reverence. We climbed up and saw the moon looking through the rifts and bare, desolate arches, and "the stars twinkling through the loops of time."

From Mrs. Cranch's Journal: —

Rome, November 1, 1846. This morning we went to St. Peter's. Never shall I forget the impression that the vastness and richness and its harmonious grandeur made upon me. I had never seen any descriptions of it, and only heard of its immensity, so that I was totally unprepared for the elaborate design and rich finish of the interior. The proportions are so perfect that its size does not at first strike you; until you measure some single object, you are not aware of the greatness of the whole. There was no service when we entered, and it was more agreeable to me to see it thus than to have the beauty marred by some of those nasal chants of the priests, — a fine old mass, a fugue, would be consistent to listen to there, but nothing less. As we walked around this grand pile of architecture, it seemed hard to realize that it was built by man; it seems as eternal as the mountains and hills; as if God had made it.

The pictures behind all the altars were of mosaic, except one, which is an oil; the statues, all of which are colossal though they do not look so, are not the finest. However, there is one by Canova with two dying lions, which is said to be the masterpiece. "The Genius of Death," with reversed torch, is beautiful, while the lions — especially one sleeping one — are perfect. One group

of Thorwaldsen did not please me so much; it is not counted as one of the best. The whole interior of the church is less expressive of genius than of grandeur and a display of the papal emblems and riches. But how it overwhelms an American taste like mine to see such splendor! My head was fairly heavy with the weight of all this magnificence. One is lost in wonder and surprise and can only wander around among the niches and altars breathless and mute with astonishment.

Pearse has already commenced his costume school, and goes regularly with thirty or forty young artists to draw and paint from models of Italian costume, every evening at eight o'clock. We have nearly — indeed, I may say, quite — decided to pass the winter here in Rome, instead of at Florence, as we had at first intended. There are many more advantages here for Pearse as an artist, and we both prefer Rome much, though we shall not be nearly as comfortable as to domestic arrangements, but, thank fortune, I do not make them of great importance and am willing to put up with anything for the sake of living in Rome.

We are domiciled in the house of a kind-hearted little woman named Bordoni, who is most attentive to all my wants, and who is honest and simple. We take our dinners at the Lepre, the largest *trattoria* in Rome, though not the most elegant. We have very good cooking and quite cheap too. Then we meet some three or four American artists and have pleasant talks. Mr. Freeman, Mr. Hicks, and Kensett are interesting young artists whom we like much. Altogether the life here is very pleasant, apart from the great attractions of the place. The air on the hill of the Quirinal Palace, which we are quite near, is very fresh and good.

We have seen the new Pope, who is so much beloved,

and with good reason, for he has liberated all political offenders, and has commenced his reign with benevolence and justice. To-morrow is to be a great procession, which the Pope leads through several streets to the oldest church in Rome, St. John of Lateran. There, some grand ceremony is to take place, he is to receive the keys of the church, after which Pope, cardinals, military, and all are to march back again through the city to the Quirinal Palace. We are going to try to get a sight of the procession, and see some of the enthusiasm of the Romans *en masse*. The city is full of people who come to be present at this festival, and I hope to see something quite grand in the way of a show.

As yet, we have received no letters from home, and it is three months, and more, since we left New York. . . . The seventh of November blows coldly in America, while we are living without fires, and sit half the day with windows open. Honeysuckles and roses in full bloom in the open air, and orange and lemon trees hanging full of fruit in all the gardens. I have bought a little Roman vase, and have it filled with honeysuckle and flowers that we picked at the Baths of Caracalla.

November 12. This evening I feel very tired, for we have been through the Vatican, and walked home afterwards. Yes, we have made our first visit to the Vatican, but my memory is confused with its treasures. I remember quite distinctly, however, the Apollo, the Laocoön, and Domenichino's picture of the Last Communion of St. Gerome. . . .

We got lost once or twice in the infinite number of rooms, and our heads were fairly heavy with the weight of riches and beauty around us. We could look at nothing well, but walked on, feeling almost dizzy with the variety and countless numbers of rare objects of antique

beauty on all sides of us. The Sistine Chapel, where live the frescoes of Michael Angelo, we did not see.

November 18. Evening. Pearse and George at the Lepre. I prefer now to dine at my room. Our little *padrona* cooks me a *bistecca*, as they Italianize beefsteak, and I make various nice dishes of tomatoes, rice, etc., on my small stove, so that I get a simple dinner for eight or ten *baiocchi*, without the trouble of a long walk to the *trattoria*. Indeed, it is surprising how comfortably we can live here in one room, and with what little expense.

I have a lovely bunch of roses in my black vase, which was picked from Tenerani's garden — the Italian sculptor — yesterday morning, blooming in the open air, and for which I only gave one *baioc*.

Since I last wrote here, I had a nice letter from home, yes, a nice letter from Carry (Mrs. Downing), but not half minute enough; she forgets I am three or four thousand miles off, and writes as if I were in New York. Grandma and Aunty are enjoying good health. I can see them in their quiet little home, on the banks of the glorious Hudson. There is no place I have yet seen seems to me more beautiful than the shores of the North River, with its clear, bracing, fine air, and strong, rich scenery; although it wants the noble, picturesque, old ruins of Rome, to give it poetical and classic associations. On Sunday last we walked out to San Giovanni di Laterani, and saw at sunset the grand view from its porch, with the ruined and broken arches of the ancient Aqueduct, lit up by the soft, mellow rays of an Italian sun. Behind the arches, as they went stretching along for miles on the Campagna, rose the blue, distant mountains called the Sabine Hills, and still above them were piled the snowy-topped Apennines, all bathed in a golden and purplish mist. It was indeed exquisitely

beautiful, and we walked home in the quiet, cool evening, with our minds full of the beauty we had seen. That same evening Kensett and Hicks came to see us, and I had prepared for them some good, strong tea, and some American apple sauce, which they seemed to relish much, and we had a merry time around our table, that night.

A young American, Mr. Boardman, has died, since I last wrote; his death and sickness were quite touching from their loneliness. George was with him the night he died, and was very busy the day after, attending to things which were necessary for the arrangement of his funeral. On Saturday last he was buried in the English burying-ground, where rest Shelley and Keats. Almost all the Americans in Rome attended his funeral; and there they left him, or only what was mortal of him, who had but a week or two before been dining with us at the *trattoria*, and who was as unconscious of his own dangerous state of health as it was possible for him to be.

To-night, as usual, Christopher is at the costume school. George went to take tea with Mrs. Crawford. I was to have gone with him, but was too tired to attempt such a long walk, and am sorry, for I like Mr. C.'s looks better every time I see him, and should like to know more of him. He reminds me a little of William Channing, and how could I help liking him, if he reminds me of one I admire so much? Pearse and I will go there soon together, for Mrs. C. has invited us to come whenever we feel inclined to.

November 26. George and Pearse have gone to take a Thanksgiving dinner with Terry, who has invited some half-dozen other Americans to keep this New England festival at his rooms; no doubt they will have a merry time, and I am sorry I could not join them. Mr. Terry

sent me word he was sorry he had not a wife; if he had, he would invite me. I sent him word I hoped he would not fail to have one before next Thanksgiving, for my sake as well as his own.

Since Monday last, I have been out very little, as it has rained often; though I went with George to see the Casino in the garden of the Rospigliosi, which has Guido's Aurora, painted in fresco on the ceiling. We enjoyed it highly, though it nearly broke our necks to look at it. The coloring is exquisite; nothing can be more beautiful than the figures of the hours, which surround the car of Apollo. The horses are splendid, so full of fire and life; indeed there is a sort of rhythm in the picture; one almost fancies as one looks at it, to hear a burst of music from it. It is as full of freshness and of poetry as the morning, which it represents.

We have a hive of artists here, of all nations, too: Italian, French, Scotch, German, and American. Besides there is a variety of music; there are three guitars, one grand piano, a violoncello, two flutes, and an accordion. Some mornings I hear the German in the room opposite, sounding some fine chords on his piano, or playing some of the good German music, which he plays finely. Then again as I sit at my painting, sometimes I hear a groaning and sighing of the Frenchman's violoncello upstairs; it sounds like a mighty musical wind blowing through the forests. In the afternoon or evening, the Scotchman's guitar tinkles an accompaniment to some pretty little Neapolitan song that his master is teaching him. When Christopher comes in tired, he seizes his flute and warbles some sweet air upon it, — some of Schubert's songs or some sweet Italian air; so that we have music, painting, and sculpture in the house, — two young sculptors have their studio on the ground floor,

— then George is the poet, and Pearse another, though he has not written a line for many months now. Still, the muse will visit him again at the fitting time. We have all the arts here, it is quite a little Parnassus.

Last night George came in and read me some extracts of Browning's poems. One called "Christina," and a love-song to a Spanish girl, walking in a garden, were both full of quaintness and originality, and brimful of beauty. I only wish we had his poems, and George to read them to me, for it requires some study to discover their meaning, his style is so involved. I feel very much the want of books here. Monaldini's circulating library has very little but novels in it, and his books are too expensive to buy, so that I shall have to hunt up, in some other way, some French or English books, for I must read something. I have just finished Beckford's "Sketches in Italy," without much enjoyment. Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles from the Brunnen," are sprightly, pleasant reading, and now I am skimming over "Corinne," to see what Madame de Staël says of the antiquities of Rome, having read it always before for the love part of it.

December 4. Burrill [Curtis] has arrived since my last record here. He came more than a week ago, after we had been expecting him for many days. Indeed, I had begun to feel very anxious about him, as we knew he had sailed from America the first of October, and when the 26th of November came, and still no tidings of him, I felt somewhat alarmed. It was late one night. George and Pearse were singing, when we were startled by a loud cry from the street, of "George, George," and many bangs and thumps accompanying the voice. After some moments we ran to the window, and there by the side of an Italian, with a great black trunk on his head, stood

THE CURTIS BROTHERS
(GEORGE WILLIAM AND BURRILL)
From a painting by Thomas Hicks

Burrill, looking up at us, and wondering how to get into the house, not yet being accustomed to Italian entrances, which are rather peculiar. He had arrived late in the diligence from Cività Vecchia, and could not bear the idea of going to a hotel without seeing us that night, so had set out in search of us, and the song had directed him, as he knew the voices, though he could not tell from what house they proceeded. We listened to the account of his voyage, and of all our friends across the water. He brought me letters from home, with mostly good news.

Yesterday was an exciting day for all within the walls of Rome, for it was the day of the great inundation, such as has not been known for forty years or more. The Tiber, owing to the great rains of late, grew riotous, and leaping all bounds, came flowing into the city, filling up the lower stories of the houses with water and making prisoners of the upper inmates. Many streets have been, and are still, impassable, except with boats. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, is all afloat, and it is said there must be much suffering there. They are all locked up in that quarter every night, and cannot escape from it, except to the tops of the houses. We are so much on the hill, being halfway up the Monte Cavallo, we have not suffered any inconvenience from it, and except for the excitement and interest we have felt, have not been participators in the general commotion.

December 27. Christmas has passed with us in this city of churches and of priests, and we have seen several of the fine shows of cardinals in their rich dresses; a procession in Santa Maria Maggiore in which the Pope is carried in a rich chair, or canopy, and followed by the holy *Bambino.* The church, which is a very rich one, was most elegantly illuminated with wax candles and

ornamented with rich and tasteful draperies. The middle of the church was guarded by a line of Swiss soldiers. The Pope's bodyguard, who kept a free passageway for the procession, all kneeled as the Pope passed, and outside were thousands of people, crowding close upon the guard. We had a good view of the ceremony, heard the chanting, which was not very fine, and after staying from two to three hours, we came home with a party of our friends, who stayed with us till twelve, and then left to go to the midnight mass at San Luigi, where they heard good music. Pearse did not get home until two o'clock in the morning, when he slept some five hours, and set out for St. Peter's, to see the great display there for Christmas Day. I suppose this is the greatest church show that is to be seen in the world.

On Christmas night, Pearse and I went to the American consul's, Mr. Brown's. Yesterday Mrs. Crawford called in her carriage, attended by baby, nurse, and all the accessories of a grand lady, and invited me to ride with her to St. Peter's. So we arrived there just in time for vespers, and I heard some of the finest church music I ever listened to, and we walked around the church. Mrs. C. invited us to a party at her house on New Year's, to hear Mr. Solyman play the piano. I suppose it will be a large party, and having no party dress I shall probably not go.

December 30. Last night, being a beautiful moonlit evening, I went with a party of gentlemen to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Pearse did not go, as he had been there twice before, at night, and besides was busy at his costume school. Our party was entirely American; it consisted of George and Burrill, Hicks, Terry, and Schlossen, all those whom I meet every day at the Lepre. I see so few ladies that I am becoming quite

accustomed to living without them. We went from the Lepre, where we dine daily at five, to the Caffee Nuovo, a large and handsome café, where smoking was not allowed, and after the gentlemen had taken their cup of *caffee nero*, we set out for the Coliseum, crossing the Capitoline Hill, down past the Forum, through the Arch of Titus, to that grandest of all ruins, which looked so desolate and grim in the moonlight, its time-worn arches and galleries speaking so strongly of the past, that one could linger and dream there for hours. . . .

From Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

The benediction I would not have missed for a good deal. It was very fine. A large space immediately under the great Balcony was occupied by the soldiers, and outside of them was an immense crowd. When the Pope came forward, borne upon his throne, and chanted out the blessing in a clear, loud voice, the soldiers and people all kneeled or stood uncovered; and at the close of each verse and of the benediction, the drums and cannon answered.

November 22. We went the other day into the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. It was built by Michael Angelo, and is the most beautiful church, I think, I ever saw. The paintings are, many of them, very fine. Here I saw Domenichino's St. Sebastian, a fresco of wonderful power and beauty.

Visited "Propagandi" College to see NcNeal, a fellow passenger on the Nebraska, — a cold, formal, prison-like place. The library, however, is very rich and fine; full of the most rare and valuable old tomes.

The most beautiful of places about Rome are the grounds of the Borghese Villa. Here you have the finest combination of nature and art. Shady lanes, half

covered at this mellow season with fallen leaves, leading to stately palaces and antique temples; Grecian and Egyptian gateways; statues; fountains and artificial lakes. Deep groves of ilex and tall Italian pines surround you; and from one hill, crowned with a ruined summer house, you look back on gardens and groves, over to St. Peter's, and in another direction on the Campagna and Mount Soracte. This hill is one of the loveliest spots. We spent half a day in wandering over the grounds, and returning by sunset, saw the dome of St. Peter's suffused in purple haze against the sun, with an arch and fountain in the foreground, for a frame to the picture, forming a most picturesque combination.

January 11. Christmas Eve, — great doings and most brilliant illumination in the Sta. Maria Maggiore, and the church of San Luigi in Francese, at midnight, when we heard fine music.

On Christmas Day at St. Peter's, an immense crowd, and a gorgeous show of costume, among the great of the Church and State, the Pope performing high mass, in the body of the church. The singing by the Pope's choir was very fine; and at the elevation of the Host, a slow, solemn strain from a band of wind instruments, was exceedingly impressive.

On Twelfth Night went to the Fair. Great crowd, and a tremendous noise; everybody pushing, talking, and screaming; bands of boys and men with horns and whistles, penny trumpets and rattles, parading about; each one trying to blow his loudest, the whole perfectly deadening. What singular and apparently childish forms the Italians' fondness for excitement and amusement takes!

Miserere and other fine music, sung at a concert by the Pope's choir, February 4. This was the richest music of

this character. Nothing could be grander than the harmonies, or more sweet and tender. The execution was wonderful.

Born in Rome a son, George William Cranch, March 11, 1847, named for George William Curtis.

From the Autobiography: —

Easter Sunday, April 4, I attended the services at St. Peter's, after which Pope Pio Nono gave his benediction from a high balcony to the crowd. . . . The great Piazza San Pietro was one dense black mass of human beings, mingled with carriages and the bristling bayonets and gay uniform of soldiers. At night was the wonderful illumination of the great dome. The first blaze of splendor was impressive, but the glory of this was dimmed by the second — the lesser lights being swallowed up in the blaze, like stars at sunrise. It was a glorious sight!

The next evening we had the famous Girandola, or fireworks, at the Castle of St. Angelo, a spectacle which rivals the illumination of St. Peter's. The whole castle was at first illuminated with a thousand intense lights, which studded it thickly all over, and burned with the splendor of daylight, lighting up the whole landscape far and near, and turning the very Tiber into reflected fire. Then burst out thousands of rockets in all directions like a tree of fire. Some of these bursting in the air sent out multitudes of fiery serpents, which hissed and twisted and writhed in the air. Then magnificent fire-wheels revolved. Then the whole castle was illuminated with glorious crimson lights, while the windows were the most delicate green. Then a cascade of fire fell rushing steadily like water, for some minutes, in three sheets, from the top to the bottom of the castle. And all

between the sights, such a roar of cannon and rushing of rockets that the whole sky seemed to be on fire!

The whole show was on such an immense scale, and so perfectly bewildering in its beautiful execution, that I thought the contriver of these pyrotechnics must surely be a man of genius, and truly deserving the name of artist.

CHAPTER VII

PALESTRINA — OLEVANO — SECOND ROMAN WINTER

THE Autobiography continues: —

Palestrina (the ancient Præneste) is an old, queer-looking town on the slope of a pretty steep hill, on the top of which stand the ruins of an ancient fortress.

Our landlady is a fat, jolly, muscular woman who has had sixteen children, thirteen of whom she has brought up, and are in the house, for which she has received a pension from the Papal Government. She prides herself greatly on her hearty, young, and plump appearance, after having "made," as the Italians say, sixteen children. And well she may. She is the most extraordinary woman as to her physique I ever saw, with the most jolly expression in her black eyes, and her fine teeth, all showing as she smiles; she bounces up to you, and bawls out in a voice which would be at the top of the lungs of any ordinarily large woman, — "*E bello, quello bambino suo! E bello! Anche e bella la sposa. Ma, signore, io fatto sedice.*" Then away she sails like a man-of-war, superintending her girls in the kitchen, scolding, tasting, and devising all manner of comfortable things for her guests. She gives us excellent fare for an Italian country town, and whatever we want is somehow procured for us. And the generous bottles of wine are enough to do one's heart good. Her eldest daughter, Carlotta, is a beauty, and promises to be like her mother one of these days. All the family seem so jolly and happy and ready to oblige that it is a striking contrast to our mean fare at Tivoli.

From Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

. . . I have not seen any place that combines so much a landscape painter can make use of as Tivoli. There is the great ravine with the old picturesque town overlooking it, and its one beautiful relic of classic times, the Sibyl's temple. There are the grottos, the deep, weird chasms, where waterfalls shoot down roaring, as into the mouth of hell, and disappear to the eyes. There are the numerous beautiful cascades, tumbling and foaming down the rocky ravine; the old rocks themselves on which the town stands, looking like old wormy cheese or petrified pudding, full of holes and caves, out of which the water is here and there issuing, after going under the town. There are the beautiful views of the Villa of Mæcenas and the distant Campagna, with the dome of St. Peter's looming up on the far horizon. There is the Villa d'Este, a wonderful old place, with its fanciful fountains all in ruins, and its magnificent sombre cypresses, the most beautiful I have yet seen.

July 25. Three miles from Palestrina we pass through Cavi, an exceedingly picturesque town. We left the main road and approached it along a high bank covered with splendid chestnuts. The town and mountains beyond were beautiful in the light of the early morning. Leaving Cavi we approach another picturesquely situated town, Genazano, seven miles distant. Leaving it on our left, we walked on, the mountains growing more bold and grand in their forms, and by a long winding road arrived at Olevano, lying on the slopes of a steep rock; the streets and stairs are narrower and dingier than any I have yet seen. A fine old ruined castle overtops the whole. . . . At Subiaco I spent three days. I visited the old Church and Convent of San Benedetto, high up on a mountain side among huge gray rocks and overlook-

ing a deep mountain chasm. An old, snuffy, smiling friar took me all over the establishment. The church and cloisters are very ancient.

From Mrs. Cranch's Journal: —

Olevano, September 12. The time has gone so quickly that I can scarcely believe it is nearly two months since I last wrote here.

Pearse has been busy with the mountains and trees, for we have the grandest of mountains all around us. The town itself is built upon the peak of a mountain, and the scenery has been the study of landscape painters for hundreds of years. We have two Germans and one Belgian in our *locanda*, all artists. Yesterday morning as I sat at the window sewing on one of Georgie's little dresses, and admiring the distant mountains, it was pleasant to think of so many artists all studying around me. There were the Belgian and Pearse seated a short distance up the hill, studying a horse, with two Italian boys holding him; Signor Franz, a handsome, blonde young German, off among the mountains, drawing from the grand studies around him subjects for his illustrations of scripture; then the other German, Signor Gulielmo, in the studio next door, painting from one of the fine young Italian women. The two American painters, Ashton and Terry, who are staying at the other house with Banks and his wife, were out also with sketch books in hand. A *locanda* above us on the hill is full of artists, mostly German. Our little Giorgio has been sitting, or rather standing, for his portrait to one of the German artists. He goes to the studio and stays two hours at a time, playing with the maul-stick, while the German draws him. It is certainly very early for him to commence being a model, but I would like him to be in a

studio early in life, for I have no higher ambition for him than to be a good man, and an artist, should he show tendencies that way.

The winter of 1847–48 we passed in Rome in the Via Sistina. I found a studio near by.[1]

From Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

From my studio-window I have a grand view of Rome. The house stands on the Pincio in the Via Gregoriana. Next door is the house where Salvator Rosa lived; and a few doors farther lived Claude and Poussin. From my window to the South I see St. Peter's and the Vatican towering on the horizon. Besides this dome I see eleven or twelve other smaller ones, and cupolas and towers innumerable. What a place for an architect is Rome!

At my right the horizon terminates in Monte Mario, in front, with the hill of San Pietro in Montorio, and the beautiful tall pines of the Villa Pamfili Doria. On my left looms up the tower of the Capitol, and far beyond these is a little glimpse of the level Campagna.

I walk out, and wherever I go, I tread upon earth consecrated by the footsteps of the great of other days. Near me, at the head of the Spanish stairs, stands the Church and Convent of Trinità di Monte, where is Daniele di Volterra's Descent from the Cross; and where on Sunday twilights the secluded nuns sing sweet vespers. Descending a broad flight of one hundred and thirty-two steps you are in the busy and fashionable Piazza di Spagna, where are rich bankers and ambassadors, and great hotels, and cafés, and white-gloved English, and porters and pedlers and monks and costume-models, and dirty children and fighting dogs. In the

[1] Autobiography.

centre the boat-shaped fountain gushes on, — night and day in its abundance and purity, careless of all the motley life. At one end of the Piazza stands the huge Propaganda College, from which at times issue troops of students clad in long black robes and solemnly paraded two by two, on their daily walks. At the other end you enter the Babuino, and follow it along to the Piazza del Popolo, one of the most beautiful squares in Europe, with its churches, obelisk, statues, and spouting lions. At the end is the Porta del Popolo designed by Michael Angelo.

Passing the old gate and turning to the right you enter the Villa Borghese, whose gates the munificence of the prince throws open daily to the public. Here you may saunter for hours amid fountains, statues, temples, noble Italian pines, firs, cypresses, ilexes and oaks, and flower beds. Here go the entire fashionable world in gay carriages; yet here are deep green secluded retreats. Here stands the Casino, embowered in roses, and containing works of art. Here you pass Raphael's house and the picturesque little Villa Cenci — both long since untenanted and in mournful decay.

Near the Borghese is the old deserted Villa Poniatowski. Here in fine weather go English lady tourists to sketch, and landscape painters to make studies of the large aloes and bits of garden ornament which decorate the place.

And now let us return by the gardens of the Pincio and the Villa Medici, now the French Academy, the public promenade of Rome. Here flows all the tide of fashion in the sunny afternoons. Here stroll the lazy priests, here lounge the young city beaus and belles; here roll the shining chariots of the rich *forestieri*, with livery and lap dogs; here come the nurses with babies of all ages, who romp under the trees and over the smooth gravel

bed walks; while outside the gates wait the beggars clamoring for *mezzo-baiocchi*. And all the while a fine band discourses lively or plaintive music.

From the Autobiography: —

In the winter of 1848 Mr. Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, gave occasional musical soirées at his rooms; we had choice programmes from the great German composers. I had not heard anything of Beethoven since we left America. Among the Italians there seemed to be a dearth of fine music. One gets tired of nothing but Verdi and the hymn to Pio Nono. It was absolutely a refreshment one night at the opera to listen to the brilliant but superficial music of Rossini's "Italiani in Algieri." But at Mr. Perkins's, we had the waters of the true Helicon.

One evening at Tom Hicks's room, I truly enjoyed myself in a more social, though less elevated, style. By great good luck there were four of us who sang Moore's "Melodies." We had also glees and solos, and the evening passed away delightfully. Social meetings will never approach perfection till the greater number who come together can join musically as well as intellectually and sympathetically.

One night at the Apollo, with the Storys, we went to Verdi's "Nebuchodonosor." Some parts of it were quite fine. The *mise en scène* was very showy — but the music lacked depth and feeling.

I enjoyed the festivities of the Carnival — but did n't go into it with quite the furor of the year before. With my linen blouse, scarlet neckhandkerchief and broad black hat looped up at the side with the tricolored cockade and three feathers, I joined the throng in the crowded Corso — with a basket of bouquets in my hand and a pocket full of plaster *confetti* in case of attack. There

were bright eyes and handsome faces enough; handsome dresses too and grotesque ones. On the whole I had a deal of fun.

Twice I went with a party of friends to see the gallery of the Vatican by torchlight. These divine statues revealed new beauties by night, which were hidden in the daylight. We seem to get nearer to their soul, and to the genius of the artist. A deeper, more subtle beauty and force of expression breathed from these still, white, marble forms.

One day in the last of March, Story and I strolled in the deserted Villa Poniatowski. The day was beautiful and perfectly springlike. Gigantic aloes grow in the grass. Old gray mossy steps of stone, weather beaten statues and obelisks and vases lie half in sunlight and half in shadow under the dark pines and cypresses, through whose tops the wind sighs like the sea.

Between the trees are glimpses of St. Peter's, and the many shining domes of the city, all glittering in the sun. And, afar, Monte Cavi, Soracte, and the beautiful Sabine Mountains with a dark-blue, soft plum color, here and there covered with snow of a dazzling whiteness. Around us, as we lay on the grass, wild roses and other flowers bloomed, and bees hummed, and butterflies flitted, and lizards rustled, and birds sang and flew. Midway in the distance were patches of brown earth, newly ploughed, and delicate green trees just leafing out, and old gray houses alone in the fields; and against the blue Alban Mount, the old Roman wall and the old cypresses of the Villa Ludovisi, made a picturesque effect. Were it not that the Italians warn us against exposure to a March sun, and against the shade of the moist ground, one might be tempted to lie and dream hours in this lonely old place.

One night there was a glorious *Moccoletti* on the day of the receipt of the news of the Viennese Revolution. In the morning the bells rang and cannon and musketry were fired for several hours. The whole city was like a carnival for joy. The Corso was crowded, everybody wearing tri-colored cockades, feathers and badges and sprigs of box. They collected in large numbers about the grim old Venetian Palace, the residence of the Austrian Ambassador — and ascending the walls with a ladder, tore down the Austrian arms with triumphant shouts, threw the escutcheon into the street and danced upon it. After which it was dragged (by a donkey, I was told) all the way to the Piazza del Popolo, and publicly burned. People went about with pieces of the wood stuck in their hat-bands. In the evening I thought I would walk into the Corso to see what was going on — when the whole blaze of the *Moccoletti* burst at once upon me. This regular finale of the carnival festivities had been omitted at the regular time, in consequence of the sympathy of the Romans with the future of the Lombards, and now it blazed out to celebrate the prospect of their success. I never saw such jubilant joy and enthusiasm; crowds upon crowds singing national hymns, and shouting, and all holding up their lights — others stemming the tide in carriages, and all keeping their lights unquenched — none offering to put out his neighbor's, after the usual custom.

I got into Perkins's carriage, and after looking at the scene as long as we chose, with our flaming torches in our hands we drove home to the Pincio. On the College of the Jesuits they wrote *Locanda* (to let); and were hardly restrained from doing violence to the premises.

Young George William Curtis was in Germany

during the autumn and winter, somewhat homesick for Italy, but greatly enjoying German music. Space allows us to give but scattered extracts from the full and delightful letters he sent to his friends in Rome: —

VIENNA, October 26, 1847.

I am head-full and heart-full of Jenny Lind. It is no longer voice and vision in the air, but a star and flower in my memory. . . . I do not feel that she would be unequal to the grandest parts. She is naturally an artist. Her acting is as simple and natural as her singing, and that is the most wonderful and easiest I ever thought of. Her voice is a pure soprano, but so flexible, so sweet, so strong, so keen, it is wrought into such magnificent elaborations and effects, it so reels and soars and sways and twinkles, so dies into softness, like a star melting in darkness, perfect until it is lost, and advances again and echoes deepening like a rushing choir of swallows trembling audibly in the spring morning, that I thought at once how she was something not different in degree only, but in kind from any artist and voice I ever knew. . . .

We were in Dresden and the passport was viséd for Vienna, when we heard by mere chance in a German conversation at the table d'hôte that she was in Berlin. It needed but an hour to change the visés and to be off at daybreak for Berlin, where she was to sing only four nights, and had already sung two. We arrived while she was singing the third night, but places were not. By great exertion and a promise of any price, we obtained good places for her last night and a benefit, in the "Sonnambula," and the next evening in a concert, which was very beautiful, as she sang an air of Mozart's, the finale

of Weber's "Euryanthe" with the chorus, and a Swedish song, besides several others. . . .

I have never before seen such entire nobility in the address of an artist to an audience. There was not the hint or shadow of claptrap, no bravuras or cadenzas, but when she did ornament a song it was a richness drawn from its own nature, so that it was overflowed with itself — it was steeped in beauty as great as its melody — not hung upon it, but incorporated with it, so that the audience could only murmur like waves restrained by a fairy wand. And when at the close the applause rose and roared around her she smiled quietly with delight, for why should she not enjoy her exquisite power and the delight it conferred?

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

For this is one of the overarching joys of life — this is that morning sky and Shelley's skylark who sang and soared into it. May you one day know what it is, or if not, have faith that the same genius which drew us to Rome does not fail of another expression in our own day. . . .

BERLIN, November 12, 1847.

. . . You will have heard, perhaps before now, that Mendelssohn is dead, — the great balance to the world of music. He was in Leipzig taken a little sick and grew suddenly worse until he died just a week ago, the very day on which he was to have brought out his new oratorio "Elijah" here. It will be brought out in January. His body was brought from Leipzig to Berlin by a night train. At every station while it passed, solemn hymns, chiefly of his own, were sung around the coffin, which presently darted off with flaring torches to another be-

wailing. The funeral here was at sunrise, but so private that I did not know of it. But night before last the orchestra of the Royal Academy gave their second concert for the winter, and made it a remembrance and requiem for their great lover, leader, and master. The concert commenced with the funeral march from Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," and all the rest was made up of Mendelssohn's music, — a kyrie eleison, a symphony, the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Forty-third Psalm," the overture to the "Fingal's Cave," and a song. I may call it the most perfect instrumental concert I ever heard. You can have no idea of the wonderful unity and delicacy of the performance, and for his music which is so like woven gold in threads, it was entirely satisfactory. The audience was immense and utterly silent. There was no applause, not a single clap, and they would not permit the rustling of a dress or a bill while the performance was proceeding. The last song ended in this way, — you will have remarked the exquisite delicacy of the whole thing, and see how this seals it, —

> "Nun musst du mich auch recht versteh'n,
> Wenn Menschen auseinander geh'n
> So sagen sie, auf Wiederseh'n, — auf Wiederseh'n."

Mendelssohn was yet a young man, only thirty-eight years old. But like all Germans who are called to do anything, he did it while it was day. That is one thing I feel so strongly this side of the Alps, — the industry and accuracy of all work. At cafés and gardens where fine music is to be heard the broad-browed *fraus* sit with their knitting and the grave husband sits beside smoking and reading the paper with the tankards of beer decreasing in most conjugal harmony. And how, my dear Xtopher, condemned to silence in solemn old Rome,

can I convey to you the knowledge of the capital which reeks with music? Every week there is a symphony concert and constantly a German and Italian opera, and every night also quartettes, trios, overtures, — concerts in the small way, which undertake great music and do it well, so that it seems as if I must be nothing but ear and soul this winter.

Evening. I see to-day that the Trio Company will give an extra concert on Monday to which all ticket-holders may go, for the purpose of playing trios of Mendelssohn's, and so to show their respect and regard for him. Did I say that his body was received in Berlin at daybreak by a company who went down to the station, singing and carrying palm branches? They preceded it to his house and then with great multitudes of people and the boys and girls of the school to which he had been specially kind, accompanied to the grave, where at sunrise it was met by the same choir whom we heard the other evening, and while they sang one of his own hymns, it was laid in the grave. To-day too I read in the papers that grey-headed leaders of choirs and orchestras came down to the various stations upon the road, and weeping and sobbing, sang dirges in the cold midnight until the train disappeared. I remember nothing more beautiful than the picture of these old servants in the art rendering such sympathetic reverence and regard to their dead Master, and he so young too.

BERLIN, Dec. 14, 1847.

My dear Pearse, drain that beaker full of the warm South while your lips are at the goblet. If not so sweet and wonderful to the taste, be sure that when the wine and the cap are laid away in the dim Treasury of Memory all that seems now vague and only half delight, will

come out into the perfect form of pleasure as clouds at sunset, which, as they grow fainter and recede, take all wondrous shapes of faërie and fame, until the day goes down in a splendid sky-Romance and History. Yet Italy adorns Germany as the Summer the Winter. There is nothing new or picturesque, and the Germans are so graceless and unhandsome every way, that the day when I pass a girl whom I wish to see again is a bright day in the calendar. While I am housed studying, it is well eno', but when I step out, the regular, broad-streeted city with no people whom I care to see, and if by chance, the want of a good opera or other music desolates the evening. These things make me foreign and cold in my turn. Germany, in these parts, is a spiritual, not an external world. . . . With summer and more acquaintance all sorts of new revelations may come.

Behold me no more plain Signor Giorgio, but The Well-Born Philosophical Student Curtis! That is my present address upon all shoe and other bills. For I have passed the Rubicon of German matriculation and am one of the two thousand regular students of the Berlin University, and as I am neither in the law nor theological departments, I am necessarily philosophical, which is the only other. But have no fancies of him who whilom basked in Capri's sun, now grappling in midnight struggles with Kant or Fichte or Hegel. I lead my flocks of philosophical research by the still waters of Professor Ritter's lectures upon Universal Geography and those of Professor Gelzer upon German literature. These at present, while I do not so well understand, — others by and by. Ritter I can follow entirely, and really get much news from what he says. His theme is the History of the Knowledge of the Earth from the first beams of breaking light upon that subject. This leads him into

all the Oriental ideas of the earth — by illustration — to the expedition of the Argonauts and such things —to Strabo and Ptolemaus, to all the Grecian theories, and so we march majestically forward from darkness to light. But it is a most picturesque and attractive darkness. The complete theory of the Indians that the lotus flower was the symbol of the earth, the vague fancies of the Greeks, the eminence of poor, old, dear Egypt, seem to have a deeper interest because they are spoken of in a language from which I can just extricate them. I am pleased with my progress.

BERLIN, February 6, 1848.

. . . Since Christmas there has been most solemn calm in Berlin. Have I mentioned what a quiet, provincial town it is, laid out in broad, regular streets, as unhandsome and graceless as the dear, clumsy, semi-disgusting and semi-sublime Germans. No balconies and roofs and doorways, no meaningless beams and juts, which make up the picturesqueness of the stillest Italian town; and although a metropolis, no air of any sort, no fine equipages, no fine stores, no fine houses, nothing which becomes a great city except a magnificent group of buildings at the end of one spacious, tree-planted street, and except the unequalled music and the University. It lies on a great plain, a vast city of more than 400,000 people, but far less beautiful and busy and gay than Naples or Milan or Vienna, or even Munich.

But this is only Berlin, and not Germany. Sometimes I have a vague fear that our Germany, that which we have known and loved in books, is nowhere to be found. . . . Now and then a face, a little talk, a scene in a public garden recalls some strain of the German song, but the great universal life does not yet do it.

Last night we went to a beautiful performance of Schlegel's translation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's exquisite, shall I dare to say, equal music, and the Puck was most delicately done by a girl who resembled the water nymphs, who in Kaulbach's illustration of Goethe's Fisher, push aside the river rushes and look out from under their heavy, weird brows in glances full of elfish and wonderful beauty. In the same place we have seen Goethe's "Iphigénie" and Sophocles' "Antigone" played before the King and court with all the music of Mendelssohn again, and arranged in the pure Grecian style, the curtain going down instead of up and the chorus ascending in front of the stage, and there surrounding the altar. . . . I have heard Garcia a great deal. She is a pleasing, but by no means a great singer. Her talent is very versatile. I have heard her in "Norma" and "Rosina" and the "Iphigénie" of Gluck and Bellini's "Montecchi and Capuletti,"—in which she was Romeo—and "Don Juan," and Halvy's "Jewels." She is very good in all, a perfect mistress of the stage with a voice that is not very powerful nor very sweet, but elaborately cultivated, and in gay Spanish songs very fascinating. She is exceedingly homely.

Gluck's "Iphigénie" was a new thing, though one of the oldest of operas. It is an imposing, majestic work. The music flows on in a steady, solemn stream like lyrical church music, rarely breaking into tunes, but never falling into dry recitative. An elderly gentleman sat by me entranced. During the acts he said, "I suppose you have never heard this." I replied no, and expressed my pleasure, and his eyes fairly glistened as he smiled and said, "*Ach, Gott, mein Herr, wenn man diese Musik liebt so hat man einen wahr geschmach in Musik.*" Then

he fell to telling me stories of Gluck, — what a religious man he was in music, how I might in this opera have some idea of a style of religious music now quite unknown. Indeed, there was a strong feeling of the Germany which we anticipate, in the genial, gentle conversation of the old gentleman.

BERLIN, March 5, 1848.

I sent you a letter telling of our revolution, and could I have detained it an hour, it should have told you also of the end; for as I returned from mailing it, I passed the palace at which the arming of the citizens was already taking place. Three nights in the three capitals of Europe have sufficed to establish in form the government of popular intelligence, as it already existed in fact; or a night apiece to France, Prussia, and Austria could not have done the business [better]. We have been through all the stages — the solemn burial of the dead, which were here numbered by hundreds; the illuminations; the appearance of the King with the tricolor, the gold, red, and black of Germany which floated over the barricades during that tremendous night. The liberation of the Polish prisoners, and the hurrahs, the disturbance; and, unlike Paris, the immediate return to the old appearance of things, except the enormous numbers of soldiers. They are all gone — even the *gens d'armes* and the Berlin lieutenants have left none but melancholy traces. In the midst of the mangled and horrible corpses, which were exposed last Sunday, lay one young man, an officer, clad in his handsome military suit, his hands folded upon his breast, his light, curling hair waving in the wind, with no gash or scar, and a calm smile upon his marble face. These are the things that make one willing to die; and try if elsewhere the order of life

is not more delicate. This Prussian military monarchy fell in a night, and will have few relics. I know many young officers who have now nothing to do. The Burgher guard alone hold the arms and the city. The King wished to abdicate, but they will retain him chained to his throne. "Leave to the royal race the golden throne," says the most revolutionary song I have seen. Every one wears a national, German, not Prussian, cockade, and the same tricolored flag hangs upon every house.

The press, suddenly perfectly free, leaps and rejoices in its power. Nothing proves to me so strongly the intelligent, popular feeling in Europe as the ease with which such entire political earthquakes are endured.

A war with Russia is now the only fear. But it will be a war waged by Russia, not against Prussia and Austria alone, but against all Europe. For the events of the months have shown Europeans that they are really friends and brothers. In the midst of such events I have the keenest interest, but it is not weighty enough to encroach farther here. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

NAPLES — SORRENTO

From Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

On April 12, 1848, we set out on our journey, travelling by *vettura*, . . . and on the morning of the fourth day we arrived in Naples. We took rooms at 28 Santa Lucia, overlooking the sea. The whole Bay and Vesuvius hung like a great picture, always before us. The mountain was as quiet as a sleeping child; a light, slow-moving wreath of white smoke hardly distinguishable from a cloud, issued from the cone and crawled along the top of the mountain. In the evening I looked for some fiery light about the top, but there was only one dull red spot, probably from the lava, like the red half-opened eye of a lion in the dark. Nothing could exceed the beauty, for form and color, of the whole mountain coast; and the Island of Capri in the south, bathed in the rosiest sunset light; the shores on the coast all studded with white towns and scattered houses.

April 18. Last night I ascended Vesuvius with two or three companions. We started between ten and eleven in a comfortable carriage with three horses, which took us through Portici and Resina up as far as the Hermitage. It was a glorious, cloudless, full moonlight. At the Hermitage we had a fire made; for we were chilled through. And with bread, cheese, *salame* and cigars, and above all some bottles of white *Lagrima Cristi*, we all grew very merry and sang "Suona la tromba" and the "Marseillaise" with great effect.

As soon as it was daylight we commenced the ascent,

all the way on foot from the Hermitage. We were helped up the toilsome ascent of the cone by the guides. I was up before any of the others, and in full time to see the reddening of the east and the sunrise. What a wild, bleak mountain solitude was spread around us! In the distance the eye took in the great panorama of hills and valleys and sea coast and sea, and fruitful plains and smiling villages, dotting with white the vast green expanse around, over which the thinnest white veil of morning mist was lingering, making it seem like a vast ethereal lake.

But it was the scene immediately beneath and around us, that attracted and absorbed us most.

Here we were walking over the hot heaps of broken scoria and lava, occasionally crossing crevices and great gaping seams where the red fire skulked, and into which we poked our sticks and drew them out blazing. Fragments of the volcanic deposit of all colors, sulphur, copper, iron and what not, lay all around. Sometimes we would step on a bed of lava, quite hard, but which seemed to have suddenly congealed in its quiet motion, before it had time to wrinkle into the fantastic forms which distinguish such large quantities of the lava. Mr. D. and I ascended, unhelped of guides, the upper cone, — and leaned over the very brink, where the mephitic smoke and exhalations steamed up in our faces, almost taking away our breath. It was unusually quiet. But there came one gush of smoke which warned us to back out and descend from this foul mouth of the Inferno.

It was comfortable to warm ourselves, chilled by the cold mountain wind, in this black old sulphur-kitchen of Satan. I felt corporeally as a sinner might be expected to feel spiritually, attracted and made easy within, as I lingered in the precincts of this Hell.

Sudden and swift was our descent, with gravel and stones rolling down with us and filling our shoes, — swift as our ascent was painful and slow. From the valley at the bottom of the great cone, how desolate and grand towered up the bare cliffs on the right! It was like the Valley of Diamonds in Sindbad the Sailor.

April 21. Surely it is some visionary realm that stretches off yonder over the sea! A long dark cloud hangs over Vesuvius and reaches to the mountains of the coast. But the moon has struggled through, rising and treading down the black bars of her cloud-prison, and flinging wide open her dungeon doors, floods the sky with soft dreamy light, and paves a long pathway on the waves. A single fisher's boat, lit by red torchlight, dances across the bright spangles of the water. Nothing is heard of all the noises, that in the bright day come up from the Chiaja, — only the dash of the waves rejoicing in the moonbeams.

. . . An American frigate, the United States, has been lying for some time at anchor in the bay. Yesterday she sailed for Messina.

I went aboard of her, and was struck with the faultless finish and completeness of all her parts. . . . The officers were very gentlemanly and obliging. We sat and took wine and talked politics with them. After which we sat some time in the old Commodore's room. He is a true type of an American commander. Speaking of the state of Europe, this hard, practical, shrewd old gentleman said, that no one would ever have predicted the Viennese Revolution: that the heart of Austria was the very last place to look for such an event. I thought how Emerson would have seized upon this expression of opinion from such a man. For what things can we put faith in when the belief of such a shrewd and old-fash-

ioned practitioner is swept away by such an event? The subtle, undermining spirit is never extinct; and let no man think the wit of the universe can be stifled, any more than the fire of a volcano. We all live on a centre crust of the world. Within, underneath our feet lies the limitless realm of the, as yet, impossible beliefs and facts. . . .

Along the Riviera di Chiaja, a beautiful broad, clean street lying on the bay, are some of the finest houses! Passing these you come to the Villa Reale, a pleasant green promenade decorated with some good statues, copies in marble from the antique. Outside the left-hand wall of the garden lies the beach, with picturesque fishermen in their boats, and the waves breaking upon the sand. And over the sea you look off to Capri, remarkable for the beauty of its outlines, and at sunset its magic colors. In the distance the prettiest sails are skimming always over the waters. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the color on the sea, the most delicate emerald green alternating with purple, the latter being caused by the shadows of the silver clouds. In America they would say if these colors were painted, — "It is not natural," as Europeans would say of our autumnal tints.

April 29. To-day we have seen Pompeii; and it has fully equalled if not surpassed, my anticipations. Dickens speaks of this "city disinterred" as solemn and gloomy. To me it seemed cheerful and bright. It was the loveliest of spring days. And all through the deserted streets and ruined houses and temples breathed the sweet breath of spring flowers, and all around in the distance slept the dreamy mountains. Then all was so secluded and still; no fashionable loungers, no curious tourists, no squalid beggars to mar the wholeness of the impres-

sion. It is a place for a poet to dream in days and days. The houses, though all open to the day, seemed sacred and inviolate. The graceful paintings on the walls of the chambers, the beautiful mosaic floors and fountains, the statues and bas-reliefs seemed so fresh and unhackneyed, as if waiting for us alone to see them.

How beautiful and unbroken and unscathed by the fiery cinders which once overwhelmed them and hid them for centuries, stood these fresh tiles and shining marbles and warm frescoes! Here are the dreams of the architect, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, vivid, as of old. . . . As we passed along the narrow streets, marked with the ancient ruts of their chariot-wheels, and peeped among the ruined walls, I could almost fancy that some classically draped figure would steal by; some garlanded priest with hoary beard, some centurion with shining armor and crisp black locks underneath his proud helmet; some Grecian-looking maiden, bearing an antique water-vase on her head. It was hardly conceivable that all was so old. We seemed to be transported far back into those antique times. And who could look up to that mountain now so quiet and grave, with its smoke scarcely perceptible floating up in that bluest and serenest sky, and around on the smiling gardens and vineyards at its feet, and realize that *there* was the unquenchable fountain of fire and desolation which deluged all this vast space! And this was Pompeii! And yet we see one quarter of the buried city. Underneath these hills and vineyards sleep, and for so many centuries have slept, more beauty and splendor, more rare and curious works of art, than have yet been excavated. Lovely yet fearful site for a city, — girt by the mountains and the sea; but brooding and gloating over it the fiery eyes of Vesuvius. On one side smiled on by volup-

tuous love, and on the other scowled on by the deadly frowns of rage and treacherous hate. Singular has been the fascination and terrible the destiny of these cities and villages which have flocked around the fires of the destroying mountain: like moths around a lamp they have come and been consumed, one after another. And still they sit there under the spell of the evil genius, daring the fate of their sisters of old.

One of the most remarkable things about Pompeii is the perfect freshness and stainlessness of everything excavated. The whole city seems to have been embalmed, as if the flowers and shrubs which grow in and over the walls had done their part in preserving it sweet and clean. There is nothing of the damp and mouldy smell which lurks about the ruins of Rome. The lava and ashes and scoria of the mountain have kept all dry and uncorrupted. This seems to take away half the sense of desolation, since we are assured that still underneath this light soil all the rest of the unsunned treasures lie so well preserved.

Naples did not impress me as a moral city. Nor was there any reason why it should. From the King down to the *lazzaroni* it seemed to be all the same. I never could go into a crowd without losing a pocket handkerchief. The only time I ever saw "Bomba," the unpopular Bourbon King, was one day as I was passing the royal palace. A curious but unapplauding crowd was gathered around the gates; and a stout gentleman puffing at a cigar came out, unattended, and got into a gig to take a drive. "Who is it"? I asked a bystander. It was curious to see his look and the shrug of his shoulders, as he answered, "Il Re"!

Margaret Fuller to Mrs. Cranch

ROME, 14th May, 1848.

I received your note some three weeks since, and was rejoiced to find all had gone so well with you. But fortune favors the brave. I had half thought to salute you this week in person, being extremely tempted to accompany the Storys, but on the whole could not make the expedition fit all inward and outward demands of the present hour. . . .

You know, I suppose, that we have had great trouble at Rome, and how Pio has disappointed the enthusiasm he roused. It is a sad affair. Italy was so happy in loving him, and the world in seeing one man high placed, who became his place and seemed called to it by God. But it is all over. He is the modern Lot's wife, and now no more a living soul, but cold pillar of the past. . . .

From Mr. Cranch's Autobiography:—

Sorrento. . . . We left Naples May 4, in the boat of old Rafaello the Mariner, and with a fair wind scudded across the bay to Sorrento. We have taken the second story of a little place on the Piano di Sorrento, called the Villa di Angelis, in one of the most lovely and romantic spots that could be found. We enter a gate and pass into an orange orchard, where the thick green branches darken the sky overhead, and bend down to the rich earth, laden with their golden fruit. Beautiful white orange-blossoms everywhere are interspersed with these and load the air with rich perfume. Indeed, the whole of Sorrento seems like one immense plantation of orange and lemon trees, shut in by high walls. Within the orange grove where we are, is a garden of roses and geraniums, and a few olive-trees and oaks. And here stands the Casino — the little villa which is our summer home.

And all this hangs right over the sea, a hundred feet below. From a dear little terrace, on a level with our rooms, we look down over roses and elder blooms and vines to the smoothest beach ever washed by the salt waves, hemmed in and guarded by high precipitous tufa rocks.

The whole Bay of Naples lies stretched before us. To the right, Vesuvius towers up shrouded in mystery and beauty. Opposite, the gleaming city, and the heights of Camaldoli. Farther along, in the distance, the promontory of Misene, Nisida, Baia, and the blue isles of Procida and Ischia; all between, the beautiful wide Mediterranean rolling towards us, till it dashes in surf below.

It is a lovely spot. The house too is so tidy and clean and commodious. What a contrast to the noise and glare of Naples!

The people of Sorrento also seem more gentle, well-behaved, and handsome than in any other place of Italy we have been in. On the beach below, picturesque Neapolitan fishermen draw in their nets, and bring us fresh fish almost every morning. We have large delicious bunches of grapes brought to us, now and then. And our oranges, said to be the best in Sorrento, are an unfailing feast.

One day I made an excursion with some friends to the Island of Capri. But we only had time to visit the Blue Grotto. Nothing could be more weird and elfin than this singular cavern of the sea. Through an opening just wide enough to admit a very small boat, with two persons and the oarsman, and so low that you are obliged to lie down in the boat, you are suddenly borne by a wave into the cavern, whose interior is of a pallid blue. The water also is blue, but exquisite and clear as crystal, so that you see the fishes at a great depth all

tinged with the azure. The water is said to be sixty fathom deep. It seemed like the dwelling of some Sea-King or Siren. We all looked like ghosts crossing the Styx. We sang and shouted and made the arches and dim, dark recesses of the sea-cave answer us in echoes.

May 18. Naples has been torn and convulsed by a day of sanguinary civil war. They have had hard and desperate fighting between the Royal troops on one side, and on the other, the Civic Guard, assisted by about three hundred Calabrians, who, it is said, fought with the desperation of tigers. The King having refused the people's demand for the abolition of the Chamber of Peers, the Civic Guard immediately erected barricades in the streets and put themselves in a defensive attitude. This was Sunday night, May 13. At eleven next morning the attack was commenced. The first firing was from the Guard upon the Swiss who attempted to take their barricades. The battle then went on. The Swiss Guard from the Castel Nuovo shot down every one who appeared in the streets. Shots were fired constantly between the windows of houses and the streets. The shops and houses were all closed. The *lazzaroni* went about in large herds plundering and shouting for the strongest party. The battle did not cease till two in the morning. This was the substance of what Mr. Rogers brought from the city. Two or three palaces are said to have been burned, and a large number of soldiers killed. Of the Civic Guard, many were made prisoners.

Of all this fiery and bloody work, we, in this peaceful retreat, knew nothing. It was a warm, quiet day, and from our little home, embowered in roses and orange trees, and looking down on the beach, where the waves crept in so sleepily, and then off to the opposite shore, where the great city and all the neighboring towns slept,

white and dim in the distance, — all seemed tranquil as a dream. No one could have imagined that war and bloodshed were going on there. And though all day we heard the booming of cannon, I thought it only the manifestation of some popular festive rejoicing. From the seclusion of our little villa, we seemed to look out upon the agitations of the city, as from the shores of another world.

June 4. Sunday evening our daughter Leonora[1] was born. The event was celebrated by the greatest *girandola* which Vesuvius has got up since 1838. On that evening the eruption was at its culmination, — the streaming of the lava down the sides of the cone was particularly beautiful.

July 5. At Amalfi G. F. Cropsey and I established ourselves at the "Luna," immediately on the beach. Here we had a fine chance to study boats and groups of fishermen, — boys and girls half naked browning themselves in the sun or splashing like frogs in the water, — friars, beggars, etc. Above the town tower up enormous mountains. . . . Here we found a succession of pictures waiting to be painted. But our limited time, though we made the best use of it, obliged us to select a very few scenes. As you approach the upper part of the glen, the mountains are wonderfully grand and solemn: steep, splintered, precipitous, many of them, and looming up in a hazy mysterious shadow as the sun declines behind them, and rising to an immense height.

[1] Indeed no name [referring to Leonora d' Este, the princess to whom was dedicated Tasso's verse, Sorrento being his birthplace] could be beautiful enough to match the beauty of this place. The spirits of the sea, the most transparent of all seas, laving the purple bases of the tall rocks, of the blue island and mountains, of the green, orange and olive grove, and the roses and the grape vines that embower it around, should breathe their subtlest beauties into her name.

But sad and disheartening is the contrast between nature and humanity here. The town is a sink of filth and squalor and wretchedness — more abounding in dark narrow dirty lanes leading up steep stairs and under pitch-dark arches and caves, and the Lord knows what miserable holes, too vile for the very swine (which by the way fare much better, being washed by the sweet sea-water and walking about in the free air) and in every token of degradation worse than any Italian town I have seen. One marked instance of the degradation of the people is their converting women into beasts of burden — carrying on their heads and shoulders enormous loads, half-bent to the earth, barelegged, and supporting themselves with long staves. Those women, however, who bring snow from the mountains seem much stronger and healthier. They also are bare-legged, very picturesque, and famous walkers. Of course half the people here beg; and the children are very impudent and without any sort of manners towards the *forestieri*, who are a special godsend to them in the way of sport and amusement. One stranger from beyond Italy will set a whole street agape from one end to the other, and the dirty little imps tag after him as if he were a dancing bear, or the man from the moon. . . .

July 18. Trip to Capri. At this beautiful island, Story, Cropsey, and I put up at Pagani's, the artist's *albergo*, where we found several Americans and Englishmen, who had most of them come there to frolic and dissipate.

We visited the chief beauties of the island (according to the guides), i. e., the *Ponte Naturale*, a grand and wonderful arch of gray rock on a high cliff near the sea — the *Grotto Matrimonia*, the *Piccola Marina*, the Blue Grotto again, and Anacapri, to which we ascend by five hundred and thirty-six difficult steps. Above Anacapri, at a

height of over one thousand feet, we visited the Castle of Barbarossa. We made a good many sketches in pencil; bathed several times in the sea, which is deliciously clear. At night we sang, with a guitar, which we found in the hotel.

In August I made a second trip to Amalfi with Story and Cropsey. From there to Salerno, by boat; and thence by carriage to Pæstum. Our visit to these famous old ruins was on a lovely, breezy day. As we approached them we could none of us resist the most enthusiastic exclamations of delight. Never had I seen anything more perfect, such exquisite proportions, such warm, rich coloring, such picturesquely broken columns; flowers and briers growing in and around, and sometimes over fallen capitals. Right through between the columns gleamed the sea, and beyond, the blue, misty mountains. And over all brooded such a silence and solitude. Nothing stood between us and the Past, to mar the impression. Mysterious, beautiful temples! Far in the desert, by the sea-sands, in a country cursed by malaria, the only unblighted and perfect things, — standing there for over two thousand years. It was almost like going to Greece.

We took our repast in the great temple of Neptune; then betook ourselves resolutely to sketching. . . . These are said to be the oldest temples existing in Europe, — so that even the Emperor Augustus visited them as ruins. Of the rest of the city nothing else remains, that we could discover from a rapid survey, but a part of the walls and a gate. They told us it was unsafe to remain here after three o'clock on account of the malaria. Our stay was too brief, but the sun began to descend, and we hurried away, and almost before we could make this vision of loveliness real and tangible, we were out of sight of it forever.

The rocks and mountains in the gulf of Salerno are very

rugged, wild and fantastic in their forms. We amused ourselves tracing out amongst them the shapes of temples, towers, and huge castles, more or less distinctively suggested by their singular formations. Sometimes the resemblance to architecture of the most gigantic and wild proportions, is very striking; Moorish towers with arches and doorways, pyramids, bridges, huge gates, and often the resemblance of the strata to the masonry of walls, amounts to deception.

One morning Cropsey and I walked six miles from Amalfi, along the shore to sketch a fine old ruined castle beside the sea called Bazia. Near it is a famous cavern called the Grotto of San Francisco, in which are the ruins of an old church, the mortar of whose walls is preserved as white and unmarred (owing to the sea-air) as if built yesterday. At the back of it is a deep chasm with water at the bottom, down which the guides throw stones, that you may hear the reverberation. They told us that a man once found his way through this chasm underground to Castellamare. If he did, it was a miracle equal to any of the saint, whose presence presided over the Cave.

We were between four and five months at Sorrento. Nothing could have been lovelier than the place we were in. On our little vine-shaded terrace we sat, and took our tea, while enjoying the extensive view over the Bay. We could bathe at any time on the beach below, to which we descended by path and stairway, cut through the cavernous tufa rock.

One morning as I sat sketching on the shore, a handsome, picturesque fisherman suddenly appeared, with his boat. We were at once on the friendliest terms. He had the natural good manners of a gentleman. I got him to pose just there, and made a rough sketch of him and his boat.

We paid a very moderate price for our rooms, and for our domestic service the cost was absurdly low. Our cook was old Luigia, one of the De Angelis family — a higher class of peasants, who owned the place, and whose cottage was within the same enclosure with us. This family took care of the grounds, and the women raised silkworms. Luigia had an original recipe for cooking eggs. She knew just how long they should be boiled by the number of *Aves* she said over them! . . .

CHAPTER IX

FLORENCE AND THE BROWNINGS

From the Autobiography: —

We left Naples for Florence on September 24. We had intended returning to Rome, but affairs were getting too disturbed in that region, and we were advised not to go there. We left in a little steamer, stopping at Civita Vecchia and Leghorn; we had bad weather and a rather miserable time on the way, and were dreadfully imposed upon by the boatmen and porters, and bothered by the custom-house officers.

As soon as possible George and I sallied out with a loquacious, stupid old *valet de place* who pretended he could speak English, — and made what use of our time and eyes we could. Called on Powers, found him in his workshop in working dress. He received us very cordially and seemed just as he did nine years ago when I knew him in Washington. We saw the model of his Eve, a bust of Proserpine, a bust of the Grand Duchess, his boy holding the shell to his ear, a duplicate of his Greek Slave not quite finished, and the rough model in clay of a statue of J. C. Calhoun for Charleston. His Greek Slave seems to me as near perfection as can be. I cannot imagine anything more exquisitely beautiful. . . .

Near sunset we went into the Duomo — the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. It was beautiful and holy at this hour, the sun illuminating all the rich old stained glass windows, and shooting down level bars of light from the dome, — the lamps on the altar and the chanting and

responses of the kneeling groups scattered about over the wide floor. . . .

One evening at twilight we all went into the San Frediano at vespers. The chanting of the boys behind the altar, answered by the voluntaries of the organ, whose softer stops were peculiarly rich, was very impressive. The kneeling crowd seemed really devotional beneath these glorious arches, this fine music and the gathering shades of evening. . . . There was one prayer, one tranquil aspiration from the hearts of all. There is something exceedingly impressive in seeing the old, the poor and infirm, come up and kneel without distinction of place, beside the rich and the beautiful. Here is one place, — and that the holiest, the most beautiful, the most fitted to awaken and keep alive devotional feeling, — where all can meet as on common ground.

We have excellent lodgings — in a central part of the city, near the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi. From our windows looking on the street we see Michael Angelo's "David." [1] Within a minute's walk is this and a number of other celebrated statues.

Looking over my journal, I find that we enjoyed Florence much. We went to the opera, heard "Saffo" by Pacini and "Don Procopio" by Fiorovanti, which we liked, but were much disgusted with the Italian fashion of introducing the ballet between the acts. I remember that sometimes we went with our friends Frank Boott and the Storys, and would go away when the ballet came to Boott's house where we had supper, and returned to finish the opera. The ballet is intolerable enough in itself, but when it interrupts and breaks the flow of a good

[1] This statue used to stand in front of the old royal palace. It was removed to the Accademia dei Belle Arte to preserve it from the elements.

opera, it becomes past all endurance. So that it requires the extremest stretch of patience to sit it through, in order to hear the last act of the opera. And yet the corrupt taste of the Italians is carried so far that they will fall into the noisiest displays of enthusiasm at the dancers, surpassing all their bravos excited by the music and singing. It suffices that they are amused; that is enough for an Italian. The cause is of little consequence.

I went one day to the studio of Bartolini, a sculptor of some reputation at that time. There was the same repetition of the antique that marks all the work of the Italians. An Eve, with the Serpent, reclining dejected after her fall, was quite good. A bust of Lord Byron interested me as expressing that curious combination of qualities in his character. There were his fine sensitiveness, his pride, his discontent, his sensuousness, his ideality, and his hard, practical worldliness, all mingled in the face. I don't know how it ranks with Thorwaldsen's, which I have never seen. I remember that Byron somewhere in one of his letters speaks of this bust as making him look like "a superannuated Jesuit."

I find that I was much impressed by the busts of our countryman, Hiram Powers. I thought I had seen nothing to compare with them for truth and expression. With Powers himself as a bright, genial, friendly man, I was much taken. He was full of pleasant anecdote and fun. His wife too, we found very agreeable. We saw a good deal also of Horatio Greenough, who stood high as a sculptor, and enjoyed much his society and that of his wife. With the Storys we were intimate.

It is needless to say how we enjoyed the fine galleries, the Pitti, and the Uffizzi. We were much impressed with the grand statues of Michael Angelo at the Chapel of the Medici family in the Church of San Lorenzo; and with

the frescoes of Masaccio in the Carmelite Chapel or Church of the Brancacci. They are truly wonderful. For simplicity and truth to nature I have seen nothing of Raphael which surpasses the marked individuality and character of these figures and faces. Every head seemed a portrait, and no single figure or face but tells part of the story. And yet these were painted before the time of Leonardo da Vinci and almost a century before Raphael. They furnished studies and subjects for all the best masters who succeeded Masaccio; and showed a tremendous stride in advance of the dry, stiff compositions of his predecessors in art. Yet they were painted by a young man who died at the age of twenty-seven.

January 13, 1849.[1] They call this the season of the Carnival in Florence. It extends, I believe, from Christmas to Lent. But I see nothing that seems like that season to me, but the opening of the theatres. Everything goes on just as usual. How different such a diluted and watery Carnival from the almost too spicy and condensed festival of Rome, where all is crowded into nine days of entire abandonment to the spirit of frolic and gay masquerade. Here is no masking, here no gaily decked balconies and crowded windows looking down on the great thronging multitude, emancipated from form and exulting in the liberty of children; no lines of men and women in carriages, and dense masses of foot-passengers; no whirl of revelry; no blight of flowers and raining of *confetti*, no race of riderless horses at sunset; no glorious *moccoletti* suggestive of Oriental feasts! Rome alone for all this! Ah, what can ever imitate it? A few old tarnished masquerade dresses hang here and there in some poor Jew-pedlar's stall — like soiled and trampled rose-leaves, that have seen their night of ballroom splendor,

[1] From the Journal.

and are thrown into the muddy street. That short-lived and splendid flower, the Roman Carnival, which waits the whole year for its blooming, and in nine days shrivels up and falls, leaving nothing but the dry old stalk which held it, cannot bloom anywhere but in its native soil. Transplant it, and it becomes a common flower.

January 14. What queer things are constantly passing here in Italy in the streets, which go unnoticed because so common! How odd they would be in America! Just now I passed a man (Sunday morning) with a large hen in one hand, hanging by the legs. In the other was a paper containing I suppose numbers for chances for a raffle of the said hen,— while he cried "Signori! ecc' una bella femina! bella, bella!" I have seen them driving along a solitary turkey in the same way.

The common street-cries are sometimes alarming at first to a stranger. You are sitting quietly in your room, when you are roused by what seems a violent altercation in the street. Two or three persons are vociferating at the top of their lungs, and apparently in such a state of excitement that you expect something dreadful. Perhaps the Grand Duke has ordered out his soldiers to clear the streets; or a policeman is apprehending a thief; or there is a street-fight which hundreds are rushing to see; what can it be! The streets are nearly empty, and all this hollaballoo comes from two or three pedlars who are anxious to dispose of their commodities. But no one seems to regard them or wonder at their vociferation. You see men every day selling buttons, tape and handkerchiefs, standing at a corner of a street, exclaiming, "Un pauolo, un pauolo!" in a tone as if they were screaming, "Fire, fire!" or, "Stand out of the way! the house is tumbling down!"

One day I met an old man rolling along a sort of hand-

cart in which he had, I believe, shoe-blacking for sale. Suddenly he stopped short, and with the utmost rage depicted on his countenance, seemed abusing somebody a good way ahead of him, for he looked steadily down the street, and seemed to be expending his wrath on some invisible object in that quarter. I looked that way and could see no one. I thought some one might have robbed him, or perhaps some small boy in his service had run away, and he was ordering him back. No such thing! He was only extolling the excellence of his superior blacking. The constant effort of bawling as loud as possible must have communicated to his features that excessively irascible look, till it had become the habitual cast of his face.

From the Autobiography: —

I shall never forget the gesticulations of the common class of Romans and Neapolitans. The Roman, especially when excited by wine, when conversing with animation, will raise not only his shoulders but both arms, and with all the fingers of both hands spread, make them quiver like heat-lightning over his head. The Neapolitan is still more extreme and various in his natural language.[1] The mariners when excited in conversation sometimes seem as if they would fly out of their skins. Ariel himself could not be more nimble. In caricature of rapid enunciation and grotesque gesture they eclipse their very Polcinellos — shoulders up to their ears, heads thrust forward, eyes starting from their sockets, their fingers all drawn together to their tips, and both hands in this manner quivering with electric life, and thrust almost into the faces of the party addressed, the voice meanwhile squeaking in the highest possible falsetto, and the outlandish Neapoli-

[1] The beggars rap their chins and twirl their hands before their mouths to express hunger.

tan *patois* rattling off with such volubility from their tongues, so that it is said they often cannot understand each other when excited; such is nothing uncommon.

There is hardly less moderation in the jabbering of the Roman peasants. A stranger passing a wine-shop or *osteria*, filled with men and women at their noonday meal, might easily suspect that some fierce quarrel was going on. It is only the ordinary way of these people.

We enjoyed greatly this winter in Florence. Our rooms were in the Via val Fonda, not far from the Church Santa Maria Novella. It was there I began my poem "The Bird and the Bell."

December 20, 1848.[1] We called yesterday at the Casa Guidi to see Robert Browning and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Found her a small, delicate, not handsome invalid, who did not impress me at all at first as the poetess and woman of learning and genius she is, till she warmed into conversation on some interesting theme, such as Italy and the Pope and France. Then her eyes shone with a true inward lustre. Her enthusiasm in speaking of children and her general goodness of heart impressed me most. I thought her somewhat diffident, and like one who had lived in retirement most of her life.

Browning is very different; he seems a man who has lived in society — a true, social, healthy, open, frank nature, entering into life and associating with men, while inwardly delicate and poetic.

Just the man for a dramatist. There is something vigorous and terse and strong in his speech. I should judge him a truly warmhearted man, with a great deal of magnetism in his nature.

December 23. Browning called to see us at the house

[1] From the Journal.

and to-day at my studio. Both were good, long, real and not formal visits. He seems much interested in pictures.

I was much indebted to Mrs. Browning this winter for her criticism on some lines in my poem "The Bird and the Bell," which I had then partly written, and ventured to show her. The tone of the poem seemed to please them both; but as I had requested criticism from Mrs. Browning, she gave it, in a letter which I have from her, and I profited by it in my subsequent re-writing of the poem during the Italian Revolution.[1]

January.[2] Browning came again to my studio. He looked over my sketches with a great deal of interest and talked on art and literature and a variety of subjects: a most genial man to whom I feel drawn exceedingly. Afterwards I went with him to Story's studio, where we sat talking for some time. He has a most rounded and complete culture; shows great knowledge and appreciation of works of art, of which he talked a good deal. Ruskin's book on the old landscape painters, we discussed freely. We talked of the works of various old masters. Turner he criticised severely; liked Gainsborough and Wilson. I find also that he is a musician, plays on the piano and shows a great appreciation of the best composers.

To Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I write to ask of you a favor, but before I do so I must make a little preface.

First, be assured that I am speaking sincerely and not complimentarily, when I say that ever since I have known your poems, I have felt the deepest interest in them, and in their author. They have appealed to me, as

[1] Autobiography. [2] Journal.

all the best poetry has and ever will; and it is because I have never expressed, as I long to, this sympathy; because in conversation we have never met on this enchanted ground, so dear to me also; and because so very soon I shall be thousands of miles distant from you, — that I am emboldened to write to you now.

You bear a celebrated name, no less than your husband. I little dreamed a short time ago I should ever be honored so far as to know you both personally. In America there are many who would envy me the privilege of having known you both. Believe me that I say these things from no feeling but of love and admiration for your writings and Mr. Browning's. What I say is from one who feels and loves poetry as the finest intellectual tie that can exist between men. I could not leave Florence and not strive to express what has lain so long in my heart.

You were kind in expressing so favorable an opinion on my lines on Vesuvius. I have lately written something better, and the request I have to make, is, that you will allow me some day to read it to you, and to give me the benefit of any suggestions you may make with regard to an improvement on it.

I ask it, not to seek praise, but candid criticism, and as it were to antedate the privileges of an acquaintance, which I so much regret must end so soon. Pardon my presumption. I could not say what I have, did I not feel I was addressing a poet.

From Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Cranch

I write to explain to you, my dear Mrs. Cranch, the apparent negligence with which Mr. Cranch's letter has been treated by us. I am sure you will both forgive us, when you know that we have been in affliction, — that

my husband has lost his mother and been in great anguish of mind, to which I, in my weakness of body could do little towards helping to alleviate. Thank God, who has helped us both, for he is better and calmer now, and his first thought has turned on you, lest you should think him unkind. So I write to tell you his opinion of the poem, — that nothing in the versification justifies the rejection by the American editor, the only exceptionable line appearing to him to be the last but one, where the rhythm forces you into a false emphasis "As *I* do." For the rest, the poem is full of poetical feeling, and if magazines in America can afford to reject such, so much the better for them, or the *worse!* The editor probably holds to exploded systems of versification which would explain something.

I am sure you will feel for us, dear Mrs. Cranch. There was no time to go to England. My poor husband, strong in all his affections, adored his mother. See how near death and life we are! Our little babe grows fat and strong, as if there were no sorrow in the world. God bless you!

Mrs. Browning to Mr. Cranch

Palazzo Guidi, May 3 (1849).

We have read your poem with great attention, and will set down whatever remarks occur to us, since you insist on such a piece of impertinence.

> "Sweet bird, the fresh, clear sparkle of thy voice
> Came quickening all the fountains," etc.

A beautiful metaphor taken from rain. I particularly like it. Why in the next line, not "list to thee" — rather than "listen thee"?

> "Fresh message from the beauty infinite
> That wraps the universe in wonder and delight."

If beauty wraps the universe, there is no need to send messages. Therefore the figure does not appear happy.

"That lives above the world"; or,
"Reigns above the world." Quære?

and so also you get the other advantage of the pause in the long line, which strikes us as being too much neglected throughout the poem. In exceptional cases an effect is produced by this neglect of this pause, only the cases ought to be exceptional.

The "bell" is effectually described, but my husband objects to the "nerve of nature struck by a wound," and observes that nobody is struck by a wound, but by a blow, — quære, "felt a wound" or "suffered wound"? Also in the long line of the same stanza can "lightning" be supposed to "catch a living breath"? The expression seems vague and not happy.

"For one who loves to dwell," etc.; these two stanzas are excellent, the language full and emphatic. I like too (farther on) the "sitting in altar nooks and burning candles to its god," though the syllables are too many. I like the thought, the image.

"By a rude populace," "languished beneath a frown," is not a good line, we both think, and it might so easily be improved. The accentuation is wrong, and no good effect is produced by the license.

"Take the poet's verse
But not the poet."

All this has much truth and beauty.

Do "vampire pinions" work "enchanted sleep"? Is the metaphor right?

"Lies stereotyped," etc.; very good the expression is.

"The angel smiles," etc.; beautiful lines.

"Of nature, along whose endless arc are strown" —

Why not "o'er" or "on whose endless," etc.? — on account of the structure of the line which does not bear "along"; also this same "along" occurs afterward in the final line.

> "Whose only crime was that ye were awake,
> Too soon," etc.

I admire this and the winding up is full of beautiful truth.

The next time the bird sings we both of us hope, dear Mr. Cranch, that he may not be interrupted. Once more allow us to thank you for the proof of confidence, which, believe us, is responded to by my husband's regard and that of yours most truly

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

My love to Mrs. Cranch; am I not to see her soon?

Mrs. Cranch used to tell this little story about the Brownings and the Browning baby: —

While we were living in the Via val Fonda in Florence in 1849, we wished to present our letter of introduction from Margaret Fuller to Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Asking William Story the etiquette in Italy in such matters, we were informed it was proper to leave the letter first with our cards, and call a few days later.

Three days later, Pearse and I went to the Casa Guidi and were received most cordially in a beautiful large room, by both the Brownings.

. . . . . .

Browning would occasionally walk up and down the room with energy, as he talked, while Mrs. Browning spoke through her eyes, which were large dark-gray eyes, and fine. Later, in the winter, coming into our apartment towards evening, Domenica, who was nurse and maid, told us that Signor Browning had called. "Oh," I said,

"what did the Signor say?" "*Che cosa disse il Signore?*" "Niente, Signora," answered Domenica, "*non camminava, ballava.*" "Nothing, Madam, he did not walk, he danced"; and then repeated what Browning had said, "*la Signora Browning a fatto un figlio maschio*" ("Mrs. Browning has given birth to a male child"). This must have been delivered with great unction, to judge from Domenica's gesticulations.

After a proper length of time I decided to call and inquire for Mrs. Browning. I rang the doorbell at the Casa Guidi, when Browning himself came to the door, and seeing who it was, said, in his heartiest tones, "Mrs. Cranch, come right in!" and as he said this he drew me into the house with both hands. As there was no refusing him, I consented to let him ask the nurse if I could see the baby, to which answer was brought in the affirmative. I entered a darkened room, and there lay Mrs. Browning, looking like an angel, with her sweet gray eyes and profusion of dark curls. I kissed her hand and murmured some kind wish for her health, while Browning, eager to show me the little blossom, drew me to a corner covered with white muslin and pink curtains, saying, "Now, you must see the baby!"

I gazed into this bower of rose-color and lace, unable to distinguish anything beside the soft color and dainty fabric. But something must be said, so I murmured, "How beautiful!" But Browning was not to be put off in this way.

"Do you see him?" said he.

"No, truly," I was forced to answer.

He then went and brought a *cerina*, a little wax taper, and by its soft, flickering light, I was at last able to behold the Browning baby. . . . Later on, when Browning happened into our rooms one day, and our own dear baby lay

asleep in her cradle, Browning stooped over, and kissing her on the forehead without awakening her, said, "Now she has a poet's blessing!"

George William Curtis to Mrs. Cranch

PARIS, February 25, 1849.

Yesterday the Republic completed its first and I my twenty-fifth year! Think of it, Lizzie, a quarter of a century! I begin already to totter and feel grey hairs on my head, and Burrill groans because every birthday of mine sets him so sadly forward. The day was celebrated by these Frenchmen very coldly. The crowds were small. The cry was "Vive Napoléon!" and nothing was striking except the front of the beautiful Madeleine draped in black and along the broad street which is its avenue from the Place de la Concorde, huge funeral vases and urns flaring and smoking with incense. This and the Temple itself was Greek. But the French genius does so travesty everything it touches. And then Lamartine says in a gush of enthusiasm, "If God has a great work to do he elects a Frenchman to do it." In saying that, he speaks for France and that is the reason he is so really popular. . . .

Now I am going to plunge into gossip, because it is a shame for me to be seeing and hearing Paris and not tell you about it. So we'll go to the opera where Alboni is singing with Ronconi, and where I heard Lablache. The house is small but very rich, not so spacious and tasteful and unique as the Berlin opera house, which is the first I have seen in Europe, St. Carlo and La Scala not excepted altho' they are much larger. Alboni is a young fat Italian, singing for her third season. She has no genius, and cannot act, but her voice is the most exquisite contralto I can fancy. It is precisely the voice you would imagine in an

easy handsome Italian woman, if it was first rate and contralto. The sweetness and purity and power are delicious. She crushes her eyes together as she sings, though never making faces, just as your soul smiles and folds itself together in the listening. Your sense becomes a great serpent which stretches and rolls and doubles up in the great gush of golden sunshine. Her soprano part is very true and clear and sweet, only not so singularly strong and rich as the contralto. In some songs she comes from a pure point of soprano height floating down through strange and true intervals, until the pyramid of sound is completed in your thought by grand massive sweeps of contralto which build the base, and you feel as if you saw the angels on Jacob's dream-ladder descending from heaven indeed, but with every step into more perceptible beauty. If you lose yourself and laugh in this extraordinary pot-pourri of metaphor, you can imagine the better how deliciously you lose yourself in the sweet whirlpool of sound, and if you laugh, so much the better resemblance. . . .

Walter Savage Landor, who, by the way, in a sonnet to Robert Browning compares his firm tread and cheerful eye to Chaucer, says that imagination shines even more "gloriously" in Tennyson than in Keats. That is perceptive praise, the criticism of a sympathetic soul. Keats died a boy. He was tangled in his own magnificent luxuriance. How I do love these men, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. On the other hand is Taylor, whose "Philip van Artevelde" I have just happened to read for the first time, more's the shame and pity. It seems as if it must have come, independent of the man. The preface is puerile, the interlude diluted. Wordsworth, and all his other poems that I have read, hard and bare and dead. But the character of Philip van Artevelde is

carved with a sculptor's cunning. It is so simple and great that it reveals how in statesmanship, as everywhere else, the elements are few. A little light, color, and quantity makes the world. He is always strong, but sweet and always a man, but a man of his own time. That is an artistic success not always accomplished. Adriana is a deep sketch and delicate as deep. A few strokes, but the soul, the individual soul, shines through. Then what a natural tragedy the book is. How it shows him stepping from obscurity to success, loving the state much, but his wife more. Then after the death of his wife, his whole nature not sapped nor broken nor soured, but subdued — all his strength saddened. That was a fine thing. Such strength does not wither, but just as sweet and still, it is mournful forever after. Sorrow sweeps over it as twilight closes over the landscape. Everywhere the same forms and colors — nothing changed — yet all different, even the flowers, sad.

Besides, I have been reading "La Nouvelle Héloïse" and Lamartine's "Girondins," also his "Raphael" and "Confidences." The latter is his "Confessions," although not an entire autobiography. It is rather a series of romantic and picturesque passages from the experience as a poet. They are very beautiful and interesting. The notices of certain men are striking, though not many, and the romance of Graziella, a Naples fisher girl, who died for love of Lamartine, is truly delicious. But the whole book is drenched in tears of the author. He believes that all great things in life begin and end with *larmes*. This becomes ridiculous at last. It is the purest, most transparent French I know. I saw Lamartine at the opera the other evening. He looks older than I thought (he is fifty-nine) and around his mouth, whose lips are fallen, flits and fades a phantom of vanity. Lamartine is vain, but

he is moulded in a happy mood of nature. The brow, eyes and nose are most generous. They are full of lofty sentiment, and you feel magnetically that he is capable of great acts, like his resisting the red flag with the guns of a French mob pointed at him, — when they are the inspirations of great ideas. He is not great in the general sense, because his best things are emotions and enthusiasms. But unlike most men, he is silent when he is not soaring.

. . . They were singing Sémiramide with Alboni, whose voice seems an accident like the beauty of many women. I mean you do not feel the presence of greatness of soul which *must* have some sort of expression. . . . Jenny Lind's voice was the hand of her genius. It is not so much any one thing, as the charm of her entire personality which makes her greatness. She acts as well as she sings, and both acting and singing are only flowers of a life which is deep and sweet as her nature. When Alboni cannot sing she will be only a memory. But any present of Jenny Lind's must be as beautiful as any past.

Then I heard Lablache, great, wonderful man, full of fun, full of sound, the largest man and the largest voice in the world. When he pours it out you forget everything else. The theatre, the orchestra, singers, Alboni, Ronconi, and chorus are all merged. It is a deluge in which we are all lost. But he is too good an artist, too much a lover of music ever to sport wantonly with his might. He "roars you as 't were any sucking dove," so melodiously he thunders. And such ease and sweetness withal, and so distinct a pronunciation, that you feel how inadequate fame is to really great and good things. . . .

Cerrito dances at the French opera, too, with her remarkable husband Saint-Léon. They have produced a ballet called "Le violon du Diable" in which they both

dance and he plays the violin, with a pathetic power which amazed me. I was not surprised to hear that in Germany he had been entirely a musician. He is a man of singular talent, and is the only male dancer that is not disgusting. His feats are wonderful, and better, — they are graceful. He composed the ballet which is full of delicately designed tableaux. One I remember in which Cerrito stands elevated like the figure of Apollo in the "Aurora" holding high the golden reins, which confine several of the ballet dancers, while others surround her as the hours. She is most feminine and fascinating. Not queenly like Fanny Ellsler, nor stately like Lucile Grahn, nor voluptuous like Carlotta Grisi, she streams like sunshine over the stage rather than bounds, and is always the affectionate woman.

Rachel, too, in the intense paroxysms of passionate tragedy, is terrible and sublime. She is young and wasted and her eyes are worn with bitter sorrow. She plays in Racine's tragedies, which are Greek, you know, and as Phèdre, Rachel is marvellous. It is the pure suffering woman, but a woman of the elder Grecian mould, the victim of Fate, and of a passion which loses her soul. Rachel is young and slight. Her features are very delicate, her mouth a little coarse, and her figure of a stately, proud grace. Her voice is very sweet and solemn and still, of a low tone, and because it is the silence, not the sound of passion, there can never be a suspicion of rant. In the French drama the unities are strictly observed. The curtain never falls, the attention is undistracted to the end. Never for a moment is she other than the person she represents. So perfect is this artistic skill that I cannot conceive her as an actual Parisian person. If I think of her, my imagination recedes over great waste dead ages, and in front of a Grecian or Persian temple, like the

genius of that Fate, tearless because too terrible for tears, she stands, and if she speaks, it is like the Sphinx speaking — words, coining feelings, of which we suspect the substance from the mighty shadow.

. . . Shall you certainly go as soon as April? Why not wait until softer, sweeter May? more propitious to Mediterranean voyaging. Let me hear at least a month before you are resolved to go, that I may come and have some final weeks with you, and so get myself associated with your last, as your first, European days. It would be good too that they should be in Florence. If you *can*, put off Vallombrosa, etc., until I can go with you, for although I cannot promise *absolutely* to come, yet it is rare that I hold anything so near my heart as this plan, without its being warmed into life.

Margaret Fuller to Mrs. Cranch

Rome, 9th March, 1849.

I was very glad to have you write that you are going home, for, though I sympathize most deeply with any one who is fitted to prize Italy and has to leave her, and know how much I shall suffer myself, yet this is no time for an artist to be here, nor is there any strong probability of tranquillity at present. Few people would come, Pearse would have but few and scanty orders, and with these two young children, and your constitution so delicate, you might have too trying a time, and become old! That is the poison of care; one might bear the strongest dose, just for the time, but it makes youth grey-haired. I hope you will find many friends, new and old, who will carry about Georgie and Nora in their arms, and prize the genius of Pearse and that some few years hence you will return, under happier circumstances, to Venice, to Florence, to Rome.

O Rome, seat of the gods! I do regret you have not been here this winter of perpetual sunshine. The Cropseys will be disappointed at not finding you. They go from here the eighteenth, and Mr. Cropsey had expected to enjoy sketching excursions with Pearse in the neighborhood of Florence. . . .

Also I hope when you are well refreshed at home, you will write me a joint letter telling me of yourselves and all other persons and things you think will interest me. It will be a great boon; write fine and much, and tell me of my friend Carrie Tappan anything you may know. I hear little from herself. If you do write me a line now, let me know how it has gone with Mrs. Browning. I am very glad you had such pleasure in their acquaintance; a little of the salt of the earth is more than ever needed in this hot climate. It is a shame I cannot have the "Bells." It is *here* I want to read the Italian things again, half memories of them keep tormenting me.

Pearse's Colonna poem was incorporated into one of my letters, with mention of the picture, and, no doubt, printed, though I never received the number of the "Tribune" which contained it. The poem from Naples I never sent; that needs the clear type and margins of a magazine, or perhaps he will publish a volume on his return. Now you are going, I wish you would send me Emerson's poems, else I may see them no more for a long time, unless you have made pencil marks, or for some other reason are anxious to keep that particular copy.

The Storys have been here a week, after a doleful detention at Leghorn, and a very sick night on the steamer. They have a tolerably pleasant apartment, and enjoy themselves as usual. The first day they were seeking the apartment, Sunday, we had luncheon at Mr. Crawford's and afterwards went to St. Peter's where the only time

this winter was *not* fine music. The second day, I passed with them, and in the afternoon we walked about Villa Borghese; Wednesday evening we saw the Vatican by torch light; it is now my third enjoyment of this always greater delight. Since, I have not seen them.

My friend, Mazzini, is now here; his proper great occasion has come to him at last, whether he can triumph over the million difficulties with which it is beset I know not, but he will do all that may become a man. Good-bye, and may your homeward course be every way prosperous. We shall meet again probably in a year or two, meanwhile I pray you keep your hearts ever open for your friend

MARGARET.

Mr. and Mrs. Cranch and the nurse and children left Florence in the summer for Paris. They were rejoiced to meet again George and Burrill Curtis and Tom Hicks. The cholera was raging in Paris, two hundred persons dying a day. They were careful about exposing themselves to the sun, and of their diet, and remained well. George Curtis accompanied them to Havre and to the ship, seeing them aboard. Harriet, the black nurse, was stricken with cholera. Here was a quandary. They could not leave her to die nor be sure she would be taken aboard. The captain solved the difficulty by calling it inflammatory rheumatism. She was taken aboard, isolated, and in a week got well.

The following extracts are from Mrs. Cranch's Journal: —

July 8, 1849. On board the St. Denis on our homeward passage from Havre. We are now nearly halfway across the ocean, and this afternoon, the sea being tranquil, I can record a word or so of the past. . . . We arrived in

Paris late in the evening of the 1st of June, after riding in diligence all through France by night and day with our two little ones . . . never shall I forget our satisfaction when arriving late at Paris . . . we found George and Hicks waiting for us at the diligence office. We had nothing to do but to get into a carriage and ride to No. 50 Rue de Rivoli, where were rooms all ready that George had taken for us in the same house that he was in; and a very nice one too it was — just opposite the garden of the Tuilleries and very near the beautiful Place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées, where we used to walk in the cool of the evening. We were a fortnight in Paris and the time did gallop withal. Good times were those, happy times with fun and frolic, and tender moments too — never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER X

NEW YORK

THE following is from the Autobiography: —

We arrived in New York August 7, 1849, after a passage of forty-seven days. I shall not forget how particularly I was struck with the American faces on landing at New York. I never before saw the national cast of features. Now I was compelled to see it, in spite of myself. It seemed as if I had arrived among a new people. Among them all there was a general likeness, as typical as on the faces of the English, Irish, or Italians. There was a certain hard, weary expression around the mouth, a quick shrewdness of eye, a solemn, care-worn, anxious look, as they hurried past each other. Every one seemed anxious and worried about something.

I was no less struck with the want of manners in my countrymen. What a contrast to the Italians and French!

In melancholy keeping with the people seemed the streets and houses. How did Broadway seem shorn of its glory! How houses, which I once looked upon as very large, had dwarfed and dwindled away! How ugly seemed all the buildings! But remember, this was in 1849, and the improvements in all these things have been immense.

Going into the country, as we did after landing, the scenery at first seemed monotonous, in form and color. Italy had spoiled me. It was some time before I could discover really picturesque material in the landscape. One thing, however, we had in perfection — Sunsets — such as one never sees in Europe.

We all went up to Fishkill to the Homestead, and to A. J. Downing's at Newburgh. In November we returned to New York, and took rooms with some friends in MacDougal Street. My studio, if I remember, was in Broadway, corner of Houston Street. In the summer I was in Sheffield, Massachusetts, where I made a visit to our friends the Deweys. I was at work there painting out of doors. We were all much saddened this summer by the tragical death of our friend Margaret Fuller.

In 1851 I went to Lake George and visited Jervis McEntee at Rondout, and returned with him and a party of friends to Lake Shawangunk, now called Lake Mohunk. My wife and I and our two children went to Lenox, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1852 and had not been there long when we were summoned away by the sad news of the death of Lizzie's mother, and of her brother-in-law A. J. Downing, by drowning in the Hudson River in the disaster to the steamboat Henry Clay, on July 28.

A party of De Windts and friends left Fishkill Landing for a day's excursion on the beautiful Hudson. When nearly home, the boat raced another steamer, and must have burst a boiler, for Mrs. De Windt was struck and carried under, causing probably instant death. Mr. Downing was a large man and a fine swimmer, who thought nothing of swimming across the Hudson River and back again. Unfortunately a stout woman clung to him in the desperate grasp of a death-struggle, and he was helpless. His wife could not swim. She and her sister, Mary De Windt, were assisted with a chair and a board and floated safely to shore. Frank de Windt, then about sixteen years old, was in the party. When the

bodies were brought ashore, Mr. De Windt was stunned by the blow. He paced up and down all day and all night, finding it difficult to realize this great affliction, coming so suddenly upon him.

This home, my father and mother, George Curtis, and others often visited. Mr. and Mrs. Downing were ideal hosts. Mr. Downing was a man of rare taste and judgment in art, and my aunt was an excellent housekeeper, having, besides, wit and intelligence. Mr. Downing was able to carry out his own æsthetic ideas in his grounds and in his house. My mother used to tell me how he would place a bunch of flowers at each guest's plate for breakfast. These were always selected with reference to the preferences of his friends for certain flowers, and his nice discrimination and knowledge of their characters. To the tender-hearted he offered tea-roses and honeysuckle, to the modest and shy, violets and pansies, to the brilliant and gay, crimson roses, marigolds, asters, carnations, etc.

When the gates of his villa closed, — it was a palace and garden all in one, — all care and trouble were shut out, all joy and pleasure shut in. Instead of Dante's motto over the gates of "Inferno," "Leave all hope, ye who enter here!" it was, "Leave all care and tribulation, ye who enter here!" Like unto heaven it was! Enter into the fulness of joy and harmony thereof! To my mother it was a paradise where friends met congenial friends, and where the feast of reason and flow of soul mingled with delicately seasoned meats, fruits and wines.

A monument to the talent of Mr. A. J. Downing was later erected in Newburgh by his friends and admirers. His loss was one the general public felt

to be great, his talents lifting him above ordinary men.

The Autobiography continues: —

In 1853, at Fishkill Landing, May 7, was born our daughter Caroline Amelia, named after her grandmother Mrs. De Windt. We were then living in the little house called The Bothie. During this summer I made a visit to Niagara to my friend Peter A. Porter, of two or three weeks, and made several careful studies of the Falls.

This year we received two letters from the Brownings. The first was addressed to me, the second to Lizzie. They were written on the same sheet of paper, both in microscopic hands, to which they were somewhat necessitated, as their letters were enclosed to me in one from Story.

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

VIENNA, October 27, 1849.

Through George Curtis I have just heard of your arrival at New York, with divers perils by sea and land. Thank Heaven that all is then well with you, and that you are among friends and kindred. Up to the moment of your departure I was fully informed of all that occurred by George C., and it was with the truest sympathy and anxiety that my thoughts accompanied you across the water. Bravo, then, old Ebony! She would not die. She had no idea of shuffling off her black mortal coil so easily. That's what it is to have a servant of determination and character. . . .

How then does America seem to you after Italy? Is it dull, stupid, prosaic and boastful, or does it seem to have compensations for this utter unpicturesqueness of life? Are the sunsets on the Hudson finer — I think they are — than those we saw at Sorrento last year? But the breath of orange flowers, dear Pearse, the Loggia where

we used to sit, — old Vesuvius' perturbed spirit — Capri, the dim, purple, island Sphinx. These you have not. These I have not, except in memory. And Rome, my dear friend, Rome, does not that seem to you ideal now? It does to me. Good Heavens, when I was last there, I grew to it as to a mistress! There seemed an inspiration in its air. I could not but weep to leave it.

Pray, write, and encourage me about home — for now I begin to fear that I shall not be contented at home. Yes indeed, I begin seriously to consider whether Rome is not the true home for me. Were it not for its climate I should not hesitate. Yet home is a clinging prejudice.

I stayed in Florence a week — it was intensely hot and filled with Austrian soldiers, and them I could not bear to see. From Florence we went to Milan. In Parma I saw Correggio in his glory. I had no idea of his magnificence before. Such color, — clear, delicate yet strong, and luminous; light and yet warm, rich and yet soft and tender, never in the least gaudy, yet full-toned and powerful, — I never saw. His frescoes are wonderful, and though injured, are worth crossing the Atlantic to see. I had expected sweetness and delicacy, but I was unprepared for the grandeur of him, the largeness of form, the breadth and power of his works. His Madonna della Scodella and St. Gerome are quite unequalled by anything I ever saw. The young Christ in the former is divine. He is one of those blossoms of truth and innocence, which in rarest moments and under happiest auspices, we see for a moment on the tree of humanity, a child angel, with a smile that realizes heaven on earth. Basta! I could write a quire on the subject!

From Milan to Vevay and Geneva, then to Interlaken, where we fixed ourselves for the summer, and had George Curtis with us, and an agreeable company. From here

Curtis, Bliss and I, went over the Oberland Bernese, on foot with our knapsacks on our backs. I will not rush into raptures, — you can imagine all better than I can tell. It was more than I had dared hope, and after the luxuries of art in Italy it was a striking change, to come at once into the wild sublimity of nature. What themes for pencil and brush are here! How many times I wished I could summon you to my side, as I looked over these Alpine heights, where beauty and grandeur live so strangely together. George was an admirable companion, always sympathizing, ready to admire, indefatigable — ever good natured, ever interesting. It was a real joy to meet him and know him, and see him three months together. At Geneva, George left me, to go with Quincy Shaw towards the East, and I returned to Interlaken. From Interlaken, when the summer was ended, E. and I and the children took our course down the Rhine to Baden-Baden and Heidelberg, then struck across to Munich, and thence down the Danube to Vienna, where we are now. . . .

I found the Germans very polite, social and agreeable. Travelling here is wondrous easy after the toiling vettura and the cheating Italian mob. But one's money here eats dreadful holes in the pockets. Everything is expensive. The prices are at least double what they are in Italy. Of music, we have concerts nearly every evening by Straus's band and others. . . . Never was there a people for eating like this. The *restaurateur* is an essential portion of every festival meeting. Eating, smoking, drinking of beer and wine seems an absolutely necessary accompaniment of music, and oftentimes the smoke of cigars in the concert or ball rooms is suffocating. They shut up every window, heat up the room, light their cigars, — off goes the band in a whisking waltz, and the *Vienner* is a

happy man. Here is there an immense deal to see in the way of art. The picture galleries are numerous and very rich. The finest Murillos I have ever seen are here, and some fine Correggios and Raffaelles, and some pictures by Rubens which astonished me by their magnificence of color and tremendous energy. But despite all the objects of interest, and the social gaiety, and amusements of the people, I pine for Italy. I do not like the subserviency here to the sword and gilt-lace uniform. The streets swarm with officers and soldiers, and I think often of poor, oppressed Italy. Radetsky is here, — a little red-eyed man — and Jellachich is in the same house with us. The Emperor, a youth of nineteen, we see constantly at the theatre and on the streets.

At Munich I was delighted. It is most grateful to one's eyes to see what the late King has done here for art. The whole city has been renewed and built in the best taste, and here is the centre of the new German School of Painting. . . . Art here is at least alive, and struggling for existence, and the patronage is enormous and unbigoted. Every artist has had his chance. . . .

In a day or two we are off to Venice, which after so long waiting for, I shall at last see!

To his brother Edward

SHEFFIELD, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.,
August 25, 1850.

What has become of our promises and vows? Swallowed up in the wide sea of circumstances; swamped and foundered in the bogs of procrastination; lost in the fogs of absence, distance, separation; or stranded high and dry on the rocks of labor and occupation? The spirit of epistolary correspondence has clean died out of us, and the body must be set agoing, if not by a new soul, then by

spasmodic galvanic shocks. So here goes for a small battery, dead or alive. . . .

I intend this as simply a leaf torn from the volume of my present life. I have not really the patience to post up past accounts. It is sufficient to say that I am here, family and all, boarding in this, greatest of little Sunday-go-to-meeting villages, amid very nice scenery, and here have been, over a month. I first came alone, and made a visit to the Deweys, who live here; then came Lizzie, the children, and maid, and took board in a quiet, nice family, where we shall continue till about September first. Then I shall go to Catskill Clove with Mr. Durand. I have been working out of doors, as steadily as circumstances will permit. Whenever it does not rain, I am usually out painting. I have improved, I think, in painting from nature, since I saw you. My pictures in the Academy Exhibition last spring were favorably noticed, and one of them bought by the Art Union. It was on the strength of them, most probably, that I was elected an associate of the Academy.

I should like to hear from you, how you are getting on. Are you driven as much as ever? Do you get time for anything but work? Write me, but don't write in the vein of your letter of last winter. I don't like to think that your theory, or your life, should be all sacrificed, made up of nothing but duty. Or at least I want to hear some time that your duty and your inclinations both point in the same direction. O, why were you not an artist; or a literary man, or an editor, or a farmer; or anything for which God and nature fitted you, rather than a lawyer? Somewhere in those vocations lies your proper sphere. But fate has driven you from the lines of intellectual attraction, and made your life that of a mill wheel and a cart horse. Will it not be some time or other that you

will burst from that chrysalis state, of court-room pen-drudgery and law books, and spread your wings, never to fold them again in the old cocoon prison? Such talents, such a nature, intellectual and moral, and affectional, and humorsome, every way rare, as yours, should find its sphere, and there should be, *now*, people who would so appreciate them, that they could create such a sphere for you. I, for one, hope to live to see your emancipation. I pray Heaven it may come quickly.

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

BOSTON, December 25, 1850.

Your warm, kind, affectionate greeting to America ought long ago have been answered, but I had hoped, long ere this to have clasped your hand and looked into your eyes, and travelled back with you on the wings of spoken words to our dear old Italy. Fate, however, — whose American name is *business* — has bound me here hand and foot, and I know not that I shall be able to carry out my project of visiting your New York this winter. . . . Dear Pearse, if I thought I should never again go to the other and better world — I mean Italy, — I think life would merit Mr. Mantilini's description and be a "demd horrid grind." A barrel organ with a boy who smiles Italian, is all the trace of those soft skies beneath which we lived so happily together, which even now greets my eyes. The mania which possesses all here, has possessed me, despite my best effort. *I am at work in the law* — fearfully at work. No! My dear friend, not permanently — God forbid — temporarily is bad enough. It was in this way that I fell into the pit. Walking down Washington street a few days after my arrival, I stopped in to see how the inside of Little & Brown's bookshop looked, little knowing that I was putting my head into a

lion's den. Mr. Brown pounced upon me, seized me, carried me into his interior den, told me that my book on Contracts and the Commentaries on the Constitution must at once be edited and that I must do it. I remonstrated. In vain! I sat me down in a little back room, and I have been his slave for two months. Now in two days I am free, having done incredible work. One has a sort of foolish pride in one's literary offspring. My law books had succeeded, and paid well, and made me a hero — when I was n't known — and I could not allow a new edition to go forth without improving it all in my power. And this pride has cost me two months. *Now*, my biography of my father awaits me, and this must be done at once. Then I shall be free for art, and art it shall be for my life.

I examined and cross-examined Dwight about all you boys, and especially about Lizzie and you and the children. He gave good accounts of you, but all that he said only increased my appetite for you. I want to ask you truly how you get along, and whether the wheels turn easily or not, and whether I can do anything for you. You know, or ought to know, that you ought never to need when I can help you. My purse, my dear friend, is ever at your service. Let us spend together and make life as happy as we can. You will not be vexed at this suggestion, I feel. I don't know why there should ever be any shamefacedness about such matters. If fortune has been better friends with me than you, she makes me her agent to give to those whom I love. . . .

Lizzie's very pleasant note reached Emelyn the other day, and we both were delighted to hear from her. I hope she still keeps us in green remembrance, which being interpreted means, that she remembers all the good and forgets all the bad. Perhaps Emelyn may go with me to New York, if the weather looks more subdued and gentle.

I do not at all stand this climate. I break all to pieces, before these sharp winds. There seems to be no atmosphere, and the sunshine is so white and glittering and ghastly, that it seems as if it had lost its soul. The shadows are all so thin and weak and grey; the light so colorless; the lines of architecture so sharp and hard; all things so liney and wanting in tone, that it seems to me as if America had been bewitched during my absence. There is nothing which has come up to my recollections except the conflagrations in the clouds and sky at sunset, and the autumn hectic in the forests. Tone to a landscape, is what sentiment is to a mistress, and it is just this lack of tone that I find in our nature.

The cold winds and the tense atmosphere, have been chiselling me down and channelling out the old furrows, which when I returned were somewhat blended. I grow older here in a month than in a year abroad.

To the Misses Myers

New York, June 22, 1851.

I am such an old hardened sinner that I have long ago given up all hopes of pardon from you; at least, I should abandon all hope, did I not know you all to be angels of love and forgiveness. . . . We are the creatures of circumstance, there is no use in denying it, and yet God forbid that beggarly circumstance should have power to change the essence of the soul. That remains like the sun, moon and stars, the other is but the clouds. And I am sure that you, my dear friends of younger days, know me too well, to think that the clouds that shut us out from each other are anything but unsubstantial vapor.

As to outward events they are unimportant. In November we were settled in the great city, where we have remained ever since. My health and that of my wife and

children has been uninterrupted by any sickness, and on the whole I have had quite a good time — grow younger, if anything, in my feelings and habits of life, work at my studio, and just scratch along, poor and economical, still surrounded with blessings innumerable. In painting I am improving, have several pictures in the Exhibition, and now and then, like angels' visits, fall in with a purchaser. In this country Art just lives — it is far from flourishing. The artist has need of all his courage and patience to stick to his vocation. I am confident there would be better success in Italy, and had I means, I should go there again. Here, surrounded by a selfish, commercial, money making, rushing, driving, and wholly conventional community, what can an artist do? People when they do find time amid their eternal driving and hurry-scurry to come into a studio, only admire and go away to their eternal and sempiternal driving. People of fashion and so called taste are contented to do this, and go home to their palaces and sit down among their luxurious easy chairs and mirrors and curtains, with never a picture to screen the nakedness of their walls — not so much as one picture even in the way of furniture — that would be something. Or if they have a taste this way, they expend it on snuffy, dingy, old copies of mediocre old Masters. So it goes!

No matter, they can't magnetize us out of our proprium, our essential character. They can't keep us from having a good time with those with whom we sympathize, and there are not a few of those here, and we can at least laugh at their ridiculous position, when their backs are turned, even if they do tie up their money bags. The sun will shine spite of all the clouds.

And you may suppose it fares pretty much with poetry as with painting.

The world we make untunes the string
On which the poet fain would sing.
His voice is dumb, though it be spring.

Still, verses accumulate somehow, and I hope by next winter to have out a new volume in that line, consisting of better things than I have ever published. Then, at least, my friends, if not before, you will hear from me. And if there were any way of getting a little picture to you, I should be glad. As to my ever coming on in bodily presence to be among you, I see no chance of it, "any way I can fix it." I have not even visited Washington since my return to America. . . .

As for music, I have but little time to practise. I do little beside "voluntaries." As I cannot play very difficult accompaniments, I sit down and make chords, and extemporize, or sing such things as I can accompany, when the spirit moves. Neither have I much time for books. Had I entire leisure I think I should devote myself much more to verse than anything else. I have a poem on this theme, which some day you will see.

To Mrs. Stearns

New York, March 10, 1852.

I take advantage of a little solitude and the unwonted stillness around me — Lizzie having run away from me to Newburgh with Mr. and Mrs. Downing, and taken Georgie along — to transcribe the long promised little Fir-tree poem.[1] And though I have nothing especial to say, I shall add a short letter to it.

[1] Translation of Heine's *Fichtenbaum:* —

In the far North the Fir tree stands,
Lonely, upon a craggy height
He sleeps. The Alpine ice and snow
Spread o'er his form a veil of white.

He sleeps, and of the Palm he dreams,
Who, far away in the Morning land,
Sorrows in silent loneliness
Upon her burning hill of sand.

I have been making a little visit to Washington, where I had not been for nearly six years. I went on in the Steamer Baltic and returned in her, as correspondent of the "New York Express." The trip was a novel thing, and very pleasant. All the passengers fared sumptuously, free of expense, and the magnificent steamer was praised by all as the model steamship of the nineteenth century. In my "Express" letter, I called her one of the modern Collins's odes. She went on to show herself, and to interest Congress in getting an appropriation, but was suddenly called back to go to England, etc. All which, is it not written in newspapers, and why should I repeat it?

I found my father very little changed in appearance, but exceedingly feeble, and much more deaf than when I saw him last. He does not even walk from his easy chair to his bed without help, and has not left his room, I think for a year. He reads, however, all day. His mind is clear, and he is altogether in a beautiful, tranquil state. It was a great blessing to me to see him once more.

I have been making verses somewhat of late. Have just been doing something meditative and metaphysical. Another sort of poem will appear soon in the "Tribune" called "Land Owner and Brain Owner." I cannot say when it will come out. They have had it this month on their file. Another little thing I have just thrown off, which I will send you on another page. I have had no chance to read it to any one yet, not even Lizzie, who has gone away. It is a sort of Goethian-Emersonian sentiment perhaps, with a truth at the bottom of it.

THE FLOWER AND THE BEE

Love me as the flower loves the bee.
Ask no monopoly of sympathy.
I must flit by,
Nor stay to heave too deep a sigh,

Nor dive too deep into thy charms.
Untwine thy prisoning arms;
Let the truth-garnering bee
Pass ever free!

Yield all the thymy fragrance I can draw
From out thy soul's rich sweetness. Not forever
Can lovers see one truth, obey one law,
Though they spend long endeavor.
Give me thy blossoming heart;
I can but take thereof that part
Which grand Economy
Permitteth me to see.

Friendship and love may last in name,
As lamps outlive their flame;
An earthly tie may bind our hands;
The spirit snaps the bands.
If Nature made us different,
Our compliments in vain are spent;
But if alike, ah, then I rest in thee
As in the flower's full heart the sated bee.

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

Rome, March 17, 1852.

Returning this morning at two o'clock after a long stroll, with Black and James Lowell to the Pantheon and Piazza Navona, it being the regular fair-day at the latter place, I found your delightful letter, breathing warmly of you and Lizzie, and I cannot but answer it at once, any more than if you were to hold out your hand, I could refuse to take it and give it the heartiest of shakes. I would that I could transport to you in this letter in some condensed form, a portion of this "incense breathing morn," of this peerless blue sky, of this delicious light which hangs over Rome and the Campagna, and transfigures with its tender distances and bloom the snowy amphitheatre of hills. *Ma come si fa.* If I had the Howadji's pen to dip into all sorts of lexicons of language and

feeling, perhaps — but with the same old pen which I have half used up in the law — and by strange chance it is one of those with which I wrote of such matter in America — how be poetical or graceful! Dear old Cranchio, come hither and breathe this atmosphere with me!

Lent is passing gaily away; four Cardinals have been newly created and during the whole of this week are receiving at the palaces, where the Roman Princesses gleam and flash with tiaras and necklaces of diamonds that dazzle the eye with their splendor. The night before last we were at the Sciarra, the Colonna, the Santa Croce, and the display of jewels was such as I never saw before. . . . Curious enough was it to see in the ante-room the cloven foot of this splendor, in the shape of a *scrivano* taking down all the names as they were announced, in order to call for a *buona mano* to-morrow. At the Colonna Palace the French Ambassador received, a French Cardinal having been created. The scene was splendid in those towering rooms, but I experienced a revulsion of rage and disgust, when on passing to the last salon, I found displayed on the table, pictures representing the battles of the Roman Revolution; after so gratuitous an insult to the sensibilities of every true lover of liberty, and especially of every Italian, I could remain no longer. . . .

The other evening, and without our desire or request, came a summons to the Pope, and accordingly we had an audience at the Vatican. He was very affable and pleasant, and has an attractiveness of face and manner which shows a good heart. Poor Pio Nono! He took snuff constantly, dropping it on his white dress, and after informing me that steamers could go from New York to Liverpool in *fifteen* days, inquired whether they stopped for

coal on their passage. He also announced to me that Boston was the greatest city in America, therefore you see that *that* question is settled forever. . . .

Of my own doings in art, a little will suffice. I have made my last study for the large statue of my father, and my friends like it; at all events, it is far the best thing I have done. I am now waiting to procure a fitting studio to execute it in large. I have also made a statuette of the Lorelei, for which I have a commission. Orders have been plenty in Rome this winter as I understand, and Americans particularly are purchasing works by modern artists. This is as it should be. . . .

We are here full of theatricals, and the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" having succeeded so perfectly, are at work in bringing out the "Merchant of Venice." Emelyn is Jessica; Black, Bassanio; Lowell, Lorenzo; Mrs. Raikes, Portia; and I, Shylock. Black is stage struck. He eats, drinks and sleeps on theatricals. The day before yesterday we were at the Villa Borghese, which was as lovely as ever, with its lofty umbrella pines, its dark green ilexes, its fountains and shadowy woods. To-day we are planning for the Villa Albani, and what a day it is, the air all music and perfume with birds and flowers, and a cloudless sky! Boott says good-bye to us and is off to-day for Florence, which he still persists in preferring to Rome, with his cast-steel determination. We had a grand musical soirée here in our rooms the other day, with Puggi's oboe, Ramacciotti's violin, Wichmann on the pianoforte, and Rhienthaler's songs, and among other things we had a stringed quartette of Boott's admirably performed. It was certainly a triumph for him, and I am delighted to say to you, that it was full of science and freshness of fancy. The themes were original and naïve, and the *condotta* clear and unconfused. It quite surprised

BAYARD TAYLOR, 1864

me by its merit, and its piquancy and spirit gained for it an unanimous applause. Just where young composers fail, he succeeded, in the management of its partition and the development of his theme. . . .

In the Autobiography, Mr. Cranch makes this entry: —

It was in the summer of the year 1853, that I had the honor of writing the "Farewell to America," for young Jenny Lind — Madame Goldschmidt — at her last appearance in this country. Bayard Taylor had written her song of greeting. When the great singer was looking for some one to write her "Farewell," my friend Mr. Edmond Benzon mentioned to her my name, and I was asked to be her poet. I appreciated the honor, and wrote these three stanzas, which Mr. Goldschmidt set to music. By appointment I called one morning on Madame Goldschmidt, so that I might have an idea of the melody before completing the lines, and she sang them for me at the piano, *sotto voce*. The words seemed to please her very much.

Young land of Hope, fair Western Star,
Whose light I hailed from climes afar,
I leave thee now, but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody.
O take the offering of the heart
From one who feels 't is sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine,
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit chords that in thee slept.
The music was not all my own,
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell! When other scenes shall rise,
To greet once more the wanderer's eyes,

Remembrance still will turn to thee,
When throbs my heart across the sea.
Bright Freedom's clime, I feel thy spell
But I must say, "Farewell, farewell!"

That night Jenny Lind was in splendid voice, and carried the poet's words, up on her clear tones, to great heights of melody and feeling. As usual with this great singer, there was a furor of applause. To the poet and his friends, it was a memorable evening.

To his brother Edward

Fishkill Landing, N.Y., July 10, 1853.

. . . I have thought of you much and with some anxiety since your trouble with your eyes and your relinquishment of the law. I feel glad somehow to know that there is a prospect of your escape, even though it be like a man in his shirt escaping from his house on fire — from the dungeon of the Doubting-Castle, Law, — which you should never have entered, and would not, had you not, like Christian, been caught sleeping, i.e. not fully awake at the time, to what your sphere should be. . . .

What a hard thing this is, and hard it is not to grumble at it all the time, that in nine cases out of ten a man must turn away his eyes from beholding the vanity and folly of the course for which nature fashions him, and to which all good angels seem to be urging him, if he wants to make a living, and dig at something else, — plunge into some ditch where he is muddied from top to toe. . . .

I grow thoroughly discouraged sometimes, of late very much so, at the miserable prospects of landscape painting, among us. And yet, I don't see anything better for me. I have strong twitches sometimes towards authorship, and even indulge occasionally in verse, but unless a man is sure of a great reputation as a writer, what stimulus is

there, what reward? No, better keep on, hopefully. Painting is no worse than article writing, and does not rack the brain, but is always "attractive labor," which is a great thing in its favor. And if a man can only live, with wife and children, why, let him have as good a time of it, I say, as he can in this brief lifetime. And in this way one keeps young.

And so we Cranches are rejoicing in the abundance of our riches, having actually received legacies, not in dreams but good, tangible, bankable money; a thing as unlooked for by me as the Chinese or Viennese Revolution. Rest to his shade, the venerable uncle did some good to his deserving relatives, and we will not say grudgingly, that he might have done more. On these silver-tipped wings we will emerge, as long as we may, out of the brine and beyond the level of the sea of poverty, like flying fish, and say that we too have wings, though we are not birds of golden plumage. Providence surely takes care of us, for I don't see what I should have done without this four hundred and odd dollars, any more than I know what I can do without just as much a year hence, which I see no prospect of getting, but which Providence, I dare say, will send.

In the July number of the "Putnam's" is an ode to Southern Italy, of mine. I shall have other poems, I presume, there from time to time. You see "Putnam's," I hope. I think it is the best American magazine we have, by a great deal. My friend G. W. Curtis is one of the editors and writes a great deal for it.

I hope ere long to bring out my volume of poems. It has been ready for publication for some time, but I have been waiting till I can publish on good terms for myself, and perhaps to keep pruning at it, and perhaps omitting, and perhaps write better things. I often feel as if, give

me the opportunity, and I have far better things in store to be written, than I have ever done. . . .

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

Bagni di Lucca, August 22, 1853.

Three minutes ago I was seized *en sursaut* with a desire to communicate with you, and before my enthusiasm evaporates — for it is warm weather and enthusiasm as well as everything else, such as virtue, water, etc., easily evaporates — I catch it and stick a pin through it, as one would transfix a butterfly. Once having begun, a letter is an easy and necessary consequence. But it is the beginning "which gives us pause." Warned also by a death's-head moth with a skull and cross bones distinctly painted on his back, which is now leading a melancholy life under a tumbler on my table, and preaching the evanescence of things, I feel some act of virtue to be demanded of me. And what better can I do than to satisfy my conscience and friendship at once by a scribble to you? Once in a while dribbles over to me a hint of you and George and Hicks. You are packed closely into a postscript and transmitted to me by mail, safe and sound, and I am forced out of such little shadings of information to build and fashion the world about you. This is not quite satisfactory. I have in my mind when I think of you all, a sort of mixed and bewildered idea of Nahant, and "Putnam's Magazine," and Broadway, and paint brushes and palette, and Syria, and Rome, and "Here is the lip that betrayed." [1] All my ideas are about as confused as the languages in Roman society. . . .

And you, who were once a Christian minister, to forget the Christian rule of forgiveness — to stand away there on your dignity and rights and never write to me because

[1] A song by Richard Willis that Mr. Cranch used to sing.

I owed you a letter. You! to keep an account current with me and put me down in your memory with "a bill to debit one letter." I actually blush for you — I have long ceased to perform that graceful action for myself, and reserve it entirely for my friends — when your friend "Chose" (I never remember names), presented me a rascally note of only four lines, and in those four lines nothing but "introduce," "friend," "Century Club," and such kind of words. I declare I thought you worthy to be put in the stocks for such an act. . . . If you had cause of complaint against me — I don't deny that you had — why did you not pepper me with letters — heap coals of fire and all that Christian sort of thing — instead of sulking into silence and brooding over "bill to debit — one letter." Fye upon you, Heathen! Pagan! American! Well, nevertheless, I forgive you; it's as well to be magnanimous. I forgive you; there's my hand to kiss.

Here we all are in Lucca at the Bagni Caldi, halfway up the Chestnut mountains where the breeze blows cold and fresh, and where the summer sun basks on hillsides and hanging gardens of vines, where the big burry chestnuts do not grow and drop their green porcupine fruit upon the earth, range the vineyards in terraces and give a granulated look to the mountain. We look down upon the red-tiled tops of the villages and villas below, and see the rushing river, the only discontented, hurried American-like thing near us, bubble and dash, winding through the valley. The *contadini* go to and fro and up and down the mountain paths, bearing on their heads great buckets heaped sometimes with charcoal, and sometimes with strawberries, apricots, raspberries. The little gray donkeys toil to and fro laden with pears, and the women bear on their head coppers of flashing water, that never spills or loses its even poise. Parties go to picnics or make ex-

cursions up the valley, or else up to the old mill with the one arch bridge, and the brownly dropping wheel where I saw, the other day, looking through one of its dark windows, the most exquisite living Madonna and Child. We live in the Casa Lena built on the site of an old feudal castle, but no more like a castle now than I to Hercules. On our long balcony that shelters the full length of the house, we sit in the earliest morning; all the long evenings when the moon throws the shadow of the mountain across the valley, as it rises behind its fringed outline of chestnuts, or hanging full, above in the soft upper sky, fills it with misty light.

We leave the gossip to the Café below where the little world of strangers meets and sits outside in the afternoon under an awning, and discusses the nothings of the day, while it takes ices and granité. Every evening we drive out, up and down the river, and follow up through its wild rocky overshadowed bed the tumultuous Lima. For society we have the Brownings, whom we find delightful, and with whom we interchange long evenings two or three times weekly, besides making excursions with them. We often speak of you together, for they remember you both with pleasure and interest — and Browning promised to give me a note to enclose herein for you, so that this husk may have a sweet kernel. They are both writing, he a new volume of lyrics, and she a tale or novel in verse, which will probably see the light of the public square next spring. What offer will Putnam make for the proof sheets of these books, and the good will of the authors, or has he any proposition to make? See, and write. . . .

I have just sent to Browning and obtained a note from him and his wife. Now if in answer to this you don't send me a long, well-packed, closely written letter, I shall be-

lieve that there is no virtue in man. . . . I slept at the Crawfords' four weeks under your old picture of St. Peter's, and thought of you every morning when I woke and saw it looking down upon me. Emelyn had left me in Rome to finish my statue, and I stayed with Crawford for several weeks.

Robert Browning to Mr. Cranch

BAGNI DI LUCCA, August 25, 1853.

My dear Cranch (for you must let me think we have grown good and better friends all this time) — I am wholly at your mercy, I know. You wrote me the kindest of letters long ago, which gave me all the feelings you intended it should, do believe; but I delayed answering it as my foolish way is, till I set off for England. Then came other engagements, and calls on time and thought, — and see the result. I hardly know if I should dare to write but that Story undertakes that you shall forgive and be your very self of old. I don't make the excuse of having little to say or tell — you would bear with that. We went to London two years ago, then to Paris, thence returned to London, and now here we are since last autumn, that is, in Tuscany, and we shape our course for Rome this winter, and England again in the spring, if one dares look so far. On the whole we are in a somewhat livelier way than when you saw us, — go out now and then, and see a new friend from time to time. My wife's health is much improved — or her strength, at least — and our child (do you just remember the little beginning of a creature?) is, and always has been quite strong and well, a good gracious little fellow who makes the home ring with his laughter from morn to night. Story informs me you are well, you and yours; but you must go over all that ground again, and tell us how painting advances, and poetry, and

as much about yourself as your beneficence chooses. I know I have never once made a fresh American acquaintance that I did not question, the first thing, about you, and George Curtis, Willard, and Norton. "There are no better hearts on earth," as your and our Emerson says.

Since I saw you, we have known and parted with poor Margaret Fuller, so strangely and mournfully, but I won't write of it here — and now there is poor Greenough gone. Let us hold to what we have the faster.

You may think what a joy it was to have the Storys come over to us on the day after our arrival here. They are on the hill-top, — we house on the clefts of the rocks. We came in ignorance that they were in Tuscany. Now we see them daily, or nearly so, and our weeks go only too fleetly by, with them to speed them in this delightful place, — for such it is, spite of a clot of Dukes and Kings, — kinsmen who are sojourning here also. The beauty is more than they can spoil. You were never here, I think. Shall you never want to replenish your portfolio with fresh Italian studies, such as I remember to have filled it when I used to call on you in that old wrecked convent turned into the painters' nursery, — your room with that ghastly model of a horse? I have been in it since, and missed you exceedingly.

I shall let my wife finish this scrap, — all the limits of Story's letter allow, — but do believe, as if I had sufficiently expressed it, or attempted to express it, my true and entire remembrance of you and Mrs. Cranch, your kindness and sympathy. Keep all you can of them, my dear Cranch,

for yours ever very faithfully,

Robert Browning.

Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Cranch

My dear Mrs. Cranch: If ever you forgive us, which is possible though improbable on the whole, within the bounds of human nature, do tell us of the children. The sight of Mrs. Story's reminds me that I must not any longer think of them as babies, indeed even my own boy might suggest as much. Do you remember the small creature with fluent arms and legs? Now he has grown to be an *intelligence*, you are to understand. Blue eyes, light, long ringlets and a tendency to run in a way most like flying!

Try to believe that we have never forgotten any of you, nor are likely to forget you ever. The truth is, my husband is deep in the corruption of neglectful or procrastinating letter writing, and though I have cried in his ears as loud as conscience itself, he put off from one week to another, and from one month to another, writing the letter due to you, till he covered up his sin in the ashes of shame, and made up his mind never to *dare* to do it. Try to forgive him, for the sake of the regard to you and yours, under all offences.

You see we are back again in Italy, after a year and a half in Paris and London. Will you come back? Do you ever think of it, dream of it, long for it? Or are you caught up in the great whirlpool of American life, and stunned deaf to the music called Italy? For my part, absent or present, the tune of it sings on in my head. I liked Paris much, but the love of my Florence would not go out.

The Storys are looking in high force and as pleasant as ever. Indeed we grow closer, I think, and have to thank their affectionateness and agreeableness for much of our enjoyment here. Will you kiss your dear children for my

child and me? And will you both remember us with the affectionate thoughts we bear you?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

To Mrs. Stearns

FISHKILL LANDING, September 4, 1853.

You will be surprised to hear that I have concluded to go to Europe with wife and children, about the first of October. We propose to spend the winter in Paris, and perhaps go to Germany, and perhaps Italy in the spring. . . . Paris, I had a mere glimpse of, on my return from Italy. There is much to be seen and many advantages which an artist must derive from a residence there. Then the ease and comfort of living there will be a great thing for Lizzie, who is worn out with the cares of housekeeping and looking after the children.

I shall, of course, regret leaving America on many accounts, but I presume there will be ample compensation for all loss. A kind of fate draws us to Europe which it is vain to resist, as well as unwise. I only wish there were a little more time for preparation, and that it were earlier in the season. It is uncertain how long we shall remain abroad, that will depend upon circumstances, but certainly for a year.

I have just returned from a few weeks' sojourn at Niagara, and have brought home some useful studies and sketches. I have not time to tell you how charmed I was with the Falls, and with all the surrounding scenery. I was there fifteen years ago, for a day and a half, so it was all nearly new to me. . . .

I hope I may see you in New York before we sail; but I don't know yet how we shall go, but by steamer probably. I want, of course, to go as cheap as possible, consistently with comfort. Lizzie has the promise of an

invaluable nurse to go with us, a woman who offered to go herself.

I shall not have time to write to many of my friends before leaving. I cannot yet realize that we are going, the plan is such a sudden thing. But I shall not yet say good-bye to you.

CHAPTER XI

TEN YEARS IN EUROPE

THE Autobiography goes on: —

In October, 1853, we sailed for Europe from New York in the sailing ship Germania. W. H. Huntington[1] was a fellow-passenger. He became intimately acquainted with us, and during our long residence in Paris we were often together. He was a true friend, a man of sterling character, of a most lovable nature, and great mental originality. He was for many years a correspondent of the "New York Tribune."

We settled down in Paris, where we remained for nearly ten years. We found life very pleasant here, and a good many friends and acquaintances.

Among my artist friends were Story, Babcock, William Tiffany, Richard Greenough, Edward May, William

[1] William H. Huntington was a quaint character all made up of oddities, kindnesses, and good taste in art, which a residence of many years in Paris, where he was correspondent of the *New York Tribune* for nearly half a century, accentuated. At least twice a week the year round would he come to our domicile with a huge packet of *Tribunes*. His little "at homes" at 8 Rue de Boursault were sought after for many years by Americans who visited Paris. He had a collection of rare books and pictures which were very well worth seeing. His manner of entertaining was charming, so simple and individual. Upon invitation, Mrs. Cranch would take some teaspoons and teacups in her pocket and pour the tea. He would meet friends at the door, saying all the servants had gone into the country.

He established a Frenchwoman, Madame Busque, in a little shop where American specialties were sold. Baked beans, griddle cakes, and pumpkin pies were much sought after by her American *clientèle*. An American man or woman coming home, who had not been to his teas, had lost something by not meeting this quaint personality in his charming rooms. There was one corner of Paris unvisited.

Dana, Hamilton Wild, Paul Duggan, Emile Du Pont; among other friends — all Americans — were Mrs. Ogden Haggerty and her two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Turner Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw, Mrs. Sarah Russell, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Greene, Frank Boott, James Russell Lowell, Henry James, Sr., and his clever and attractive family, Thomas G. Appleton, and Peter Porter.

In the summer of 1855 we had in Paris a great Universal Exhibition in an immense building erected for the occasion on the Champs Élysées. The Department of Fine Arts contained works from most of the countries of Europe, and from the United States. My contribution was two pictures of Niagara, which were afterwards purchased by Mr. Russell Sturgis, of London. England was largely represented, and there was ample opportunity to compare the English pictures with those of the Continent, and especially with the French and Belgian; showing how far inferior they were to the latter.

And here I may as well say that during our stay in Paris I exhibited two or three times at the Salon. At one exhibition my picture, an "American Sunset," was hung on the line, though I knew no one on the Jury of Admittance. It was purchased by an American gentleman residing in Paris.

This summer was made memorable by many things.

My first acquaintance began with James Russell Lowell. We were together a good deal, and soon became friends. In the latter part of July, as he was going to England, he urged my accompanying him. The Storys were in London, and for a time I was their guest, and afterward Lowell's at his rooms. I saw something of London and the environs.

While in London I saw Mr. and Mrs. Browning again. Thackeray I also saw. I had met him at the Century

Club in New York. One evening at Russell Sturgis's, he invited Lowell, Story, and myself to dine with him at the Garrick Club. After dinner we adjourned to some rooms he called the "Cider-Cellar," which was not a cellar, but a quiet, comfortable parlor, somewhere in the neighborhood, where he ordered cigars and punch. Thackeray was then publishing "The Newcomes" in numbers. He asked us if we had seen the last number. We said we had not. "I should like," he said, "to read you a part of it." To which, of course, we eagerly assented. So he called the waiter and sent him out with a shilling, to get the last number.

When it arrived, he read to us for at least an hour. It was the last part where Colonel Newcome dies. His tones were very pathetic, and we were much interested. After we had expressed our pleasure, Lowell begged him for the number, as a souvenir. He had scarcely finished reading when a party of Bohemian fellows, artists and authors, I believe, came bounding in, and their loud talk and merriment grated harshly on the mood in which the reading had left us. . . . Tennyson's "Maud" was just out, and I remember one very pleasant morning with Story and Lowell, passed in reading it aloud. James Russell Lowell had just lost his wife and his voice trembled as he read "Maud" aloud to us.

For about two years I was correspondent of the "New York Evening Post."

In the autumn of 1857 we heard the sad news of the burning of the old De Windt homestead in Fishkill Landing. Hardly anything was saved. All our books, manuscripts, letters, and many things of value left in the garret for safe-keeping were consumed. Copley's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Colonel Smith, Mrs. De Windt's mother and the only daughter of John Adams, was destroyed.

Mr. Cranch describes the old De Windt homestead in the opening of his fairy story, "Burly-bones."

On one of the most beautiful and fertile farms that slopes up from the banks of our noble Hudson River, stood an old house in the old Dutch style, — a long, low building with steep gables and a piazza running nearly entirely around it, covered with creepers, roses, and honeysuckles. The house was surrounded and almost hid by tall, venerable locusts and large horse-chestnuts and a few weeping willows. Back of it was a large garden filled with flowers, vegetables, and fruit trees.

A magnificent double row of locusts, very old, formed an entrance to the place. The interlacing boughs were so close, and the stateliness of the trees so striking, that this was called "The Cathedral." "Locust Grove" was the name of the De Windt estate. This avenue gave it great distinction; and the Hudson River gliding by, and fine mountains on either side made a beautiful setting to the picturesque old house.

I made several visits of a few weeks at a time to Barbizon and the Forest of Fontainebleau, where I worked steadily at my brush out of doors. And delightful days they were, though I had little company besides Nature.

I also visited Switzerland in the summer of 1857 and 1858, but did not make very extensive tours in that region. I saw the Lake of Geneva and Mount Blanc from St. Martens. And on my second visit went to Interlachen, where I staid a week to get a clear view of the Jungfrau. It was in September. With two companions I walked across to Lake Lucerne, up the valley of the Lauterbrun-

nen, up the Wengern Alp and the Glacier of Grindelwald, making pencil sketches on the road. It was a charming tramp. But I had no time nor much inclination to ascend any of the slippery places of the Alps. I took such material as I could turn into pictures. I was but a poor painter going off to work, and hoping to bring back something fresh from Nature upon canvas. I was not bound for St. Gothard, or the Rigi, but only the Lake of Geneva and Vevay. I was prepared to deny myself. My prospectus was work, not fun. I had no scale like that of my friend Dives. I was like a man invited to hear the overture of a great opera or to view the façade of St. Peter's. . . .

Well, I will hear and see what I can. I will imagine how the great men and women sing, or how the wondrous golden dome looks to the devotees.

So here I am *en route* for the overture to "William Tell" and the vestibule of the great church whose aisles are the grand, dim, precipitous gorges, whose altars are the green glaciers, and whose mountain columns are capitalled with snow and domed over with the divine frescoes of clouds, sunshine, stars, and moonlight.

The following are extracts from the Journal: —

It is six o'clock in the morning. I am leaving the streets of Paris behind, Monsieur Chiffonier, and you are so busy there looking over that dust-pile of cabbage leaves and scraps of paper and ends of cigars, that you don't seem aware that I am passing by in a sumptuous *voiture de place* with a big trunk a-top and my passport in my pocket and money in my purse: and pretty soon your dusty Paris, with all its crowds, from ragpicker to Emperor, who bake and sizzle along the bitumen pavements, will be far behind, and the snow-capped Alps in sight.

And to my surprise they were in sight much sooner than I expected. That is, as I was flying along on the railroad (Chemin-de-fer de Lyon) nearing Macon, if I had not known in which direction to look for my snow-capped grandees, and if the atmosphere had not been particularly clear, I might have mistaken what I saw, far off on the dim horizon, for a bank of luminous cloud. And indeed for some time I had my doubts. I prayed inwardly that they might not crumble into air. The sun was nearly setting. I watched this rosy, distant vision with straining eyes. Only stay, dear Alps, do not fade away, don't let my first glimpse of your distant glories prove an unsubstantial pageant! I turned to a young Frenchwoman in the car, and said, "Voilà Mont Blanc!" She took it rather stupidly. If I had said, "There is your stopping-place," some lonely little station where she was to get out, she would have been ten times more excited.

To me the distant, dreamy vision was a delicious glimpse of the Delectable Mountains. I could see now, they did not melt away. I could trace the solid mountain forms. And as they disappeared in the lowering gray, I was content to bid them good-night, for I should soon see them more nearly.

The railroad ride was long and hot, and I was glad to put up for the night at a cool, quiet inn at Macon. My windows opened to the east on the Saône, and I left them open. It was a warm night. Early in the morning, — it could n't have been more than four o'clock, — I was gratified and somewhat surprised to see on the extreme horizon for the second time His Majesty the Monarch of Mountains. But now he was dark against the red morning sky.

Before the sun rose he had withdrawn. I have had a

third view of his head and shoulders, and a very near view, at Geneva. Since that I have lost sight of him. He was one of the Cremonas in my overture, in fact he led the orchestra, as he should have done.

On the 16th a railroad took me as far as a place called Seyssel on the frontier of Savoy. At a place called Ambérieu the mountains commence, and from here all the way to Seyssel I and my two car-companions, a bearded, silent Frenchman and a social Sister of Charity, were rushing from one side of the car to the other, breaking our necks to look up at the craggy and savage mountains overhead. It was a wild, lonely, uninhabited-looking region through which we passed. The villages were few, and all looked as if the inhabitants had deserted for fear of the toppling crags overhead.

I went to Geneva, Morge, Lausanne, Vevay, and was several days at St. Martens, near Mont Blanc. Here I had uninterrupted views of the magnificent snow-peaks, of which I made accurate drawings and some attempt at the wondrous colors at sunset. . . .

September 11. Sent off baggage to the Post for Lucerne, and with two companions, both Americans, set off on our foot-journey over the mountains — up Lauterbrunnen Valley. Made a sketch of the approach to the valley, a very fine scene. Enormous cliffs overhead — waterfalls and mountain-streams in abundance. Saw the Staubbach, a wonderful fall, a veil or scarf of water fringed with spray, falling some eight hundred feet, and spilling itself in the air. Heard for the second time the Alpine horn and the echoes. Started for the Wengern Alp. Luckily a stout boy named Ulrich offered to carry our packs all the way up the mountain to the Jungfrau Hotel for two francs. It was fortunate we did not attempt to carry them ourselves, for the climbing was difficult. We

had three hours of it, and a hot afternoon sun. Slept at the Jungfrau Hotel, a quiet, clean Bauernhaus. A pretty daughter of the host waited on the table. Saw a fine avalanche, and heard avalanches thundering in the night. Awfully grand was the gigantic Jungfrau opposite, with its neighbors the Mönch and Eiger, filling one half the horizon and looming up in solitary grandeur with their eternal snows: the sky perfectly cloudless: and those inaccessible heights seemed so near, as if we could almost touch them. Far below the Lauterbrunnen Valley lay dusky and mysterious. Not a sound to be heard, save now and then the thunders of the avalanches from the mountains.

September 13. Walked over the Scheideck and down to Meyringen. The Alpine horn near the Wetterhorn was wonderful. The echoes sent back from the steep precipices were unearthly. Sometimes there came three distinct echoes, that kept up a blended harmony, like an organ or band of instruments. The boy who blew the horn had two small cannon to discharge. He fired off one for eight sous. It was like a tremendous clap of thunder. All the Alps seemed to reverberate in one long peal. We slept at Meyringen, a lovely valley, abounding in waterfalls.

September 14. A long day's walk to Alpnacht on Lake Lucerne. After climbing the Brunig, and descending a very steep path, our way lay over a very level country with a good carriage-road by the lakes of Lungern and Sarnen. At Gyswil we lunched at a pleasant *auberge*, where I saw in the hotel book the name of Calame. . . . Sketched on Lake Sarnen. Got to Alpnacht in time for the boat to Lucerne. The sunset and clouds were glorious. . . . I think I prefer Lucerne to all the Swiss towns I have seen.

Again, from the Autobiography: —

The winter of 1858–59 I spent in Rome, alone. I took a room with a studio in the Via Sistina and was pretty busy through the winter. I saw a good deal of the Storys, and found a good many pleasant American acquaintances. Hawthorne and his family were there and the Motleys, and the Brownings. I enjoyed the winter, except that I was separated from my family. I returned to Paris in the spring.

In 1860 I visited Venice and made the most of my time by sketching busily, gaining material for a good many pictures afterwards painted. It is needless to say how fascinated I was with the place.

Before leaving Paris I called with Lizzie at the studio of M. Felix Ziem, an artist celebrated for his seaports and especially his Venetian views, which we greatly admired. He kindly gave me the address of the person in whose house he had rooms in Venice. In this house I secured lodgings. It was on the Riva dei Schiavoni, fronting the harbor, where I could sketch directly from my window. . . .

An extract from a sad and beautiful letter from W. W. Story telling of the loss of his little son, and the long, dangerous illness of his daughter.

Velletri, March, 1854.

Your two very kind letters came to me two months ago, while at the sick-bed of little Edith. And at the sick-bed of little Edith I write my answer. What a winter we have had — of grief and anxiety! . . . I pray God that you and Lizzie may never know the suffering we have had. We returned to Rome in November, and all were particularly well and happy. Never had life seemed to

open so fair a prospect to us, and we looked forward to the future with glad hearts, but we are now crushed and maimed forever. . . . When I think of that mound under the pyramid of Caius Cestius, my heart is fain to break. Everything revives recollections, which are pangs, and I cannot enjoy the beauty of it any longer. Were it not for the Faith, the blind faith of something hereafter better, I should go mad. But if this world were all, it would be devil's work, and the utter incompleteness of everything here points its sure finger to a better hereafter. What service this terrible suffering is to render me, I cannot see, but I have faith that all is for the best, somehow, though I know not how.

Dear little Joe was well, gay, full of spirits, scurrying around me in play on Monday, and on Wednesday the peace of death was on his little face. How serene it looked. As I gazed on it, I envied that exquisite repose. I did not dare to wish him back. No one can know what he was to us. A purer, more spotless soul, I do not believe was ever on this earth. I always owned him with trembling. I always felt that he did not belong to us, for there was something strange about him which never belonged to Earth's children. Dear little boy! I know no thought ever bubbled up into his mind that was not divine, and this earth never brushed the spirit dust from off his soul. He used to go with Emelyn to the English cemetery to strew flowers over the green grave of little Walter Lowell,[1] and one day, returning, he looked up with those large, sweet eyes and said: "Mamma when shall you bring me here to lie down with little Walter and be an angel, for you know you must some day?" Well! Well! He at least is spared from what we suffer, and I often think of the words of Jeremy Taylor (I think the words

[1] The youngest child of James Russell Lowell.

are Taylor's), — "He who has lost a child has cast an anchor in Heaven." . . .

To his brother Edward

PARIS, April 30, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

. . . It hardly seems possible that nearly six months have passed since we arrived at Paris. Well, I have had my ups and downs, my "glees and my glooms." The winter has not been altogether *couleur de rose*, but on the whole a happy and pleasant one. Life is a curious mixture of gladness and sadness; of sufferings and anxieties, with a family of young children, and very little to spend — sometimes forced to borrow money — and no orders, and little hopes of any. One must be of good stuff to be always merry.

I will now answer some of the questions which you would put to me, if you were with me. How do you like Paris? I like it much; that is, we find here everything we need for comfort and convenience in living, and everything, with a few exceptions, cheaper than in New York; often very much cheaper. Those who talk of the expensiveness of Paris, have spoken from their experience at hotels and furnished apartments, as well as a too brief acquaintance of the shops, and a too limited knowledge of the French language. Foreigners are always imposed upon, but when one gets into the way of things, and takes some pains to find out the just prices, one is treated better. Had we known as much as we do now, during the first month we were here, we might have saved a good deal of money. After six months' experience we are finding out the *savoir-faire*.

For an artist, Paris is the very place, at least for study; that I am convinced of. In the first place, all artist's

materials are much cheaper and better than with us. I include in this everything that an artist needs, from a studio down to engravings, colors, and drawing pencils. Then he has the Louvre, which he can enter at any time, and if he chooses study and copy in. Then he sees all around him, as good specimens of contemporaneous art as can anywhere be found, to say nothing of architecture, gardens, fountains, statues, engravings, lithographs, photographs, casts from life and the antique, etc., etc.

The general effect of Paris, taken through an artist's eye, and into an artist's brain, is to educate that eye and brain, as our American life cannot. I don't mean that an artist, or anyone else who is American, should pass his days here. But a year or two of study here, must be vastly beneficial to a man whose sphere is to be art, and whose aim is improvement.

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

London, July 19, 1855.

. . . J. R. L. writes that you and he went to see Beethoven. Are the bronzes finished? How I wish he and you and I could have been there together; but James has just written to me saying that he will come over to old, smoky London, and by George, will go to the Tabard Inn and the Mermaid Tavern. Why don't you come over too? Here is Browning just about to publish, and Lytton enjoying his laurels. The laurel is a poison plant. And we dined together a couple of days ago at John Forster's with Boxall and Peter Cunningham, and had a jovial time up to twelve of the clock.

The streets look dark and smoky, after Paris, and it seems as if the houses had been moved down of their tops, they are so low and uncorniced. The parks are grand lungs. The people are a funny, canty set of shaven, pious

people, but honest and conscientious. The women are far prettier than I had remembered them, perhaps from contrast with the Parisians. All of them are fresh in color and blooming. A good many fine beasts and a band at the *Theological* Gardens, as Edie used to call them. . . . Lord Palmerston savage and in the impotence of age, Dizzy shooting Parthian arrows that sting, and Sir Edward Lytton making elaborate speeches after his ground has been knocked from under him, are really worth seeing. It is very interesting and very admirably arranged.

I saw your "Nahant" at Sturgis's the other day. It looked very well and they are delighted with it. The rocks, as I said, looked really rocky. . . . We eat and drink with numbers of people, despite the lateness of the season.

From a letter describing the writer's first sight of London, whither his friend, James Russell Lowell, had taken him: —

To Mrs. Cranch

London, July 26, 1855.

. . . We arrived yesterday afternoon about half-past four. We came by the Thames and not by Folkestone, as I expected. . . . London, coming up the *Tems*, looks almost exactly as I expected, and so has everything else that I have seen, except that the houses are blacker and the air smokier than I imagined.

We came directly to Bulstrode Street, where we found a cordial welcome from the Storys. It is a very quiet part of the city, looking very like Boston, except the aforesaid blackness of the houses. I have a little room of Story's on the fourth floor, which they insisted on my occupying, and on my being their guest. I remonstrated, but in vain.

About eight o'clock we all went to dine at Russell Sturgis's. Everything was in grand style. We were received in the entry (you must know the houses are all arranged precisely like American houses), by five or six magnificent serving-men in livery. Then we were ushered up a great carpeted stairway into the large drawing-room, where a dozen other guests were assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis were very agreeable and looked very handsome. No less than sixteen persons sat down to dinner, and were served, course after course, by the resplendent servants, headed by the most gentlemanly of black-coated and white-chokered butlers. Beside Mrs. Sturgis there were three other ladies. All seemed to be English except our party. . . .

This morning after breakfast, Greenough, the sculptor, came in, much to the surprise of the Storys and of Lowell. He is going soon to Paris where he intends residing, for a time at least. . . . The Storys are laying out a programme of places to be visited — even Stonehenge and Stratford are talked of. . . .

James Russell Lowell to Mr. Cranch

No. 1 Bulstrode St.,
Tuesday. (August, 1855.)

Here is a letter which I doubt would not have prolonged your furlough and my pleasure. You were quite right to go — otherwise I should have begged you to stay longer. It is good to have a conscience, but not to let it tie so many knots in one's face. I am very glad I have had a chance of knowing you a little, and am a little vexed that you should have thought it necessary to give me the little sketch, though, Trusty Christopher, I value it highly. Browning was sorry not to see you last evening, and expressed the value he set upon you. Said I, "He is

an oyster — you have to open him with a knife — but then there is not only meat in him but a pearl also." Said Browning, "Yes, quite true — and he has *a fine beard* too," which I thought good.

I am astounded to find myself writing to you — but God bless you! Good-bye.

Affectionately yours,
JACOPO BARBAROSSA.

To Mrs. Stearns

PARIS, August 10, 1855.

. . . Since I left America, life has gone on with me pretty evenly, with its usual ups and downs. As to my success, I get on about as usual, neither better nor worse. I scratch along, sometimes very miserable and sometimes very merry. Somehow I find fewer sympathizing souls than I used to. But I find them here and there. William Story has been a good, constant and warm-hearted friend, and congenial to all my tastes. And lately I have become quite intimate with James Russell Lowell, to whom I have formed a strong attachment. I went over to England the other day with him and had two weeks there which I enjoyed very much. On my return I found a son[1] born into my family; a fine boy, whose appearance on this planet I did not look for within a week or two to come. This young family makes me feel sometimes very old. If I allowed myself to think of my responsibilities as a father, I should be quite overburdened with anxious thought. The truth is, I try not to think of the future, but let the present flow into what moulds I can. That is, when it can be moulded. . . .

In London I saw Browning several times, and Thackeray, with whom I dined, with Story and Lowell, at the

[1] Quincy Adams Cranch.

Garrick Club. . . . Browning is about publishing a new volume — or rather two volumes — of poems. I look for them very eagerly. He is, in my opinion, the great poet of the day. I don't know any one teeming with such rich life and thought as Browning.

Tennyson has a new volume out, called "Maud." It contains beautiful things.

As for my humble self, — not that I put myself beside these high singers, — I write scarcely anything. But I live in hopes of doing something worth publishing some day. If I publish, I shall make a severe selection of my poems probably, for the older I grow, the more rigorous a critic I become.

Last winter I wrote a child's story called "The Last of the Huggermuggers," about a good giant, which, if it is ever published, will, I think, amuse you and your children. I illustrated it, and drew the designs on wood for the engraver. It is now in the hands of G. W. Curtis, who is trying to get a publisher for it. I should like you to see it. It is amusing, with some pathos at the end. Poor Georgie always cried at the last part of it. . . .

Mr. Cranch had the sorrow of losing his father at this time. He was deeply grieved to learn of the death of Judge Cranch, at Washington, September 1, 1855.

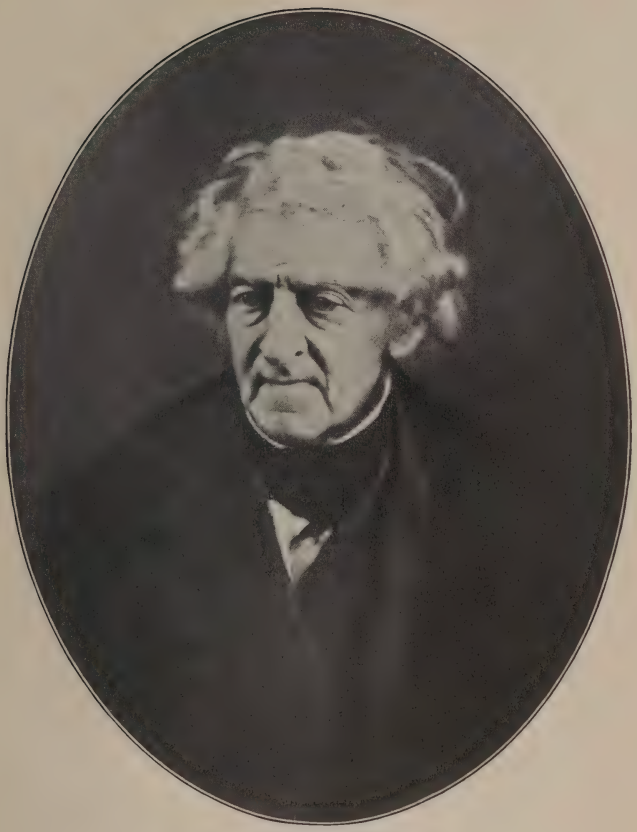
James Russell Lowell to Mr. Cranch

DRESDEN, October 4, 1855.

It was a very great pleasure to receive a letter from you and especially so cordial a one. I should have written sooner, but I have hitherto been taken up altogether with doing nothing, that is, either my niece or nephew wanted all the time I did not give to my sister. They are all gone

to Italy now, and I am left here by myself to vanquish those hundred-headed hydras — German sentences. It is a death grapple, and I don't know yet which will win. It is very droll to be a schoolboy again, and of the lowest form too. I think of getting a jacket and satchel — in moments of temporary enthusiasm I dream of tops and balls and marbles. My own private opinion is that the German was the *Ursprache* or original tongue, and that the confusion of Babel (for which *Gott sei Dank!* since to that I owe my title of Professor) arose from the fact that several right-minded and independent Patriarchs, having reached middle life — say one hundred and fifty years, and without being able to express themselves with any tolerable facility, and having children enough, with their mammas, to make a strong diversion, resolved not to submit any longer, and so each set up a language of his own, as a man sets up a coach when he can afford it instead of going any longer in the omnibus, and drove off, each his own way, in his private vehicle of thought. That sentence is almost as long and almost as intricate as that of a German philosopher, but perhaps you can fish out the idea. I am reading the "Æsthetische Forschungen" of Adolf Zeising, — a good book, by the way, — and I go to work on a paragraph as folks do in those French eating-houses where one pays a sou for a dive in the caldron. The dictionary is my *forchettone* and I plunge and replunge my weapon at a venture, sometimes spearing nothing, and sometimes getting a waterlogged potato, and sometimes, also, a bit of truly nourishing meat.

I am very well off here, indeed, in a very kind family and with a *uomo distinto*, as they say in Italy, that is, a very distinct man — learned, simple, and queer. It is delightful to see him and his wife together after a marriage of thirty-six years, — she so proud of him and call-



JUDGE WILLIAM CRANCH

ing him her *liebste* August, as if they were betrothed lovers still, and he whimsically and abstractedly affectionate like a great, tender-hearted bear who has acquired a mechanical habit of endearing manners. I have a pleasant room on the ground floor *qui donne sur un petit jardin* by a large glass door. I think I shall stay here till March. I like Dresden well enough. There are very pleasant walks, the theatre is excellent, and the gallery a fine one. The famous Correggios as usual disappointed me, except the Magdalen which is a charming little picture. The others are confusion and bosh. The "Tribute Money" of Titian is wonderful — and — what I was not prepared for, the head of Christ is the noblest by far I have ever seen, — tender with a kind of foreboding sorrow, and strong at the same time with subdued self-reliance. In the great Madonna, the *expression* of the mother and the child is truly divine — otherwise, the picture is meagre in color, and the secondary figures are comparatively poor, merely subserving the pyramidal design of the picture and the distribution of color and not to be looked at more than as a frame of a concordant shape would be. There is also the finest Claude I have ever seen, and a truly beautiful Madonna of Holbein. The Gallery is strong also in the Dutch school — a set of fellows who had admirable powers of expression with nothing to express.

One of my pleasantest experiences has been a visit to old Retzsch who showed us his portfolio with the delight of a child and quite as if it were the work of somebody else. There were some charming things in it, and it was very sweet to me that I could press the hand that had given me so much delight when I was younger and happier. R. has quite lost his mind, but there is nothing painful in his condition which is rather childlike than childish.

The little landscape you gave me stands opposite as I write on the top of my writing table and looks as brilliant as ever. I like to see it and to be reminded of you and of our London days together. I shall see you again in the spring, I hope, on my return from Spain. I do nothing but study German and Spanish, and have to use French as my dragoman, so that English will before long be a strange tongue to me. . . .

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

BOSTON, December 24, 1855.

A little work was published here on Saturday by Phillips and Sampson entitled "The Last of the Huggermuggers," of which there were nine hundred copies sold at five o'clock of the afternoon of the same day. The newspapers speak highly of this latest literary production and it seems to be quite a hit. P. & S. say that it is to sell very well and that, were the holidays a little further off, they would easily have sold ten thousand. Critics in the public prints speak of the elegant manner in which the book is got up, and I found on going to the shop to procure a copy that they did not deceive the world. A more beautifully "got up" book has not issued from the press. The illustrations are very well cut, and the letter press is beautiful. A group of little children "might have been seen" (G. P. R. James) last night gathered around it and wrapped up in the profoundest interest — and by this time I have no doubt that, all over the city, groups may be seen in similar attitudes — and that on Tuesday night it will hang from Christmas Trees and lie everywhere about on tables done up in blank paper tied with a blue or red cord, and bearing the superscription of some little child with the words "a merry Christmas" underscored.

. . . We have had charming weather thus far, and al-

though we are all parched up and absolutely kiln-dried with the furnaces which abound, we get along well enough — when we can get an ounce of air to breathe. No snow to speak of as yet. Thackeray has been delivering his lectures, which are easy, light, genial pictures of manners and men in the reign of the Georges. But the public don't find them sad and hard and heavy enough. If a light easy curricle comes to the door of the American mind to take it on an airing and give it a glimpse at the landscape and a breath of fresh air, the American mind snuffs up its nose and considers itself insulted. It says, Why not cart me in a load of the stones which are on your landscape or of coals which are underground, or of the forest after it is cut down and well sawed, and dump it at my door; that would be worth something. So although there are who like these lectures of Thackeray, because they are so genial and pleasant and satiric, — there is sour enough to make good punch, — Ticknorville aghast somewhat at the lightness says, "Does Thackeray think it worth while to come over the ocean to talk such light talk to us? What different lectures were those of Sir Charles Lyell on Geology! He gave us information of value." Yes, dearest Cranchibus, it is information of value we seek; we scorn to be pleased. However, go not away with the idea that Thackeray has not succeeded. He has filled his pockets, for people had to go in order to criticise. . . .

You would laugh or weep, as the case might be, to behold me here, in the little back room of Little & Brown, hard at work all day, and up to my ears in the law. Think of this — within the last nine months I have written some four hundred printed pages of law to be added to the fourth edition of my book on "Contracts." Did you say "Pegasus im poche" — for I thought I heard you whisper, "Law flourishes, but art is dead." Are the vines

dying all over the world? If Pegasus kicks up in harness, and free for a moment in letters, cuts Didos, — as pious Æneas, or any ass may, — forgive him. He has to go back to the plough, and have a hard pull of it too. The subject upon which I enter to-day is "Legal tender" which I shall find sufficiently tough, doubtless.

No poetry for me yet, but I have vague ideas of publishing a book of verses yet; *ma chè sa?* Life is so gritty and the wheels jar and squeak so here, that there is little music in them. Speaking of music, there is good music here in the way of quartette and orchestra, and with allowances all goes well; only there is the greatest bigotry in respect of the German school, and there are two cliques — one Italian and one German, who fight all day long, and one American headed by Fry and Bristow who pitch generally into every one and strike out right and left, every fight being a free fight. Oh, little Peddlington, how charming are thy ways!

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

BOSTON, April 18, 1856.

I have only a minute and a half to write to you, but I have a matter of moment to communicate and will not let the steamer go without it. I have promised on your behalf to Phillips, Sampson & Co. that you will write them another story with illustrations of about the length of "Huggermugger," and send it to them in July. So bestir your stumps.

Now I am going to advise you. Take it kindly, for it is so meant. Your "Huggermugger" was a considerable success in certain quarters, but your friends did not think it up to your mark. We all know that you can do much better if you choose to put your energies to work; and now you must do so. You must invent a new story, and

tell it in a livelier and sharper way. Make the sentences tingle. Don't get lazy over it, and think it will do itself. Brace up your faculties, and think you touch gold thereby. Here is a chance and a field for you. "Take the instant way" and don't let the golden apple slip through your hands. I pray you on my knees, oh! Cranch, wake up to this and do it well. Put as much *fun* as possible into it. Be *gay!* You have got humor and *we* know it. Now dig it up and send it over to us in lumps. Be *lively* at least in your story, and set about it to-morrow. Don't begin till you have settled all your plot in your mind; and if you can, let it hold a double story, an internal one and an external one, as Andersen's do, so that the wiseacres shall like it as well as the children. Read "The Little Tin Soldier" of Andersen's, "The Ugly Duckling," "The Emperor's New Clothes." You *can* do this and you *must.* Your "Huggermugger" is a little too lachrymose and it is n't *new* enough. Still, it has had success. . . . Now, having made an entering wedge, split open the log. You see the thing is worth while. Had the book been given to Phillips, Sampson & Co. six weeks earlier, all the edition would have been sold at once during the holidays. So you must be beforehand with this new work, and the publishers must have it by the end of July, *certainly.* You must make the illustrations, and be sure to draw them carefully. There is my advice. I have only your good at heart. You have made your pedestal — now put your statue on it.

I shall probably see you in the latter part of June. We have taken our passages for the 18th to Liverpool by the Arabia. But your work must be done, or nearly done then. Now don't delay.

Your Fontainebleau picture, which Shaw has, was liked very much by Kensett and Tom Appleton. They

think you have made a great push ahead. Study, you rascal, and do yourself justice!

To his brother Edward

PARIS, September 14, 1856.

I was just thinking of writing to you when your letter came. You have n't written me very often, nor I you. But I had a dream the other night, which gave me a jog, and I will tell it to you. It was so vivid that I got up in the night and wrote it down; not that there's anything in it to tell, but it was so beautiful in the dreaming, that I determined to pin it down, like a butterfly, and send it to you. We were playing a duet on our flutes. The tune was as distinct as if I heard it, every note. It was our old air, the "Yellow-Haired Laddie." Our flutes were in splendid order, and we played the tune over and over, as if practising it, with innumerable embellishments, trills, and cadences, keeping exactly together even in the very length and smoothness of the trills; sometimes you, sometimes I, taking the second. I thought that we both felt considerable satisfaction in our performance. We talked of the Boehm flute, but preferred our own old-fashioned ones. I was just on the point of proposing that we should publish a book of our tunes with our own arrangements, when I woke, with the music vibrating in my ear. I lay awake some time thinking it over. Then I said to myself, I must write to Edward and send him my dream. Has n't it too a spiritual significance? Though time and distance have parted us for years, are we not always brothers as we have ever been? How seldom we write to each other now! and yet was there ever from boyhood up a cold or unkind word between us! and did not our souls unite and harmonize as perfectly as our flutes did?

. . . Last June I sent over another story, a continuation

of the "Huggermuggers," which is much better in subject, style, and in the designs. Phillips & Sampson are much delighted with it, and say no expense will be spared to make it the most splendid book ever published in Boston. This is pleasant and encouraging. . . .

The following are extracts from the Journal.

BARBIZON, October 25, 1856.

Barbizon is a little village situated on the verge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. It consists of one single street, about half a mile long, on the right and left of which are little one or two story, stone houses, inhabited chiefly by peasants. Some of them are picturesque, the straw being covered with rich green moss. They are of the rudest construction, and mostly old, and the court yards in front of them are beautifully ornamented with dung hills, straw, wood piles, carts, barrows, and other farming apparatus. Where the gravel walk should be conducting from the outer gate to the cottage, is usually a domestic lake, or puddle, through which you are expected to walk, as the geese do, to the door, if you have anything to say to the occupant, unless you prefer the soft carpeting of straw and manure on either side, where the chickens, turkeys, and all manner of poultry pick and scratch for a living. One or two little flower gardens I have seen and some attempt at neatness and ornament, for there are two or three artists of some reputation who live in Barbizon; but I think these innovators on dirt, disorder, and ignorance must be looked upon as the aristocrats of the village.

Barbizon has been for some time the resort of artists, who come down here to study and paint in the magnificent Forest of Fontainebleau. There are two hotels or taverns in the place: Gauvé's and Vannier's. The former seems to be the most popular at present with the brothers

of the brush. Formerly Vannier's had the preference, and the *salle-à-manger* is handsomely adorned with paintings on the walls by various artists who have been guests there. I cannot say anything about Gauvé's tavern, as I have never stayed there.

Of my life here, I shall give a sketch. I arrive after sundown, a chilly October evening. I am welcomed by Madame Vannier, a good-looking young peasant woman dressed in the costume of the country, the first peculiarity of which, though it is a costume, common I believe, to all the country towns around Paris, is a handkerchief wrapped all around the head and entirely concealing the hair. Madame Vannier would be better looking still if her hair could be seen. But it seems as if all the country women, and even the little girls, are forbidden to show their hair — as if it were something to be ashamed of.

I dine very simply, smoke my pipe or cigar, and read a little over a few reluctant brands in the deep fire-place of the *salle-à-manger* and retire at 9 o'clock, the fashionable hour here for so doing. But as I am going to journalize I must begin with the day. I rise early then and breakfast on *café-au-lait*, toast and butter. Then I get my painting box in order, and strap it over my back; shoulder my bundle composed of painting umbrella and *pique*, stool and easel, and receive from Madame Vannier my *pochon* — a sack containing my lunch or second breakfast, which I hang on my shoulder. Thus accoutred I tramp to the fields. Arriving at the spot chosen for my day's or morning's work, I unpack umbrella, easel, stool, and *pochon* and set to work. At 12 or 1, I lunch. My second breakfast consists of a hunch of dry bread, a piece of meat, a scrap of cheese or sausage, salt, a pear, and a half bottle of sour wine. But what a glorious appetite one has working out of doors! The plainest fare has a relish unknown

to the dweller at home. After lunch a cigar or pipe, and then work again, or else roam about in search of subjects, or to study the trees and rocks, till near sundown, when I return to my inn.

But now comes the prosaic, and by no means enlivening, part of the day. At present I happen to be alone here. So I have to fall upon my own resources, to lighten the slow dull hours till bed time. There is a considerable difference between life out of doors, and life in doors here. I come back to a cold room; a cold *salle-à-manger*, with cold brick floors, and dinner not ready. About six it comes on table. A huge loaf of dry bread, a bottle of sour wine, pewter spoons and forks. Then first, soup — poor enough — often a *soupe maigre*, or a *soupe à l'oseille*, with lots of bread soaked in it; then boiled meat; then a roast, or a cutlet, some vegetable — either potatoes or cauliflower, and I remember twice having one artichoke. We are put on allowance — always enough to be sure, but never anything left over. For dessert always one bunch of grapes. Once, when there were four of us, we had each four bad walnuts apiece. O! I forgot the salad! We have that, and Chevon always dresses it, whether we want it or not, for he said, otherwise it would appear again, the same salad, to-morrow. After dinner comes the luxury of a fire to warm our shivering limbs. But what a fire! We always had to ask for it, and when it came, it was always two or three cat-sticks or twigs, and one chunk of asbestos; and the evening was divided between our pipes, and punching and blowing this unwilling and sulking fire. When the cat-sticks burned out, all was over with it. Never did I see such wood! It must have been artificially prepared and warranted not to ignite. Over and over the chunk was turned, like an uneasy sleeper, on its bed of ashes and dull coals; but no flame could be got out of it.

Then the tallow candles gave us some occupation, as they required to be snuffed every five minutes. And so, with punching the asbestos chunk, and drinking the remainder of our sour wine, and lighting fresh pipes, the long evening wore away.

Now, being alone, it is longer than ever. The bedchamber is as cold and cheerless as below stairs; brick floor, and not a rag of a carpet or rug to stand on, before getting into bed. No furniture but a chair and a table. Cold, coarse linen sheets; sometimes dampish — but I blew up Madame about that — no woollen blankets, and the bed so short that I have to lie diagonally and dream transversely. In the morning I wash myself in a basin of the size of a breakfast plate, and I wipe myself on a cotton towel the size of a napkin, and tie my cravat at a glass six inches by three and one half, an aggravating glass too, which distorts my face horribly, and makes me look like four or five ugly men caricatured.

The country people here seem to be of the roughest sort: sordid, close, ignorant, superstitious, coarse, loud-tongued, unmusical and altogether of the earth earthy. When they converse, they scream at each other, like geese. The talk of the men is like the barking of dogs. That of the women like the screaming of peacocks, and such lungs! Madame Vannier is one of the most refined of them, I dare say. But Madame is a *jeune avare*, thinks of nothing but francs and sous, and how to save and scrimp. Two tallow candles for one person would horrify her; more than three cat-sticks and one asbestos, or gutta percha chunk on the fire, would greatly astound her. The other day she begged me to give notice the day before I went away, because otherwise the extra meat that was provided was wasted.

. . . *Friday evening.* The last day of October. I am

Madame V.'s Looking Glass.

Barbizon Oct. 1856.

still here, working hard all day in the Forest and spending my evenings alone. I am getting so that I cannot speak a sentence in French straight. I have forgotten how my own voice sounds. Moreover, I was so foolish as to bring hardly any books. I can't write. The room is too cold, and my wits grow torpid for want of stimulus. I told Madame Vannier, this evening, that I thought I should leave to-morrow. She said she had bought a quantity of meat, and that I must stay to eat it, and not go till Monday. . . . The weather has been splendid: cold and frosty in the mornings, but under the shelter of the rocks I can work comfortably. The color of the trees is at its finest; not equal, of course, to our American October, but fine for Europe. My spot for studies is where I have been painting, on the rocky side of the Pavé or Grande Route, next the open space where the oaks are. Here you have a specimen of everything for which the Forest is characteristic. Fine oaks, beeches, and birches. Rocks covered with moss and lichens, interspersed with trees, and piled up on the hillside in wild and savage grandeur. And a pleasant, sheltered spot it is these cold days. Then it is near the great road where travellers and artists frequently pass, which prevents it from being too lonely. And the distance is about a pleasant walk from Barbizon. The trees are full of red squirrels; it is a pleasant sight to see them passing up and down the trunks, and from the boughs of one tree to another. Over the woods of the Bas Breau, on the other side the road, the crows scream themselves hoarse, and at night the owls hoot dismally.

This reminds me of the night of the eclipse a few weeks ago, when I heard three owls, as I walked through the Forest with some artists. It was a splendid moonlight when we started. None of us knew of the eclipse. Very soon I discovered that a piece of her ladyship was over-

shadowed by the earth. We were on our way through the Gorge d'Apremont. As we descended the valley, a fog lay below, with precisely the appearance of a lake. We walked down to the *Dormoir*, and around through the woods to the Pavé. How solemn it was in the Forest! In some places almost pitch dark, and the faint eclipse light falling here and there in dim white patches — unearthly and mysterious. Beethoven's moonlight sonata describes it better than anything I can write. We had a long walk of it and returned late to Barbizon.

I wonder if Madame Vannier's meat will spoil, if I leave to-morrow.

In his usual unselfish way, Mr. Curtis writes a long letter regarding Mr. Cranch's business affairs, in which the writer was untiringly helpful, before announcing the most important of personal news.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

STATEN ISLAND, December 28, 1856.

. . . For the "Pegasus" I shall have difficulty in finding a publisher. The Boston men decline it, and the New Yorkers eschew poetry. My advice is to let it lie, and to write Christmas stories. By and by there will be half a dozen, — a set, each helping all, and all each. Your name thus becomes associated with the holidays. Children will think of Santa Claus and Cranch as brothers. If they see you they will fancy they see him. The two stories you have published have been a decided success. My criticism would be that there must be a little more definite result. Children require the pot of peace in which the hero and the heroine are to live and die happily.

And of all things, use me. Let me contract and do the work. One man on the spot is worth twenty in Paris.

And so, put another Christmas story on the stocks and go to work of evenings upon your acquaintance with Couture and the rest.[1] And if you don't know them, go and be introduced and see; for the point is to have the account a personal experience.

. . . Your last letter, November 10, came into my hands upon my wedding day, and even as I stood robed and ready for the happiness that was waiting. There had been a chilly storm all the day before and night, but about nine in the morning of the 26th of November, June came back again, — the windows and doors were open. There might have been roses upon the lawn, as there were in the cheeks of my bride, and in the softest summer sunshine and among a few of our nearest and dearest, your letter in my pocket all the time, to represent you and Lizzie, — we were married. Perhaps there was never a wedding with so little cloud, and if *I* can blow it off, there will never be any more in the married life than there was in the marrying.

Mr. Cranch to his sister, Mrs. Eliot

PARIS, November 12, 1857.

I can't let slip so good an opportunity of writing to you, if only a line. Miss C. leaves in a few days, and as she has seen us all, she will be able to tell you of our welfare. I hope your health does not suffer, nor the spirits you used to enjoy in the old times, when we were together. And how is William's health, and have you suffered pecuniarily by the *Crise*, which is upsetting everybody's pot and kettle in Christendom? That's the absorbing topic now, here, as well as in America. A friend of mine writes from New York in the Oriental style that the end of the world

[1] Mr. Curtis had begged his friend to write a letter about the studios and the artists of Paris for *Putnam's Magazine*.

is at hand. Do you remember the old story of the "Rope that began to hang the Butcher, and the Butcher that began to kill the Ox?" etc. Well, that is the play that seems to be going on at present, only on a tremendously large stage. We are somewhere about at the beginning of the story, I think. "Water, water, quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog," but we all hope that in the end the *pig will go*, proverbially obstinate as the animal may be. These are the days foretold by that ancient myth, that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by Mother Goose and the other prophets. "There was an old woman who was sweeping her house one day and found a silver penny," etc.

But seriously, it is dreadful to think of, especially for the poor laborers and mechanics. Heaven only knows what the end is to be. As for ourselves, we have had nothing to lose. We have had no banker these three years, and could n't fail. "He that is down, need fear no fall." At our most prosperous times, we never see ahead more than a few months; so we have been comparatively easy in this universal crash. But what the future is to be is always an uncertainty with me. The artist must suffer, because art is a luxury, and the day of luxuries is over. Still I hope for better times.

I don't know what we should have done, had I not been so fortunate this summer and fall, as to sell about $600 worth of pictures; principally to some Chicago people. I was enabled to make a flying trip to Switzerland for the first time, and have painted several Swiss pictures. . . . Some day we shall all come back to America, but not yet. It costs too much to live in New York. Meanwhile, my dear sister, remember always your affectionate brother.

W. W. Story to Mr. Cranch

ROME, February 6, 1858.

Your very pleasant letterlet reached me a few days ago and was read in full conclave, Wild present, with the entire satisfaction of the company. You see that I am good and answer immediately, so as to show you a good example, and by way of gratifying a most Christian feeling of heaping coals of fire, etc.

I saw by the outside cover of the "Atlantic Monthly" that "Kobboltozo" has at last appeared, and I hope that it will "put money in your purse." The designs, which were all I ever saw, were very admirable, and if they have been done justice to, your book cannot fail to succeed.

What are you at now of new? Burrow and dig out of that brain of yours something else or "never more be officer of mine." You see already by my two quotations that Othello is in my head, and how should it be otherwise since hearing Salvini the other night perform the Moor so as to leave nothing to be asked. His impersonation is magnificent, and if Salvini goes to Paris again, as he probably will, do not miss the opportunity of hearing him. You of course being in Paris will pay Parisian prices for that pleasure; but here we can listen to him any night for two *pauls*, and we have a box every fourth night of the whole season for eighteen dollars. So we all go. . . .

Here we have had a wonderful season — cold, but constant in sunniness. The day before yesterday, however, the pot cracked, and for forty-eight hours the rain has rivered the streets. Such a carnival as there has been for these two days. Mud and confetti in equal doses with masses of wet flowers to fling in the faces of friends. What inimitable good humor there is in the Corso, despite the rain! The black eyes laugh, and the merry voices ring

from the *contadini*, drenched to the skin though they are, and their six months' savings lost in their spoiled costumes. *Ma pazienza!* . . .

Hatty Hosmer is here, — and by the way, I nearly forgot my promise to her. She came to my studio the other day really exercised in mind upon a costume and head of Zenobia of whom she is intending to make a statue. I said, "Write to Paris — Bibliothèque Impériale — fine head and costume." "No friend," she said. I responded, "Cranch is an active, tremendously energetic fellow. Write to him and ask him to go to the Bibliothèque and get a sketch of costume and head for you." "Don't know him well enough," she said. "I do, and I will write and ask him." "Do," she said, "and it will be sure to be done if he is as energetic as you say."

There is a job for you. Don't swear, but expend a sou in tracing paper, go to the Bibliothèque, trace a head and dress of Zenobia if you can find one, and send it to me. That's a good fellow. Any information on Zenobia gratefully received by H. H. . . .

Remember me warmly to Greenough — he ought to be here. Rome is really the only place to *live* in. One only *stays* in Paris.

Mr. Cranch to his wife

FONTAINEBLEAU, May, 1858.

In spite of the rain I have worked hard every day, and have finished two pictures. The first, the Charlemagne Oak, or what remains of it; the other, ditto, in a clump with two others. They are as good, perhaps better, than any three studies I have made. While painting at the latter, yesterday afternoon, there came a fayre Ladye pacing up the valley on a palfrey, who looked at the painting, priced it, and ordered it — that is spoke for it.

And who do you suppose it was? Mrs. H., who is staying at the hotel where I am. . . .

There is material here for months and months, and I wish I could afford to stay. . . . Every moment is precious. We work often till 7 o'clock. If Mrs. H. pays me for the study, I may stay longer, except that I have n't clothes enough, for I brought my old things as if I were going to rough Barbizon; here one must go more decent and respectable. I should like to have painted some open scenes; spring fields and distances, and may yet, but there is nothing like the Forest. One could paint here forever and always find something new. It is popular too; not a day passes that visitors do not come, searching out the noted trees and rocks, as they would *chef d'œuvres* in a gallery.

LUCERNE, September 15, 1858.

. . . When I last wrote from Interlachen, it was raining, and everything was at a standstill. Well, it rained three dreary days, then cleared up. The first clear day, though it was not quite clear, I went to the top of a mountain and made an oil sketch of the Jungfrau. The next day, Friday, went up the Lake of Brienz and *did* the Falls of the Giessbach, but found them not good enough to sketch. Saturday started on our pedestrian journey, up the valley of the Lauterbrunnen — made one sketch of a lovely scene, which I shall paint, saw the famous Staubbach Fall, then up the Wengern Alps, where we slept. Sunday walked to Grindelwald and saw the Glacier; Monday to Meyringen where we slept. Tuesday (yesterday), down the Brunig to Alpnach, and steamboat to Lucerne. All this was on foot, a journey to be remembered all my life. I can't begin to give you the least idea of this wonderful scenery. It has far surpassed all my anticipations, and

such splendid weather. In the course of the whole year we could not have been more favored.

If I begin to describe anything, I shan't know where to begin or where to leave off. And we have to go up the Lake of Lucerne to-day and so have no time.

This journey over the Bernese Oberland is one of the finest in all Switzerland. Lauterbrunnen, the Staubbach, the Wengern Alps, the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, the Welterhorn, the Wallhorn, Schreckhorn, Grindelwald, Meyringen, etc., etc., all have so completely filled my mind that I just want to *pour out* like these abundant torrents and waterfalls, which I have been seeing all along, but I can't do it on paper and in a hurry. I shall thank Providence all my life that I came.

I have made some good sketches, but you must not judge of what I shall do, and of what I have in my memory and imagination, from the meager outlines which I bring back. If you see only these, you will be disappointed perhaps, but if you felt as I do, how a whole new set of forms, and suggestions for pictures, has been stamped on my brain, how entirely this journey has filled me with images of grandeur and loveliness, of which I can give you no possible idea, even had I leisure, you would rejoice as I do that I came, and think it well worth the cost. . . .

Rome, November 18, 1858.

Last evening I dined with the Storys in their huge Barberini Palace. You go up, I don't know how many broad stone flights of stairs, and they live at the top of the palace. Two servants appeared, and after going through several enormous rooms I found Mrs. Emelyn and Edie sitting by a fire in a huge dining-room. A little while after, William came in and was greatly surprised

to see me. I find them unchanged and just as hearty and good as ever. We had a simple dinner, and an Italian physician, a friend of the Storys came in, but did not dine; a very nice man with a good face. After dinner we went through five or six more enormous rooms, till we came to one where we smoked; and after that there was a little party of friends gathered together in the big dining-room, where Edie and several other children took a dancing-lesson. . . . Story has advanced very much in his later works. His "Hero" and his "Margaret" are very fine, but his "Cleopatra" is great. I have seen no modern statue, American or European, that impressed me so much.

After Paris, Rome looks old and dingy enough, but so natural. Yesterday morning I saw old Beppo with the withered legs at his post on the stairs. His head is quite white. He has got to be an old man, but his face is as jolly as ever, and the same wheedling voice, with his "Buon giorno, Signore." I deliberately stopped, opened my purse, took out a heavy two *baioccho* piece and dropped it in his hat, — for the sake of old times. I told him it was ten years since I had seen him, whereupon he smiled sweetly and enquired after my family. I could as little have missed old Beppo in Rome, and on his old place, as I could have missed the boat fountain at the bottom of the Spanish Stairs. . . . The other day I saw a woman who was a servant of ours. I had forgotten her, but she remembered me, and asked after you and Georgino, and kissed my hand.

Rome, December 15, 1859.

Though I have had no new orders or sales, I feel somehow encouraged. I have painted two pretty large pictures, and feel a good deal of satisfaction in them, and in

the praises of the artists and visitors who have seen them. My forest scene is about finished, the best forest picture I have ever done. You remember the study, — that shady one, with the large beaches on the right. I have opened the woods a little on the left with a little bit of blue sky and dim horizon — two figures in the distance. The beach trunks are painted firm and round and mossy and full of color and impasta, also the oaks and the foliage thoroughly leafy and loose, the chief light being strong sunshine between the trees. The ground is solid and the dry leaves well indicated. You can walk right into the picture. On the whole it pleases me better than anything I have done. Page saw it the other day and praised it much. Several artists have done the same, — I want it to go to New York. I will show them that I can paint trees as well as some others over there.

My "Lake of Lucerne" also is much praised. The sky is glowing with light. It is near sunset, the rays breaking through the clouds and flooding the distant mountain. The distance even *you* would think distant. The water reflects the light of the sky, and is warm and still and glowing, — a boat and figures on the right, and a reedy flat foreground, — a boat with pointed sails in the middle distance.

My studio is only a few doors nearer the Spanish Stairs than we lived ten years ago. It is quite large. Two windows open to the east with shutters to keep out the light when I paint, and to let in the Italian sunshine in the morning when I want it. One of the windows opens on a balcony and *loggia*, where I keep my wood. They have put me up the oddest-looking stove, of a decidedly monumental pattern, not unlike a tombstone, and of an indescribable grey color. The pipe goes out of the window with a sort of Roman twist, and both it and the stove are

well smeared with mud to stop the cracks and keep smoke from coming out except at the right place. I have laid in my wood for the winter. And do you remember the bundles of cane we used to kindle the fires with? I had quite forgotten them. Now they revive old memories of the Quattro Fontane and of Michelina.

. . . I wish you could look in and see how comfortable I am here. All day long the sun lies in my chamber, which is large and airy. My tombstone stove in the studio is better than it looks. It takes very little wood to heat it, and the chunks have a marvellous vitality, for I always find something left when I return from dinner. Then if I spend the evening at home, I transfer my brands to the fireplace in my chamber, which with a good fire, such as is now burning before me, and the very comfortable arm chair, a *poltrone* as they call it, becomes as cheerful by night as it is by day.

Rome, January 20, 1859.

Every evening this week past has been occupied with visits or parties, except one, when I fully intended commencing a letter to you; but I felt lazy and asked Mr. Clarke at the café to come in, and I read him my poetry all the evening. This Mr. Clarke,[1] I have come to like very much. He seems to need society and has taken a great fancy to me and my verses. He is a very cultivated and refined person, which one can't say for the majority of the artists here, — besides which, he knows people who buy pictures, and the other day brought a Colonel Green to my studio, a young man of wealth, who has invented a new rifle, which beats the Minié rifle. He has been to the East and has tested the merits of his gun before the Pasha with Minié himself. He has now gone to Sardinia to lay

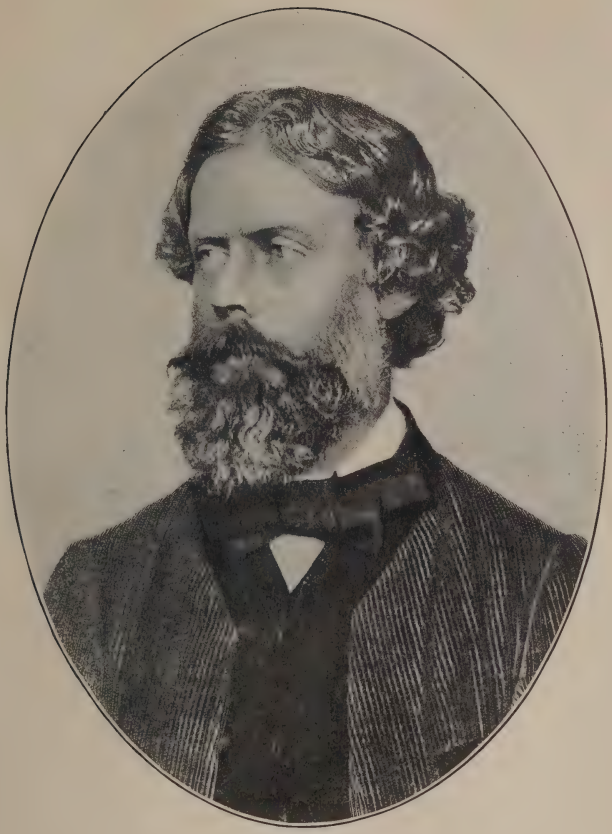
[1] Gardiner Hubbard Clarke.

his invention before King Victor Emanuel, and if he is successful, he promises to buy my "Hudson River," and Story's "Hero."

Last Wednesday evening the Storys gave a great ball in their palatial rooms. It was very brilliant — altogether the most brilliant party of the season. There was dancing all the evening, and some four or five rooms open. In many of the Roman houses dancing is not allowed — at Minister Stockton's, for instance, for fear the ceiling would cave in. There were lots of English and a good many Italians, — some of them *Contessas* and *Marchesas*, and a sprinkling of Americans: some of the English women very handsome and a great show of dresses and diamonds. Mrs. Emelyn herself looked remarkably well.

. . . Wednesday was at a party at Miss Cushman's, her first reception in her new apartment in the Via Gregoriana. I met her in the street in the afternoon, and she asked me to come to tea. I had no idea of meeting a party. However, I have learned by experience that a social evening tea means a dress coat and so was prepared. Miss Cushman is a nice cordial genuine woman. As people say, "No nonsense about her." She has a lovely apartment newly furnished with the most exquisite taste, with old carved oak furniture, curtains, pictures, and statues. . . . Lots of Americans I knew were at Miss Cushman's. Miss Cushman sang a ballad of Lockhart's in a recitative style. Mrs. Tilten sang Schubert's "Barcarolle," and Rackeman played. . . .

To-night I am going to a party at the Sargents'. Everybody is to be there, I am told — and it is to be a white-glove party. I have found a French *dégraisseur* on the Corso and left five pairs of gloves to be cleaned. He and his wife complain bitterly of their being obliged to



CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH
Taken in Rome in 1859

suspend work on the fête days. If the police find them working on fête days, they are fined a dollar — and these fête days are forever coming. I don't wonder they complain. I told them I agreed with them, that it was a tyranny of the Church and Government, and that they ought to be paid by the Government for all the days they lose.

Yesterday I went to Story's to get the address of a hair-cutter, when we had a discussion about my hair. It resulted in a capillary reform, by which I am assured I am at least five years younger. My hair is cut, and I wear it henceforth parted in the middle, and my beard trimmed close at the sides and long in front. You have no idea what an improvement it is. I wore it so last night, and two ladies complimented me upon the change.

Rome, February 3, 1859.

. . . Monday night I was at a musical party at the Perkins's. Heard some fine music — for piano, violin, and violoncello. The latter instrument was played by a brother of Mendelssohn, and there was a young lady — niece of Mendelssohn, very pleasant to look at — a half Jewish type of face, very classical. Charles P. is even more pleasant than he used to be. . . . Last night I dined with Story, and after dinner Miss Cushman came in by invitation, to hear William read a long, half-dramatic poem of his — an Italian story, very tragical, which a lady tells of herself. It is by far Story's best poem, very powerfully wrought, full of beautiful thought and imagery, and of intense passion. It occupied about an hour and a half in reading. Miss Cushman enjoyed it very much, and W. read it well. . . .

ROME, March 3, 1859.

Your letter arrived day before yesterday. It was very good and very entertaining. I am glad to see you were dissipating a little at last. Though I must say I was somewhat startled to learn of your Roget investiture. But what are you going to do without bracelets and brooch and all that. I don't see but I must follow out my long-cherished desire to get you one or two handsome gold Etruscan bits of jewelry, to complete you, and put in the finishing touches. I only wish to Heaven you could have, as you ought to have, everything that a lady, as young-looking and handsome as you are, needs, to go at all into society. If I sell two or three large pictures in Lent, I shall look about for something pretty, not exactly diamonds or *cinque cento* lace, but better and more accordant with your style. At present the Carnival is inundating Rome, and especially the *forestieri*. Such a looseness as they are all going it with. The Haggertys and Kneelands and Motleys and Sargents and young Mason had one balcony among them. How many hundred pounds of *confetti*, do you think they threw away the first day only? About seven hundred. They kept up (especially Sargent) a perfect hailstorm, and the first day got enough of the Carnival. It is very gay this year, the Carnival. It is the first year since the Revolution that masks are allowed; so you may imagine how they would rush into it. I have scarcely dipped into it. The first day I went up and down the Corso on foot, with Mr. Clarke, but only as a spectator. I have not thrown any *confetti* yet, and only a paul's worth of flowers. I think it is the flowers more than anything else which to me make the fascination of the Carnival. I never see them piled up and spread out in such tempting show, as I go down the Condotti, with such an inviting freshness about them, without wishing whole

basketsful to throw to the handsome women that illuminate the Corso from one end to the other. What endless chances for flirtation, if one only had the time and money and animal strength and spirits. I am getting too old for these fooleries. There is altogether too much of the Carnival. Yesterday I cut it entirely, and went out with Clarke and Mason to the Pamfili Doria, where it was very lovely; the air perfect spring and the grounds starred all over with wild geraniums, daisies, and violets. We all said with one accord — "D——n the Carnival." We gathered handfuls of the lovely flowers and tied them up and took them home. . . .

I forgot to tell you that I saw Salvini in "Othello." I never saw such wonderful acting in all my life. It was perfect. Such dignity, such ease, such nature, — the result of the most consummate art, — such a sympathetic and musical voice, such bursts of passion, with not the slightest rant. It left nothing to be desired. He looked the complete Moor of Venice. Every gesture, look, tone was so natural that I was completely carried away by my feelings. Miss Cushman, who saw him the same evening for the first time in this part, told me she had never seen anything so fine, and she is a most admirable judge.

Rome, May 17, 1859.

For a few days longer you must content yourself, and the children, with this letter, instead of me. . . . There are still some things to be done and seen before I go, — and it is not very probable that I shall be in Rome again very soon. You take a different view of the prospect of the war being over, from that entertained here in Rome. People here seem to think the war will be a long one, and that next winter there will be nobody in Rome. You, in Paris, naturally take the bright side of the case, for there, every-

thing looks like success and victory. I have been thinking a good deal, that the best course may be to go back to America. . . . I should like for many reasons to come to Rome for a year; but if the war continues there will be no *forestieri* here, and more fleas than ever. And if we are going back to New York, why not go now, instead of two years hence. But we will talk this over, when I return. We can't decide upon anything yet. . . .

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

North Shore, Staten Island,
July 6, 1859.

Yesterday I received your photograph and your note of June 2. The dear old phiz was very natural, and Burrill had told me it was only a little greyer in the hair. My wife, Nannie, said it made her homesick, because it brought back the thought of the happy foreign days. You know they always seem to us happy when we are on this side, and I follow the armies in Italy with a sort of romantic pleasure that people who have not been there cannot conceive.

I see that you are blue. I wish I could do something to take out the indigo. When I think of your coming home and look round to study the chances, I see the old chaps scrabbling alone in the old way. Church is considered by the public, King. Then comes Kensett. They have plenty to do, and good pay. Tom Hicks paints away. . . . The others of the old line are at the old thing in the old way; among the new there is no very eminent name.

Undoubtedly, there is a greater general respect for art and artists here. It is quite "the thing" to know them and to have them. Then Belmont and Aspinwall and Wright, at Hoboken, open their galleries as marquises do in London to ticketed people. . . . I should say that the

chances are rather more favorable than they used to be. But it is in your art as in mine — a few draw the prizes. A great many of your friends wish you would try drawing on wood. There is more demand a good deal than there used to be, and a good many more workers. A man must be on the spot and have a certain *chic*, and then he has a chance.

My advice to literary aspirants always is "Punch's" to those who would marry, "Don't." And I say it because I know if they have the thing in them, the "don't" won't prevent its coming out. So I feel about artists both here and abroad. I should think an artist would prefer to live in Rome, but I should also suppose that one who would succeed there would also succeed here. And if there must be a fight for it, why not fight in the midst of friends? Perhaps — and certainly more's the pity! — you know it is pleasanter to be poor in foreign countries than at home.

How about your boy, my namesake? Is n't he to be an American, and ought n't he to be learning his own country? I feel strongly that a man who is to live here ought to begin as a boy.

In this weather it seems as if we might all be *lazzaroni* and live on air and sunshine. But we don't. The carpenters are hard at work building me a house (Papa, paymaster!) close by, and I am hard at work coining money to keep it withal. I have to work methodically and industriously, but I am very well and so are my wife and boy, who runs about and begins to talk.

I wish I could clear up the perplexed music in your eyes as I see them in the photograph, and in yourself as you write it in the letter. We send our dearest loves to you and yours.

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Brooks

PARIS, July 25, 1860.

. . . John wrote me a long letter in June, telling me of dear sister Lizzie's[1] death, which I answered immediately. Then I also received yours and John's letter of last winter telling of Rufus's death. And received your letter in which you speak of coming over to us. . . . It will be a great delight and comfort to have you among us, and I have no doubt that it is the very best thing you can do. . . . I think Mrs. Kelson's will be a very good place for you. A great disadvantage for you and the children will be that you won't have an opportunity there, among so many Americans, of speaking any French. But you will be very comfortable there. . . . As for your taking an apartment, you would be much bothered, especially by the cheating propensities of your cook and *bonne*. . . . We will make you comfortable somewhere near us. Paris is a city of conveniences, and it will be hard if we don't get you suited. . . . Mrs. Kelson herself is a charming woman, and an old friend of ours, and you will see there from time to time many people you would like to see.

My dear sister, I have so much to talk about, when I begin writing to you, that I could foam all over the paper, like an uncorked beer-bottle. But I must be brief this time, and write again. I am quite busy now copying a picture in the Luxembourg Gallery; a large view in Venice, by a distinguished colorist here, named Ziem. Copying is new to me, and I like the novelty, but should get very weary of it, if I were obliged to keep it up. . . .

But what good times we shall have when you come! — what long talks about everybody and everything! You will come and sit in my studio and I will read my poems and show you my pictures, and the children will know

[1] Mrs. Rufus Dawes.

their cousins, and teach them to talk French — though I dare say Nannie speaks it, as you say. We will show you the French side of life, and all the lions and the monkeys, and we will have some merry times, and forget the sorrows of the past.[1]

To his wife

VENICE, September 13, 1860.

. . . It is now my twelfth day here. I am afraid I have accomplished very little which will show, though I have been most of the time busy. I am gathering material, however, for pictures. I have done very little in the way of architecture, but have been studying boats and sails, — have painted and drawn mostly from my window, which looks right out on the shipping and the bay, and all the sea life that is going on. It reminds me a good deal of Naples, only far more picturesque and full of color. . . .

We have had some rainy and cloudy and windy days, when the brilliant city of the sea looked all grey and dingy. Bad weather here is a thing not set down in the guidebooks, nor suggested by Byron, Rogers, George Sand, or any of the poets who have written about Venice. Neither do Titian, Paul Veronese, Turner, Canalletti, nor Ziem give you any suspicion of it in their pictures. Sunshine and moonlight, and still water, and gliding gondolas we naturally associate with this wonderful old city. But to wake up at night, and hear the wind howling through the crevices of the house, and the Adriatic moaning out-

[1] Among the many pleasant memories of our Parisian life are the Sunday visits the children and their father paid to the Jardin d'Acclimatation and the Jardin des Plantes, or the hours spent in the unfrequented parts of the Bois, where Mr. Cranch painted trees or landscapes. Those were happy times, with balmy days in the open, George making a collection of butterflies, the little sister and brother playing about with all Nature for a playground.

side the Lido, — as if sorrowing for her long line of dead husbands — the Doges, — and to get up in the morning and look out and see all the gorgeous color washed out of the pictures seen from your windows — this does not seem to belong to Venice. Fortunately the bad weather has not lasted long. To-day has been lovely. I painted fishing-boats with gay sails all the morning, and about four o'clock took a gondola, — only the second time I have indulged in a gondola, except on arriving, — and glided through the narrow canals, and saw two churches which can only be got at by water — San Paolo e Giovanni, and the Gesuite. Tell Clarke I took notice of the statue of Colleoni, which is very fine. There are beautiful pictures also in the church, among them Titian's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter." They have a disagreeable custom here of keeping the churches shut, and you are pestered by a guide, when you get in, who must be feed, of course. But then they are content with very small fees. To-night there was music on the *piazza* from the Austrian band. They play every other night. There are about fifty performers, all wind instruments, who form a circle around a large chandelier of gas, in the centre of the Square. The programme is remarkably fine. They play about an hour. The Italians, for the most part, keep away from the band, contenting themselves with a distant hearing, as they sit under the arcades of the *cafés*, at their ices and coffee. There are two streams of promenades, however, of mixed nations, moving up and down the Square, all the evening, the Austrian military element predominating. I am getting somewhat used to the short white coats (almost every other man is in a white coat); at first I could not bear to go near them. The people are, I suspect, much gayer than usual, — no doubt in consequence of the successes of Garibaldi. I

have been surprised at the Venetian "Journal" publishing such full accounts of Garibaldi's movements — and of the political matters in general. Nothing is concealed. Of the two government papers I see, the "Journal" of Trieste is more Austrian than that of Venice. I see the "Galignani" almost every day, and sometimes the "Independence Belge." I have talked somewhat with the Consul about political affairs. He seems to think they are very unsettled here, and that the Revolution must come sooner or later. If this last news is true that Victor Emmanuel has accepted the protectorate of the Marches, and will send Piedmontese troops there, the great ball will roll on faster than ever.

Think of Ziem while I am painting? Of course I do. I see Ziem everywhere. I understand things in his pictures, I did not before. I saw one of his twilights the other evening, from the public garden, the only place, by the way, where there are trees, which it is refreshing to see, after so much water. And I have *in petto* a picture from that place. But Ziem takes poet's liberties. It is his own mind's-eye Venice that he paints.

John S. Dwight to Mr. Cranch

BERLIN, November 22, 1860.

Do not imagine me insensible to the kindness of your letter because I am so slow in answering it. The truth is I am slow about all writing now. Your sympathetic words of real, generous friendship were most sweet to me in these sad times, and did me good. There is at least this blessing coupled with a great sorrow, that it shows us we have *friends*. How I wish I could be near you indeed! Berlin is a cold, dull place, with all its music and its gayety. But I manage to live here, and am beginning, after too long experience of a kind of Wandering Jew's

life, to get settled after a fashion. For some days the quiet brought with it a very painful, sick-at-heart reaction, or rather relapse and exhaustion after so much and so long excitement — offsetting, as I had done for the last month, the agony within, by constant travelling and novelty without. It was perhaps well for me that I was put to this resource. And it was well, too, that I had to face my grief in its full force *alone*. It is so that one enters quickest into the full meaning of it and finds certain mysterious consolations, comforters, that otherwise are apt to hide themselves. But ah! will this certain exaltation, which comes with the direct facing of a great grief, be able to sustain itself at such height? I fear the worst is yet to come, and, in gradually subsiding once more, as one must, into the everyday routine of life, that then I shall feel more and more bitterly, at every point, in every little wonted nook and habit of the consciousness, how *home* exists no longer for me, and how all is changed! The worst is, so far, that I cannot work — for in work is my only solid hope of cheerfulness; in living earnestly for high ends to which I know *her* spirit calls me, singing to me still. Let me tell you of a reminiscence of my wife which William Henry Channing writes me in a beautiful and inspiring letter from Liverpool. He writes, as he says, "from a house where he is sitting alone with *his* dead!" his little Lisa — the family sent out of town for health. He says: —

"During one of the sad midnight vigils, as I was watching by the pillow of my little girl, there suddenly sounded on my inward ear that magnificent Norse hymn (you know it, Cranch, Haydn's Canzonet 'Spirit Song') which your Mary used to chant with such inspiration: 'My spirit wanders *free*, my spirit wanders *free*, and waits, and waits for thee,' etc. I had, it is true, been thinking

much of you; still, it seemed like the actual presence of your risen friend, and never have I heard a sound, outwardly, that soared so strongly in clear ether as that thrilling intonation '*Free!*' It came over me like an experience by sympathy of the fluent, all-visiting, swiftly transient, bright glancing life of the spirits, which was full of joy. And I cannot doubt that, whencesoever originated, this midnight thought perfectly expresses the fact as to your Mary. It must be a source of exhaustless satisfaction, that the personal relation between you sprang out of, and was pervaded with, like the sap of its life, — the deepest unity in two immortal elements: — the art of music, and the ideal of social harmony. Meeting once at this centre of natural and spiritual beauty, you have an assurance of meeting there again and again, in ever deepening, ever purifying affinity. Music and social harmony must be two of the choicest, freshest, most exalting joys of the angels. And well may you respond to the grand tone 'Free'; your friend is 'waiting.' How her generous, grand, aspiring nature is expanding itself, in congenial society! How fondly and faithfully she watches over the loved, left behind!"

I have made some very pleasant friends in Berlin, or rather, Thayer [1] had already made them for me, and I have heard incredible quantities of the best sort of music. Mme. Clara Schumann lives here and has made me free to her rehearsals. I have heard several regular symphony concerts by the best orchestra; symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Haydn; and even the Ninth Choral Symphony, in *a coffee salon* (!), people sitting round some hundred of little tables with coffee, beer,

[1] Alexander W. Thayer. He was collecting information for a book on Beethoven.

cigars, and *knitting* (!), all as still as mice! As opera I have already heard here "Don Juan," Gluck's "Orpheus," with Joanna Wagner, "Fidelio," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" capitally acted, so as to preserve the poetry of the fairies and the pure fun of Bottom, with Mendelssohn's music. Also Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" music, which is every note inspired. In Dresden, too, I heard the "Zauberflöte" and Weber's "Preciosa." . . . Making the friendship of Joachim (ask Thayer about him) in Dresden, was a rich comfort to me. He is a true man, as well as great artist. In Leipzig too I had a rich week musically, and I mean to go there again now and then, and spend a week or two.

I knew you would like Thayer, and I am glad, both for his sake and for yours, that you see so much of him. But do pray add your counsel to that of all his friends here, and tell him to *write his book* upon his present knowledge and not wait until he shall know everything. I fear he already knows too much. It never was intended in God's plan that any man should be too closely known. I doubt not God himself uses the divine faculty of not seeing, and of forgetting, as regards a thousand and one small particulars.

I was very glad that you realized your wish of going to Venice; and I hope some day to see some of the fruits of that. . . .

Thanks to the Swiss tramp, it gave me a fresh stock of physical strength; else I know not how I could have borne the blow that has come upon me so well as I have. Thayer will tell you how I saw the Emperor and Empress at St. Martin in Savoy; and in what clouds of impenetrable fog I groped my way over into the Vale of Chamouni, and how the persistent rain drove me, after one glorious revelation of Mount Blanc, to abandon my North of

Italy and Stelvio plan, and beat a retreat from Martigny, across lake Leman, to Munich, and exchange nature for art. Ah! just then it was, as I resolved on that retreat, amid that outward gloom, that the soul and sunshine of my *home* was passing away from earth forever!

Don't let me forget to thank you for your trouble about the trunk. It came duly the day after your letter; and after infinite fuss and patience at the custom house I got it off to the hotel. These stupid, self-important, ceremonious, fussy little Prussian officials! It cost me about a whole day's waiting and running about. After the trunk was found and I had paid the freight, the question was to find the Herr Inspector, and have it examined. There I stood, key in hand; but A sent me to B, and B to C, some fifteen in all; each took my papers and scribbled something on them, but nobody *did* anything. It was hours before I could get the trunk actually examined. Well it was a good study of Prussian life and Zoll-verein!

To John S. Dwight

PARIS, July 4, 1862.

. . . Seriously, I do cry *peccavi*, and desire to confess myself a sinner, that I have not written to you, nor acknowledged the receipt of the number of your Journal, wherein you describe, so wonderfully well, your rollings and tossings, and fears and hopes in the great monster steamship, and your happy escape from destruction. Since your restoration to the good dry land of Boston, and to all familiar sights, of persons and things, I desire to know how you have fared, and how it is with you spiritually.

I have often thought of you, dear friend, going back to your lonely house, and even now as I think of you, in the dim cold light of that great calamity which came upon

you, and which you must have felt with tenfold poignancy in your return home. . . . Believe me, that though I have said little about your bereavement, there is no one who has more sympathized with you.

As for myself, I have little to say, worth writing. I jog on at about the usual pace, and with the usual ups and downs. The year has been rather smoother on the whole, pecuniarily, than usual, and I have had several sales and orders. But for some time, the good luck has ceased, and I fear, for a few years to come, the tide will be against us. At the rate things are going on in America, strict economy must be the programme for some time, for rich as well as poor. And "inter arma silent artes!" When the end is to be, of this greatest revolution and struggle the world has yet seen, is beyond my powers of conjecture. One thing, however, I do feel sure of — and that is worth years of bloody battle, and exhaustive expense — that the country is beginning to breathe a wholesomer air than ever it did. If we can get rid of slavery and its corruption, and brutalizing influences, North and South, it is worth all the terrible crises we are passing through. It is the valley of the shadow of death, and there are goblins and devils enough in our path, but there is light, and health, and peace beyond. . . .

To George William Curtis

PARIS, January 9, 1863.

We have heard with deep sorrow and sympathy of the loss of your brother [1] at the fated battle of Fredericksburg. But he has fallen in defense of the greatest cause for which, in this or almost any age, men have given their treasures, their enthusiasm, their labors, and their lives. When I see young men of the North going to battle in this

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bridgham Curtis.

way, full of such patriotism, fresh and unbroken in spite of the incompetency of our leaders, leaving friends, comforts, prospects in life, I tell you I feel often like a miserable and inefficient cumberer of the earth. Over here we watch with such eagerness every arrival of telegrams, and all we can do for you is to pray with might and main for our country, now alas in such peril. We live ourselves in dim conjecture, when, where, and how, all these bloody battles are to end. If we can judge by the tone of the papers, this last reverse is by far the severest of all we have experienced. At least, when coming on top of other failures it is the more crushing. The people have not seemed till now aware of the tremendous hill of difficulty before them. We have been the great optimist of nations. To subdue the rebellion we had, was but a question of time. Is it so now! I fear that no progress will be made, till we are of one mind and one heart, and one irrepressible will for the destruction of this slave power, as the South is for its maintenance. I have long believed there was no hope for the Nation but in striking directly at the heart and brain and spinal marrow of the rebellion. If we are to compromise and settle the union on the old slavery basis, I for one, should like to turn my back forever on my country. But I know that you and I are of one mind on this question.

. . . I am going to-day to Notre Dame to hear, if I can wedge my way through the crowd, Mozart's "Requiem," performed on the occasion of the burial of the Archbishop. But to me it will be a Requiem over our brave young dead on the battle-field three thousand miles away.

CHAPTER XII

NEW YORK

THESE paragraphs are from the Autobiography: —

The last two or three years of our stay in Paris were a time of great anxiety about the War of Secession. We had now remained abroad much longer than we had intended. Our children had been at very good French schools, but we felt that it was time we should return, for many reasons.

In July, 1863, we all left Paris for Havre and Southampton where we took the steamer Hansa for New York. We had a passage of about ten days. It was a gloomy time for our country. We had been a good while without any definite news of the war. So that as the pilot came aboard before arriving there was great excitement. The passengers crowded around the newspapers, one head over another, eager for the news, and it came, all in a heap. Vicksburg — the opening of the Mississippi — Gettysburg — and on the top of all the New York Riots of about a week before.

All was quiet when we landed. It was on Sunday, and of course we were kept back by the Custom-House rules. My son George and I went ashore in a boat, and walked up Broadway as far as the printing-offices, when whom should we meet but Horace Greeley going to his office in the Tribune Building. After greeting me, he took us up into his office and showed us the guns, hand grenades, etc., which had been in readiness all over the building in case of attack by the mob.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

NEW YORK, January 15, 1866.

Suffer the poor "belligerent" to repose his weary limbs in your "Easy Chair," if you like. He is fagged out and weary, having asked admittance at one or two editorial doors, but was refused. . . . I shall be thankful to have my say anywhere, for my tongue has long been silenced. The "Easy Chair" has a warm, cosey, generous fireside sound to my ears, and I shall be in excellent company.

You draw it mild as to the Myopians. I also respect their spirit, when it is not a cantankerous spirit, and their purpose, whenever it rises in the least above microscopic imitation of the dry statistics of nature. But wherein do their spirit and purpose differ from, or exceed in excellence, a large number of conscientious and laborious and enthusiastic painters of another school? When we speak of pictures, we suppose they are to be criticised as works of art. But what principles of art do these new men not violate in producing their ugly crudities? I cannot regard them, therefore, as artists. I except, of course, men like Griswold, and one other man whom the Pre-Raphaelites praise, but whose name I forget. Griswold is one of the very best of them, if, indeed, he can be said to belong to them, but he is one whom the sapient "Tribune" Oracle thinks to be among the least in his Kingdom of Heaven. I think Griswold's last picture in the Academy was one of the very best landscapes on the walls. But because it had artistic qualities which an Academician might admire possibly, the Pre-Raphaelites dismiss it with a patronizing modicum of faintest praise.

But I had at least no thought of dipping again into these matters when I took up my pen.

Times are hard with us this winter. Greenbacks melt

like snowflakes on hot griddles. New York is so terribly expensive. . . .

James Russell Lowell to Mr. Cranch

ELMWOOD, 21st May, 1866.

I trust you have not forgotten that you are to spend some time with me at the end of this month and beginning of June. And perhaps you remember that I said I wished you to come in the last week of May so as to dine with our Club on the last Saturday of the month. Now I believe all external and visible housecleaning is over for this spring, except in the cellar, and with that you are not concerned, except as to a particular corner thereof where some babes of Bacchus are cruelly prisoned by the giant Glass.

When you come, bring all your initial letters with you, for I think I can kill two birds with one block, by getting you something amusing to do in odd moments and by improving our breed of blockheads (to chapters, I mean, the other is beyond all bettering). You see I have a "frugal mind" like Mrs. Gilpin. Hereof fail not! I have been looking forward to your visit ever since I was in New York. Remember that *next* Saturday is the last of the month, and that I have a week of holidays beginning then. Don't forget the blocks. It would be a pleasant way of adding to your income without trouble to yourself, and a great gain to our books. The faculty of *invention* which you have is the rarest of any. Have you forgotten that I "ordered" a picture of you to be enlarged from King Frost the first? I want it as much as ever. I think your drawing one of the few original things I have seen. You must do more of the same kind, my dear boy, and make fame and fortune. Get rid of your whoreson modesty, which I love, nevertheless.

ELMWOOD, Friday. (July, 1866.)

As nobody on the face of this planet has the most faint conception of how the ancient Greeks pronounced their language, and as the custom in singing is likely to be as near right as any other, I should let it stand. I do not know whether I altogether like the impersonation of Afternoon — but the rhyme at worst is only an imperfect one, and your putting "horizon" first has already put the reader's ear on its guard, or on the right scent, as Lord Castlereagh would have said. Elāïson and Elīzon are to me the only conceivable ways of pronouncing it. You do not tell me Mr. Howells's objection. As for your other question, I take it that "tribe," like all other nouns of multitude, may be used either in the singular or plural according to sense. For example — "Among the N. A. Indians the tribe is represented by the chief." And, "this tribe was exterminated." But on the other hand, "Big Thunder's tribe meanwhile scattered in every direction and buried *themselves*." That last is from Thucydides, and I should pluralize it whenever the image presented to the eye required it.

. . . We have been having our usual yearly row of Commencement. It gets rather tiresome at last. But folks are giving to the College with both hands.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ALBANY, September 10, 1867.

. . . Send me a line telling me how things stand, and how George bears this Autumn weather.

Give my heartiest love to the incomparable Lizzie. I admire her more than ever, and you ought to thank Jupiter and all his moons — which I don't believe you can do with that opera glass — that you have so steady and strong a will in her to annihilate difficulty.

Almost at the end of the Civil War, George Cranch procured through Wilkinson James a commission as second lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. He was but eighteen, but looked much older. He was in the South five months and was promoted to a first lieutenancy. His work was mostly receiving complaints, settling them, drilling his men, hoping all the time to be ordered to the front. Fortunately for the peace of his family, there was no more fighting. He afterward entered the Scientific School of Columbia College, taking high rank in his studies. He undoubtedly worked too hard, and a severe cold which he contracted in the spring of 1867 developed into a lung fever with complications. In the early summer he was removed to the country, where in September the end came peacefully.

George William Curtis to Mr. and Mrs. Cranch

ALBANY, September 21, 1867.

I have only this moment seen the sad news in the paper, which could not surprise me, but which draws me very near to you in your great sorrow. I know that you expected nothing else and that long and harrowing suffering had reconciled you somewhat to his release, but when I think of my own boy and remember that you have lost yours, my heart aches, and I pray God to console you.

I wish I had known in time to be with you at the last, — and sometime when you can, let me hear of the end and of all his sickness and suffering.

What happy days they were for us all twenty years ago when he was born! How well I remember the fair-faced, placid baby, the little King of Rome! I thought of it the other day when I sat by him and he told me in his tranquil

way that he did not expect to live, and I saw the same light in his clear, beautiful eyes that I remembered in the child. It was the pure light from which he came, and to which he has gone. It was the light of heaven that lies all around us, yes, around you, too, for, if much is gone, how much also is left! Dearer, better, lovelier children than remain to you, do not live. Give all my love and sympathy to them, and make them feel always that I am theirs.

ALBANY, September 23, 1867.

MY DEAR PEARSE: —

Your most interesting note came to me this morning and I thank you heartily for it. It is pleasant to know that the poor boy did not suffer greatly and did truly sink to sleep; I am glad too that Frothingham was near you and that all was done as you would have wished. These things give a peacefulness to the memory of sorrow, which is itself a consolation.

Do give my sincerest love and sympathy to Lizzie, who I hope will recover before long from the physical prostration which is inevitable.

. . . Good-bye, dear Pearse. I suppose we shall go home from Ashfield by the twelfth of October. . . . I mean to stay there till January; I am tired of being away.

A cottage called "Mon Bijou" was built for our accommodation at Fishkill by Grandfather De Windt, and we fell so in love with the place that we spent a winter there, my father coming from his New York studio, for Saturdays and Sundays. It was in the early summer of 1868 that Mr. Curtis visited us there, a visit which was an idyl, a dream of pleasure in the prose of our everyday life.

I cannot imagine a more genial and sympathetic

guest. His friends knew well that gentle urbanity of his, which, contrasted with his strength of will, and nobility of purpose, made his unbending so sweet and beautiful. I am inclined to think he was the most just man, as well as tender, I ever knew — if being just means the ability to put one's self into other people's places.

The visit must have lasted a day or two, for I remember gathering roses to put at his plate in the morning. There was a climbing Baltimore Belle with a tea centre, that had opened, seemingly expressly for the Howadji, as my mother sometimes called him.

What a delightful breakfast it was, and what interesting scraps of talk we had that June morning! There was music, too, to lull the senses and carry the listeners back to enchanted isles of sentiment and suggestive thought.

Out of the haze of memory come to me the tones of Mr. Curtis's voice, clear, ringing, which carried far, with deep chest-tones as in his addresses. He naturally articulated well and used unconsciously the best English, and as one accustomed to speak with authority as well as dramatic effect. His smile and humor were irresistible. And I never heard him say a mean thing about any one.

I was especially interested in what he said about keeping a journal when a young man. What he said was something like this: —

"If I had kept a journal in the days when I first went abroad, not of the little happenings, but of the impressions of the places and of the people I have met, and of the books I have read, it would be invaluable to me now. I advise every young person to

keep a journal for impressions of the events which affect him, and not of the daily routine of life."

He told us how to read the morning newspaper. First, to glance over the headings, read carefully the condensed news, then the reports of the proceedings of the House; next the foreign news and an editorial or two, — and presto! you have the kernel of the nut in a short time, leaving the shell empty.

The drives taken with our neighbors', the Verplancks', horses were through aisles of woods, on country roads, looking down the river, to majestic old Storm King, little Dutch Sugar Loaf, and Crow's Nest, — these mountains shutting out the great noisy world without, while within, it was Utopia.

After Mr. Curtis returned to his work, there appeared in the next month's "Harper's Easy Chair," an account of the music of our voices, blending with the mountain breezes. It was done in that graceful, suggestive vein, which had all the charm of his own personality.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 11, 1868.

No, my dear old Boy, Planchette is a liar and the daughter of the father of lies. I never knew her to tell the truth, and I never expect her to. We had her at the island, and she scrawled and scrambled, but whatever she did, she lied. She is a tiresome imposter, and the Lady Elizabeth will soon discover it.

I am glad you went to Boston and saw Lowell, for there is a certain air in their regions — I do not mean the east wind — of which we get no whiff in our diggings of New

York. I shall miss seeing several of the Cambridge men up here, where they come to see Norton.

We are very comfortable in his house and we should be mighty glad to see you. It is a splendid region for walking over the hills and far away, and for remembering the dear old friends and the dear old days.

Good-bye, dear old Arcadian, for that you must always be. My love of loves to Lizzie, and Nora, and the youngers.

James Russell Lowell to Mr. Cranch

ELMWOOD, September 28, 1868.

Why should n't Howells write you a pleasant letter without *my* being to the fore? Are n't you going to celebrate your silver wedding on the "10th prox." (as the newspapers say), and is n't Howells a young man who knows the respect due to such old fogies as you and me? My dear boy, we have arrived at a period of life when our years (if not our poetry) command respectful attention, and we ought to make the most of it. I liked the verses you sent me, though I should have liked to make a criticism or two before you printed 'em — but why, after sending them to the "Atlantic," are they to appear in "Putnam"? Are you torn in pieces, like Orpheus, by contending editors? Or are you still so young that you can't wait to hear from one before you print in the other?

By the way, Lee and Shepard are going to print a new edition of "Kobboltozo." Did you know it? And are you still interested in the copyright? They wrote me to ask if your middle name was Pearse, and I took the opportunity to advise them to make haste and secure your story of "Burlibones," or they might lose it, the publishers were so crazy after it. I shall sell it yet, you may depend, and I shall act on the Sibyllian precedent.

The longer I keep it, the more I mean you shall get for it. It is good, and that's the main thing, whether printed or not.

I am going to print a volume of poems this fall, and I shall send you a copy among the first, emboldened by what you say of the "Biglow Papers," which was very pleasant to me. If you don't like some of 'em, I shall be crusty.

Should n't I like to be at Fishkill on the "10th prox." and to meet George Curtis and to have a good time generally? But I can't, because I am not a gentleman, but merely a professor, and the 10th October comes of a Saturday and on Monday I have to be here to deliver a lecture. You need n't have been so sensitive about my bringing any silver, for I am poor in that respect as an apostle, and am at my wits' end to pay my taxes, which, more by token, must be paid precisely on the day of your jollification. But had it not been for my lecture, I would have been with you, if I had had to borrow the money for the journey. My mouth waters to think of it. Let me hope that when you celebrate your golden wedding I shall be luckier.

Meanwhile, my dear old boy, let me wish you all kinds of a good time on the 10th, and drink my health as if I were there, as I shall not fail to do for you when the day comes. I will pronounce it a festival and spend a bottle of champagne on it, if it be my last. And, though I can't come to you, why can't you, who *are* a gentleman and lord of your own time, come to us this winter for a day or two? Let us consider it settled. I shall complete my half-century on the 22d February, '69, and why should not you help me?

ELMWOOD, December 18, 1868.

How could you think that I had forgotten you — I, who would rather have (if I can say so with this abominable pen) one old friend with a silver-mine in his hair, than all the new ones that were ever turned out? You don't even deserve to be forgotten, if such a notion ever entered your absurd old head. No, I had you down on my list of persons to whom my new volume was to be sent, but I had of course forgotten your number on Broadway, and yet was pretty sure you would n't be at Fishkill. I did n't wish the book to become the prey of some Johnson Postmaster (and just consider the feelings of an author whose book was derelict because not called for), nor to go wandering up and down Broadway in an express wagon, as disconsolate as a Peri we used to read about in the days when Plaucus was Consul. Now all you have to do is just to send me word whether the volume will reach you safely, if sent by express to No. 1267 Broadway, or whether I shall have it forwarded to T. & F.'s New York house, to be called for by C. P. C. And when you get it, I am of so singular a turn of mind that I don't care a d —— (*d* stands for penny) whether you find anything in it to like or not, provided you will continue to like J. R. L. Nay, on those terms, you may even *dis*like it, if you will. I would rather have a pennyweight of honest friendship than a pound of fame, or — what is about as solid — flattery.

Now I am going to put your friendship to the test. I am to be fifty years old, and to celebrate my golden wedding with life, on the 22d February of next year. G. Washington was forthputting enough to be born on that day (*pereant qui ante nos!*) but he did not take all the shine off it. If he was the father, I am the son of my country — a relationship as close as his'n. Well, now to the test

of friendship. I was never so far ahead of the Sheriff of Middlesex County (the very one for a poet to be born in, who must have lots of mother in him, like vinegar), as I am now. Therefore I wish to make myself a present of a visit from you about that time, and in short will you come if I will stump the rusty? Say *yes*, or I will cross you out of my will in which I divide the unsold copies of my works among my more patient friends.

My old clock in the entry has just given that hiccup with which tall fellows of their hands like him are wont to prelude the hours — and the hour is midnight. My fire and my pipe are both low. I must say good-night. I have had great difficulty in saying what I wished with this pen, which has served me I know not how long. But I have stood by it, and that should convince you (if you needed convincing, as I am sure you did n't) that I don't give up an old friend even when he has lost his point. But *that* is something you can never do for me, and I shall expect you on the 22d of February, 1869, G. W. to the contrary notwithstanding. You shall meet Rowse and John Holmes and a few other old boys, and shall have a warm welcome from Mrs. Lowell (who thinks you handsome — that way madness lies!) and Mabel and me.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

North Shore, Staten Island,
January 16, 1870.

I am not surprised that your mind has turned to lecturing, and you may be sure that I will do all I possibly can; but you know that it is a work in which no man can be helped — except to a hearing. If an expected speaker fails, the Committee do not accept a substitute, but choose him, — and notoriety is the ground of choice. But if a speaker gets a chance and pleases — it is easy

enough to go on. Committees are rather wary of the recommendations of speakers given to other speakers, as they have been abused, by the good nature of the craft. But everybody can get a chance somehow. Why should n't you speak in the little course at Fishkill, where I was this last week, staying at Eustatia and having a delightful visit. Of course you would be willing to take a small fee in beginning. Getting the chance leads to getting the money, and therefore you can afford to take the chance cheaply. Then there is the Sunday afternoon Horticultural Hall course in Boston, where all the liberals speak and of which Frothingham will tell you. It would introduce you to that most desirable Lyceum neighborhood, and if you would like to see if there is a door open I will write to the chief manager.

Your subject is capital. The difficulty that I always encounter is to remember the difference between an oration and an essay. I am so in the habit of writing to be read, that I forget how entirely different a thing written to speak is, and my lecture in the course of delivery is transformed from the cabinet picture that leaves my study, into a fresco. A lecture is twenty times better the twentieth time of its delivery. . . . But you have been a speaker in other days and you know these things.

GRIDIRONVILLE,[1] August 9, 1870.

When I was in Paris a friend of mine, a French artist, made a very clever caricature. The king's prime minister in the likeness of a monkey, a knife in his hand and a

[1] My father was boarding with his family at Lexington, Massachusetts, quite too near the railroad station for his sensitive ears. He ludicrously makes an amusing tale of the annoyances which kept him, no doubt, from sound sleep a part of the warm nights spent there. In one of his letters to a friend he calls it the "Devil's Kitchen," and here "Gridironville."

cuisinier's cap on his head, meets a flock of ducks and addresses them thus: "My dear ducks! The king, my master, desires me to ask you in what sauce you would prefer to be cooked." The poor ducks reply, "But we don't wish to be cooked at all!" — to which the prime minister rejoins, "*Mes chers Canards, vous sortez de la question!*"

In this broiling and seething weather, the thermometer playing at unheard-of heights, and everything out of doors baking and frying and browning and gradually turning to cinder, I often imagine myself one of these poor ducks, dreaming of visionary rivers and ponds and distant phantom lakes in a sandy desert, and the great clerk of the weather threatening me in common with all human creatures in these parts, with sardonic monkey grin and gleaming kitchen knife, and asking the perpetual question, "In what sauce would you prefer being cooked?" Then I fancy the whole out-door landscape converted into a great kitchen. Everything fries and sizzles. The summer sounds are all culinary. The branches of the trees are ribs of gridirons, and the locusts, which are more lively now than all the other insects, except the tickling and stinging and importunate house flies,— the locusts, which seem to be singing, are only bubbling and simmering and sizzling deliciously in fat. They really seem to take intense satisfaction in being cooked. Some modern John the Baptist might enjoy the *frittata* which seems to be preparing from their unctuous little bodies, far better than the old-fashioned Oriental mode of devouring them raw. As for the poor birds, they are all roasted and sent to market. All I can hear of them is one melancholy little phœbe bird, who seems to be in the last agonies of culinary martyrdom.

The frogs, too, are all sacrificed, baked brown on the

clayey bottom of the dried-up ponds. The blessed sun is only a mighty kitchen fire, and the earth is but a huge pumpkin turning on a spit beneath his blaze. The upper crust is very well done. Great cracks and seams are visible in the soil. The winds and breezes are only the breath of mighty bellowses; adding fuel to the flames. In what sauce shall we be cooked? Sometimes it seems as if the tyrannous prime minister of the weather allows a little choice. For he now and then sends us a close steam bath of a summer morning, when our roast or broil or fry changes to a boiling state. Then we simmer and stew as quietly as the voracious flies allow. For it is on such mornings these pests are most lively and virulent. You may escape the heat a little, but there is no escape from the flies. If you are drowsy in the afternoons and would indulge in a nap, they become aware of your intentions and redouble their attacks upon every portion of your epidermis that may be exposed. There is no killing *them* with heat. Frost is their only enemy.

I happen to live near a railroad station and a junction and a vast amount of cooking seems to go on there, and at most unseasonable hours. For sometimes at midnight there are four or five huge locomotives that meet together and pass an hour in a sort of nocturnal and mysterious picnic. Nobody could object to this if they did it quietly, but they don't. For miles around, they declare their shrieking and sputtering sentiments. I look out of my window down the hill, and there the black monsters are all squatting like so many gigantic cooking stoves on wheels, and after half an hour spent in puffing backwards and forwards, and hissing and yelling, with occasional spasms in which they all appear to be laughing a sort of demon laugh, or else tumbling off the track into the river, they all commence in a somewhat milder strain,

and spend the rest of their picnic in frying fish, — and from the fumes now and then wafted to my olfactories, I should think there were omelets of very bad eggs, — after which, they start off with frightful and unearthly noises, each his own way, and blessed silence reigns.

But the secret reason of these midnight steam orgies I can't discover. With a little imagination they might be as good as Norse mythologies. Thor and Jotunheim and Asgard and all that. But, alas, — they are too palpable to hearing as to smell for the imagination to have any hand in it. I defy even Messrs. Fish and Vanderbilt, those conscientious interpreters of all railroad affairs, to explain what these iron demons can be about at these witching hours of the midsummer nights.

In 1871, Mr. Cranch took a cottage at Staten Island, belonging to Mr. Hoyt, so as to be near his sister, Mrs. Brooks, and his friend, George William Curtis. He writes from there to his elder daughter: —

HOITY-TOITY COTTAGE, STATEN ISLAND,
July 29, 1871.

. . . You must be thinking of packing your trunk and leave your pleasures and palaces, where though you may roam be it ever so humble and without closets and lock-up places, and surrounded by a rude Hibernian population, there's no place like Home! The piano threatens to go into mourning with black crêpe around its legs and is getting sulky and out of tune; the black spiders are spinning their webs over your music, and no sentimental listeners stand at the gate in the moonlight to hear your dulcet notes, and the Irish boys have all the wind taken out of their lungs, and all their jovial and refreshing hilarity has evaporated now that they grieve to hear no more "As it fell upon a Day" and the other duets which they are

wont to appreciate with those gentle and sympathetic demonstrations of joy peculiar to the tumultuous and excitable temperaments of the exiles of Erin.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
October 2, 1870.

We are coming home this week and I hope to see you before long, but I want to say how beautiful your poem in the "Atlantic" seems to me. It is as sunny and mellow and grape-rich as one of these soft October days and above all, it is unspeakably true.

I had the most striking corroboration of that in a letter which I received just as I had read your poem. It is from a man who makes money rapidly. Fancy turning from your skylight to read this: "I feel as if I should stop trying to make money, and I seriously think of going out of business at the end of the year. One has only one life, and when one has such friends as I have, one ought to be able to see them now and then. No money compensates."

Is n't that pleasant to read under the light from the sky?

. . . Give my love to the dear Lizzie and Nora and Carrie. Did you think sometimes in the September days of our journey through the Tuscan vineyards?

James Russell Lowell to Mr. Cranch

ELMWOOD, May 12, 1871.

I have sold enough land to add about three thousand dollars to an income which was nothing in particular before, except as I could earn it. But I am not going abroad yet a while. I hope to manage that in a year from now at soonest. However, a great load is taken off my shoulders, for since Atlas, nobody ever carried so weary a

burthen of real estate as I, and *he*, if he had been taxed for his load as I have been, would have thrown it down long ago. Pray Heaven Boutwell and his allies don't get at him in our day — at least not before I have enjoyed my new-fangled ease a year or two.

Your letter anticipated one which I was about to write you. The time of the singing of birds has come, and I have been meaning for some time to ask you, my dear old singer, to come on and meet them in my garden before the blossoms go. I depend on you to help make spring every year, and we will have a jolly good time, for I am younger than I have been these ten years, and have tapped a new cask of good spirits. I won't even be depressed by your manuscripts and you may be thankful that I have been too busy lecturing to have any of my own to revenge myself with. So come as soon as you like and bring your winsome Maro.[1] Fair hangs the apple from the rock, and we will try and bring it down together. As a commercial venture, I am doubtful about your enterprise, though for the literary part of it I would back you against the field. At any rate, you may reckon safely on any service that I can render. A visit to Elmwood will do you good, and there are the Oaks and the Waterfall, and my apple trees will be blooming next week. Therefore, stand not on the order of your coming, but come at once. Though your doleful tone would lead me to think you had never a shirt to your back, borrow a clean one as soon as you get this and start for the boat before the owner reclaims it in order to send his other to the wash. And be sure and

[1] Mr. Cranch began his translation of the Æneid in 1869. At first it was an amusement, but he became deeply interested in it, and translated book after book. In 1870 he went over his work with three clever young friends, Titus Munson Coan, N. B. Emerson, and Frank T. Brownell. Later he read it at Elmwood, where Mr. Lowell would criticise and comment on it.

bring me a copy of Sarony's larger photograph of C. P. C., which I want that I may have it framed and hung in my dining-room with other friends to make me merry at meals. If you don't, I won't let you have a drop of anything weaker than well water while you are here.

I am delighted to hear of Page's deserved promotion, God bless him! It recalls the days of my youth, as Ossian, I think, remarked on some similar occasion. Of course, gentlemen in easy circumstances can't be expected to take more than a distant and depressing interest in artists and that kind of thing, but I shall endeavor to show all proper sympathy that shall not be misinterpreted into an encouragement of undue familiarity. I think I may safely ask you to give him my love, for it costs nothing and cannot, I should suppose, be twisted into an order for a picture.

Now remember: on getting this you are to start eastward forthwith, and expect to be jolly and help waste a little time, which will be excellent fun, for on such a day as this, it is worth a thousand dollars a breath. Wealth does n't protect one from headaches, I find. I have had one these three days.

Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot to Mr. Cranch

St. Louis, January 8, 1873.

I came home from college work to-day soon after one, having had two lectures and continued close occupation for four hours, so that I was tired all over; but on the table was your book by express, and before I sat down I opened it, admired the whole getting up, and began to read; and read and read until legs rebelled; then kept on until nearly two books were completed. Several special places also, and a description of Rumor, I read carefully, equally delighted with the poetry and the literal rendering.

Then the Latin Virgil I went over, page after page, my two boys following me. On the whole, it seems to me the most successful translation of poetry into poetry I know anything of. You remember Bentley's criticism of Pope's Iliad? "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer"; but yours is Virgil and as exact almost as if you were making a school translation for students, while the verse is pure English.

If you come to a second edition, I should like to suggest a word, here and there, but perhaps not to its improvement. Undoubtedly it will work its way and that quickly.

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Scott

West New Brighton, New York,
May 22, 1873.

I think you are right when you say it is about time I wrote to you. And though I have no special news to tell you, I know you will be glad to have a letter from me, though it be a short one or a dull one. There is a season of life — and you are in that sunny zone — when letters flow out of one like trickling streams down the mountain-side. I think I have got into the Arctic Circle. With old gentlemen of my years, the streams flow with a sort of slow, glacier movement, save at rare intervals, when thawed out by some unwonted solar rays.

We are having rather dull times here. The spring is a cold one, but the trees are growing very green, and the blossoms are out in abundance. We are trying to let the house for the summer, but I don't think there is much chance, for there are about a dozen other houses to let in the neighborhood.

By Mrs. Shaw's kindness, I have heard Rubinstein two or three times, and never can cease from my delight, as

well as my amazement at his wonderful memory, no less than his absolute perfection of execution. To-night is his last concert in America, where he plays nothing but his own music. I heard him at one concert play Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, and Haydn, and that exquisite Fantasie of Mozart's which you play — commencing with those grand, deep, changing chords. I thought of you when he played it, and so did George Curtis, who sat near me, and I enjoyed it tenfold for its associations, and that I knew every note of it almost by heart. The next concert I heard him in, was the Chopin recital. It was fine, though a little of a surfeit of Chopin, and I thought he took several pieces too fast; and others thought the same. But I wish you could have heard him play the Berceuse, — perhaps you did. This was the fourth time I heard him.

To his brother Edward

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
May 29, 1873.

. . . I don't forget that this is your birthday, and that you are sixty-four to-day. Time was when I considered you very much my senior, but when we reach the sixties, why, those small differences of age are almost obliterated. Here am I, sixty years old. Somehow sixty seems to set the stamp of old age upon a man.

While I was in the fifties I fought against the Stamp Act. I was rebellious, like our forefathers of the Revolution. And even now, except now and then when age will shake his finger at me with a lugubrious air, I can't well believe that he hath "clawed me in his clutch," for I am not *very* old as yet. Still in my ashes live their wonted fires. The other day I was told that a lady whom I know, set me down as forty-five!! I was not much puffed up by

the compliment, and laid half of its weight to a want of observation on her part. . . .

We are all well, spite of the hot weather, which has sprung upon us with a tiger leap.

Did you get an "Independent" I sent you? I write for it still. The "Galaxy" and "Atlantic" for June contain verses of mine, and there will be an article about Fontainebleau Forest in "Appleton's Journal" soon, with some illustrations of mine. . . .

To George William Curtis

STATEN ISLAND, September 27, 1873.

My wife insists upon my writing, though I tell her I am not in the mood. What with packing books, and pictures, storing away in closets of the odds and ends of things left, trying to smooth down the various bristling ends of other things that can't be packed away, or satisfactorily disposed of, seeing to this, and seeing to that, and the entire brain *be-cobwebbediddled* and set on *eend*, and flying all abroad, — the time is not exactly favorable to writing, particularly as I have so much to say.[1]

But when I get beyond Jordan, in that classic land to which the Fates are calling me, like old Æneas, then I hope to write to you. I am sorry on many accounts to leave Staten Island, especially in the winter while you are here, but hope to gain by going to Boston, where I shall try to get a studio, and sell some pictures. . . . Glad to see you Harpering again.

[1] Mr. Cranch used to groan beforehand over these changes, but at the time was cheerful, and packed books, china, and anything requiring special care, beautifully.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
October 2, 1873.

MY DEAR AND WICKED BEDOUIN, —

How could you do so? In these beautiful days I have been strolling about the splendid country thinking of the happy winter when I should not lecture, and we should come in upon each other every day. For a month I have been reproaching myself that I had not written to tell you that we should soon appear, and now comes your letter, and I want to cry.

Well, the world is a place in which we play at hide and seek with our friends. I thought that we had at last found each other — but it turns out that we are lost instead. I wonder will you come back with the bluebirds? Will you stay until the east winds of June start you in your classic shades?

Will you ever come back again?

My dear old friend, if you knew *how* sorry I am, you would know how much I love you always.

We have all been very well all summer. But oh! — no matter! I hope that you will all be very happy.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
October 8, 1873.

It is too true, alas, that we have all taken wings and flown from your New York. Considering all things, this seemed to be best. The Island had many attractions, though you were away, and we seemed to have struck down some roots which it was hard to pull up. But housekeeping was expensive; we were cut off from the city more than we liked; there was no school near us for Quincy; and no chance for me to make any money by

painting. Though boarding here is not cheap, and though it costs a good deal to get a tutor for Quincy, yet the change is, I think, good for him and for us all. We have a few friends here and in Boston, and I certainly can do no worse in my profession as a painter here than there. And for whatever literary work I am to do, this may be the best place for me.

I am grieved that I shall not see you as I expected, for I had looked forward to having you near us all the winter, and must bear this disappointment as I can. . . .

We have seen Henry James, and Frank Boott, and their households. Shall you not be coming this way, ere long? . . .

CHAPTER XIII

CAMBRIDGE

THE following is from the Autobiography: —

When I came to reside in Cambridge, after an interval of close on forty years since I had seen the architectural shades of Harvard, I could hardly get rid of the feeling that I was living in the shadow of authority. It seemed as if some invisible professors were haunting me, and as if — as sometimes in my dreams — I might be called upon at any moment, to explain why I had dodged the recitations, and absented myself from my duties. I felt a great yawning gap in my knowledge of matters, which even the Freshman of to-day should know. I was an ignoramus trespassing on the domain of scholars. In my long years of artist life, the bottom had almost dropped out of my old curriculum. Any schoolboy might stump me on the textbooks. One day a venerable ex-professor invited me to dine. I felt as if I was summoned to a recitation unprepared, and I had the effrontery to tell him so. I was relieved to hear him speak slightingly of one study at least which was thought very essential forty years ago. But now it is amazing to think how much of the superficial life may go on unfettered, untrammeled, in the very shadow of these majesterial buildings. . . .

The social life of Cambridge is one of the great charms of the place. The heavy work that goes on in the college buildings has no deadening or stiffening effect upon the freedom of movement in general society. The professional centre of pure white light is fringed about with the most liberal play of rainbow colors. There are clubs for

light reading, and charades and private theatricals, in which even college professors love to disport. . . .

There is one element left out in the composition of Cambridge society — that is — the artistic. Cambridge knows little, and cares little, about art. But this is hardly to be expected, for some years to come. And even then, it will perhaps not be, from any spontaneous impulse in all that belongs to a liberal education, but from a sense of duty and an ambition to be "up to the universe."

Mr. Cranch to O. B. Frothingham

April 15, 1874.

I have just finished your Life of Theodore Parker, the book presented to me by Mrs. Parker, and therefore all the more prized; and I feel impelled to express to you my thanks among the many readers you cannot fail to have. You have done a great work. I can understand what laborious hours you must have given to have read so thoroughly and condensed and arranged so admirably his manuscript letters and journals, and in that crooked chirography of his. You have presented the whole to the public with a completeness of portraiture never, I suspect, given before. Your biography is so fresh, too, so juicy and fragrant; combines so well the sympathetic and the critical; eaten so into the very marrow of the man, and shows him to us so vividly in every phase of his career, and every side of his mind and character, and so floats him on the delightful current of your own thought and style, that it seems to me a fascinating book. Of course I don't deny that a great part of its charm to me may have been in reviving my recollections of Theodore himself, though I saw almost nothing of him after those West Roxbury days. But your book fills out and carries on the picture of him to my mind, and gives me his whole life

as I never so well knew it, and makes me realize how great he was, as I never did before. . . .

On Sunday last what do you suppose I did? I actually preached at the Memorial Hall. My subject was "The New Faith," in which I took lots of ideas from my New York pastor. I believe it is to be published in next Saturday's "Commonwealth," though I had n't the slightest idea of its being printed when I wrote it. But Mr. Slack pounced upon me with an editorial pistol and I did n't know what to do but stand and deliver, though I had already stood and delivered it to the whole congregation. I felt that I wanted to have once the satisfaction of saying in the Fraternity pulpit the things I did say, and I had a large and attentive and apparently sympathetic audience.

Your picture of Parker makes me feel ridiculously small, and thus I have wasted more of my life than I care about remembering. But it's no use for me to cry about it. I am growing old, but perhaps I may do something yet that may be of some little service to my fellow creatures. But this Theodore Parker haunts me and rebukes my conscience terribly.

To Ralph Waldo Emerson

CAMBRIDGE, April 27, 1874.

Many years ago our friend Margaret Fuller suggested to Mrs. Cranch that I should send you one of my sketches or pictures, and my wife has not forgotten to remind me often of it. But it was a seconding of an inclination on my part to do so. Will you accept a little landscape that I painted for you this winter, and which will soon reach you? And let it feebly express the lifelong debt of thanks I owe you for all that your works have been to me, ever since your little book "Nature" first came to me like a sunrise of truth and beauty.

I take the liberty also of sending you my "Libretto." [1] And I am now, as ever, with the same admiration and affection,

Truly yours,
C. P. CRANCH.

Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mr. Cranch

CONCORD, May 2, 1874.

Your double gift of poem and picture came safely to my house and eyes the night before last. The picture, of necessity, drew the first attention, and pleased and pleases all beholders. Mrs. J. M. Forbes, who was here, and who is herself an incessant painter, praised it warmly, and I, who am necessarily a dull critic in art, was glad to be justified in my innocent approbation. My son, a young doctor, who also sketches, and my daughter who draws, fully consented. The book with its dangerous title lies on my table, and waits a prosperous hour. I have always understood that you are the victim of your own various gifts; that all the muses, jealous each of the other, haunt your brain, and I well remember your speech to the frogs, which called out all the eloquence of the inhabitants of the swamp, in what we call Sleepy Hollow in Concord, many years ago.

We are now in the hardships of the worst spring that I can compare with my remembrances: but I trust it may yet lead us to as fair a summer as its sisters have done, and I trust my wife may be well enough, and you good enough, and I unloaded enough of my slow task, to secure us a visit from you on the best day.

Gratefully yours,
R. W. EMERSON.

[1] "Satan."

Edward Pope Cranch to Mrs. Brooks

CINCINNATI, May 27, 1874.

Bertha and Emma came safe and well yesterday, in time for tea. Having not slept much on the journey, they accordingly sat up all night talking; and, I suppose, intended to talk until they fell over in their chairs, which I believe they did do about two o'clock in the morning. At any rate, we certainly did n't have a very early breakfast to-day. To-night they migrate to Pike's Opera House to hear the second grand concert of the Harmonic Society, in which is to be performed Liszt's "Prometheus," which, being a Pagan myth, I suppose it is not proper to call it an oratorio. It is very Liszt-y indeed, and jerky. The time is full of delicate rests, like walking on tiptoe, or rather an Oriental egg dance — full of peril — as we make narrow escapes sometimes; going it with a sense of vertigo, and wondering how we got there, — the voices being wafted over the chasms by trombones and hautboys. It is perfectly awful. When the society sing it we look like a collection of people having a fit.

I don't know what dear Emma will think of the old Harmonic after hearing the Boston Handel and Haydn. I think we are pretty good on a regular trot, like the "Messiah" and "Creation." We can even keep alongside of that active little roadster, Bach, whose legs move under him so quick. But if you want to see fits of hysterics, you ought to see us in "Prometheus"! It is a perfect nightmare. The Detlingen "Te Deum" and the "Stabat Mater" last night were splendid. We had a great house, and everybody was delighted: I think must very nearly have paid expenses. That Mrs. Smith has such a clear, pure, high soprano, and sings so accurately! Whitney is a magnificent bass. If our Emma had had Mrs.

Barry's part, and Varley had been a natural-born tenor, which he is n't, and the Cincinnati Orchestra had stopped scratching, the Quartettes would have been perfect.

. . . Well, just pray for me; thermometer 90°, standing in cloth coat, on the top tier of two hundred singers, whose natural temperature excited by "Prometheus," and blazing gas, and audience of two thousand down there, and the spiders in the ceiling hatching their eggs prematurely on account of the heat, singing something I don't know, jostled by nervous elbows, and sympathetically affected by a general fuss — and this at sixty-five, when I ought to be in bed snoring a natural bass to myself like a husband and father. . . . Annie enjoys it though. She is one of the altos. I go for her sake.

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, July 4, 1874.

The other day Margie sent me your letter to her of May 27, or rather that portion of it describing Lizst's "Prometheus," and your experiences in the chorus. I would not have missed that letter for the world. So good is it that it is a shame it should be buried in a portfolio, and I have just committed a bold deed in transcribing some extracts therefrom which I have sent to Dwight for his Musical Journal. They are too good to be lost. I wish I could move your ambition and vanity a little on this score. You ought to write more in this vein, and publish it. You ought to make a collection of your letters and other writings, or let some friend do it, and immortalize yourself, let yourself be set on the pedestal and in the niche that belongs to you, for there are few who have your gift. I have extracted into my manuscript book several pages of your letters, as master-pieces. O that you could be persuaded to write more and publish. You

don't know your own powers. Long, long ago you ought to have chosen literature for your field, or else that in which Nast is making a fame and fortune. But it is n't too late to do something. I don't see any falling-off in your genius. You have the spirit of youth, and gifts such as yours should not be buried in napkins. I wish you would send me something for my own delight. I will promise not to publish, if you say so. I feel as if I were losing so much of you, in these long, long years of distance between us. Let Bertha or Emma or Annie hunt up and copy now and then. There must be treasures somewhere. Margie lent me some of your letters to your wife and daughter when at Milan, and I have rich extracts from them.

This is Independence Day, and the bells are ringing like mad; there never was such a place for bells as Cambridge. It is like Florence or Rome. This morning before sunrise they began it; — this is the noonday peal, and this afternoon and at sunset I suppose there will be more of it, with chimes to boot. But no guns, no cannon, not even a firecracker has been heard, nothing bigger than a torpedo. . . . Many people have left Cambridge. I suppose all the boys are suppressed by law, clapped into barrels, or sent off somewhere. But O these bells! It is a little too much. There is a big Newfoundland dog in the street, who evidently can't stand it; he is running about barking. Certainly pealing and barking go naturally together. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, November 26, 1874.

This is Thanksgiving Day and a bright sun is shining in at my study windows, and giving me strong hints that I ought to be thankful for a great many things, — too numerous to mention. One thing I am sure of, that I thank Heaven for you, though I don't see you in the flesh,

and don't know whether I shall see you or not, on "the other side." I wish I had your perfect faith in that. One thing, however, I am sure of, and that is that all is and will be for the best, and if it is best, we shall meet there, we shall meet. But it is all a mystery. You modestly count yourself out of the circle of the shining ones. But if your statue were set in the right light, I know many others whom the world applauds who would n't be worthy to hold a candle to you. Do you remember Hawthorne's story of the "Great Stone Face?" I am reminded of it when I think of you, of all you are and have been, though you have n't the art of putting your best foot foremost, and early in life contracted that, I suppose hereditary habit, of dodging the crowns of glory that were seeking you out, — and running to hide your light under every bushel measure you could lay hold of in the streets of Cincinnati. If you ever do succeed in getting on the other side of Jordan, in a conscious state of existence, I hope the first thing you will take lessons in, — but you must go to school to some very old and experienced and worldly-wise angel, — will be to take your angel-trumpet and *blow it;* not vaguely hint that you deserve to have a trumpet, or if you have it, insist upon not playing solos on it, even in your own parlor, but put up with a back seat somewhere in an orchestra! Now, the fact is, that I have learned a little of this worldly wisdom, though, to be sure, rather late in life. Some of that sort of Cranchiness you allude to has been slowly oozing out of me with the gathering of the snows of age upon my old head. Unfortunately it is rather late to turn it to any successful account. I suppose, on the whole, it is of little use now for either of us to try to step forward to the foot-lights and insist upon a solo. Have n't the audience seen us all along back there alongside the meek bassoons and monotonous

kettle-drums? Have n't they seen me, at least, "trying the stops of various quills," from the clerical trombone to the secular and artistic flute, and what chance hath such an one, should he announce himself as a singer or an organist? Of such things, if we succeed in getting that free pass to the other land, we will talk one day, not with stooping shoulders and hoary beards over the latter end of a sea-coal fire, but strolling along the shining streets or out in the meadows of Asphodel, with no debtors after us, no bankrupt court business haunting us, no ridiculous abstracts of time and space to surmount, before we can have our talk. Seriously, to me, all reason, all analogy, all type and correspondence intimates that hoped-for conscious, and if conscious, then social state of being beyond the utter incompleteness of this life. Over and over I have reasoned myself into the belief and have written out my reasons so that it would seem like a tremendous mockery, a lifelong practical joke, altogether out of keeping with my idea of the perfect love and wisdom of the great divine order, this limiting existence, i.e., conscious existence, which is the only existence worth anything, to this little period of life on our speck of a planet. We are something more than coral insects, I take it, put here only to build up our little atom of the great world-reefs for those that come after. There is n't a greater philosophical humbug than M. Compte's "Immortality of the Race."

I don't know how I got into this sermonizing strain, I suppose it was your letter, and the morning sun at my windows, and the stillness of Thanksgiving Day that set me going. But when we can talk, let us talk. Why don't we talk oftener? If it were as easy to write, as to speak, I suppose we should, only once in a while some harmony of circumstances makes it easy.

Last night we had a little party, about a dozen. Among our guests were Charles Elliott and wife, our near neighbors, and your friend, Mrs. Sarah Perkins. After tea and chocolate we had quite a jolly evening. Miss Lizzie Boott sang an Italian song and her Pa, Mr. Frank Boott sang two of his own songs, a good pair of Boots, and I sang "Heathen Chinee" and "Chiquita," and "Isaac Abbott," and made the crying baby. After which our friend Brooks gave his inimitable specimens of acting — "Widow Bedott" and the old woman telling the shad story, ending with his celebrated Fourth of July oration.

CAMBRIDGE, February 19, 1875.

I must tell you of a great pleasure I have had in reading over several bundles of old letters of Father's and Grandfather Cranch's. They were sent to me by Richard Greenleaf, in whose possession they have been until now. He wrote me a note saying that I ought to have them. But they don't belong to me any more than to you. I know you will be glad to read them when you get time, — and if you come on to see me, or if I should come on to see you, we will have that pleasure together. There are several letters of Grandfather Cranch to Grandmother, while he was in Boston, in the Court of Common Pleas, — she being in Braintree, — and a few notes from Father while in college — to grandfather. But the great bulk of the letters are from Father while in Washington, with rough drafts of Grandfather's answers. These extend from about 1792 to 1811. They open to me many vistas in the family affairs and tell many events I knew nothing about. Everything is so circumstantially detailed that I seem almost to have remembered it. All his plans, his uncertainties, his despondencies, his hopes, his removals from house to house, his purchases and speculations —

his farms, his sheep — the politics of the day — under Jefferson's administration — the fears of Executive interference with the Judiciary — the honors that fell to him — the various ups and downs of health and sickness, the children, the neighbors, etc.; and all so closely written, in the same even, familiar hand we used to know so well. Then the relations between him and his parents — so tender and affectionate and deferential — the light too — shed on Grandfather Cranch, brings me for the first time to an acquaintance with this remarkable man. I wish to heaven we had some sort of portrait of him. There was once a pencil drawing of him by father — a mere rough sketch, that I remember having seen. What became of it? Nothing of our Grandmother either. How did it happen they were never painted? When on the Greenleaf side the portraits go back a generation or two farther?

The letters end abruptly, just before the Hon. Richard Cranch's death in 1811. Grandmother Cranch, I think, died the same year, and very shortly afterwards. The birth of each child is mentioned in Father's letters — and sometimes there are little notices of them, as boys and girls. . . .

I feel now like a person who has read only the first volume of a novel, and knows, or fears the second is lost. I want to follow the fortunes of the family from Washington to Alexandria, and see how I came into the world; and to know some few incidents attending my early childhood. Are there any letters preserved, of this period? or later? Perhaps Margie has some. She is the chief record keeper of the Cranch family. I never knew before that there was a Christopher Cranch before me — I don't mean the infant of Mother's that died — but a Christopher in Richard Cranch's time — in England — one of his cousins. It looked queer to see his signature on those

yellow old letters. One of the most interesting letters of Grandfather's, is one in which he tells of the original Christopher Pearse, for whom I was named. He was our Grandfather's grandfather and must have been born during Cromwell's Civil War.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 1, 1875.

My long intention to write to you naturally conquers me to-day, and I pledge you and Lizzie in a deep draught of affection and memory. That it was actually so long ago, that Saturday morning when the Nebraska dropped down the harbor, I, of course, decline to believe. I know only that it was not a more beautiful morning than this, and that we could not have been any younger. For both of us, for all of us, what a rich world and life it has been since that day! The only stain is that you and Lizzie will be Arabs, and that you have never stopped travelling since the summer morn when we cast off at the foot of Wall Street. But I do not lose faith that you will yet return to your native Staten Island!

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, December 5,[8] 1875.

I received your letter to-day. Sunday is a lucky day for letters I think. There is no carrier, but I go to the P. O. and stand in the queue, and I am generally rewarded for my patience. I am very glad you got my book. I was afraid it miscarried. It is delightful to have such heartfelt praise. What a comfort in this crowded market-world, where our particular hobbies are so shoved aside and knocked down and run over, in the great press and thoroughfare, to have a brother whisper such words of

encouragement! Go to! you and I and a very few others will organize a mutual appreciation club and warm each other's inwards, and quaff deep draughts of the wine of brotherly love in our old age, and the gentle exhilaration thereof, shall be to us instead of the intoxicating fumes of the Cup of Fame! I think I only want to be *appreciated* — that's what we all want rather than the world's fame.

As to the Libretto for the "Cantata of America," I dare say I was very rash to consent to do it. I see what may be done, vaguely see it; but it does n't at all shape itself yet to me in a lyric or dramatic form. I have no inspirations as yet. I shall pray for them. I am tolerable at meditative poetry on America, as you may see in my Phi Beta poem, but have n't got hold yet of a conception for dramatic music.

There must be a sort of chaos to begin with, like Haydn's "Creation" overture. Do you remember Gardiner's description of it in his "Music of Nature?" Show it to Mr. Singer. Let him make his overture. But it is funny my saying what Mr. Singer ought to do, before I have an idea of my own.

How would it do to have a wail and lamentation from the *Red Men*, on their vanishing wigwams and hunting fields, and the encroaching white pioneers? But something grander must precede this. Mystical voices from the old world, predicting the discovery of the new world, and the uprising of a great shining continent beyond the unknown ocean. I shall have to pump at the dry cistern of my wits; perhaps to bore an artesian well, before I touch my Castalian fount. I am frightened to think of it. But if *I* don't do it, somebody else will, who can't do it either. If ever I had to invoke the Muse it is now! Let us pray for favorable conditions. Medium work and spirit manifestations are nothing to this.

Last night I read an essay on Shakespeare's Sonnets at Mrs. J. T. Sargent's in Boston.[1] I met there a lady I knew in New York, a musician and writer, who likes my book immensely. These little sops are sweet under the tongue.

[1] Mr. Cranch was often called upon to speak, or read an essay at the meetings of the Boston Radical Club, generally held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sargent, 17 Chestnut Street. This club had gathered in nearly all the freethinkers of Boston. It was laughed at in New York as too intellectual for human nature's daily food, and was called a "brainy" club. Many of its members had been Unitarian ministers, who had left the pulpit, as too cramping an atmosphere for their unfettered thought. The New England literary lights gathered here to hear and discuss vital philosophic problems. It was the most advanced club in Boston.

Mr. John T. Sargent, the founder, had been a Unitarian pastor with a parish in Boston. His loyalty to Theodore Parker cost him his church. He did not hesitate at the call of his inward convictions. He held true to these, notwithstanding the pressure from without. In those days Parker's grand iconoclastic sermons made him seem, to conservative Unitarians, almost a heretic. To-day all thought, and thus life, is profiting by the courage and single-mindedness of the pioneers in religious thought. Channing, Parker, Emerson, and later, Bartol, Hedge, Cranch, Sargent, and a host of others, helped on this spiritual Renaissance.

Mr. Cranch once read his poem "The Bird and the Bell" at this club. This poem was a meditation in Rome upon the freedom of the bird contrasted by the bondage of creed, suggested by the ringing of church bells. The discussion which followed was interesting. From a press clipping, at the time, some of those present were: "Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Rev. Charles G. Ames of San Francisco, Bronson Alcott, Mr. John S. Dwight, James Redpath, Rev. Mr. Potter of New Bedford, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Edward D. Cheney, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, and Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard of New York."

Mr. Cranch made a favorable impression in his reading. To quote from a newspaper clipping: "The reader's face, voice and manner added very much to the charm of his poem. He is tall and squarely built, with a strong, yet sensitive face, white hair and beard; his manner is pleasing; and there is a certain magnetism about him that placed him at once *en rapport* with his audience, while his voice is sympathetic and held even those who could not see his face."

To George William Curtis

CAMBRIDGE, December 26, 1875.

I was exceedingly glad to hear from Mrs. Curtis's letter of the 16th, for which please thank her, that you were so much better. I hope nothing has occurred to give you a *Hinterschlag*, but that you and the beautiful weather have duly agreed with each other, and that you have been able to take your walks, and have gained strength daily. I am anxious to hear again, and hope you or Mrs. Curtis will drop me a line to confirm our hopes. We remembered you at our Christmas dinner yesterday, — only three of us at the table now, you know. . . .

I have been busy painting several small pictures. . . . I have also done some good poetical work, the best of which I consider ten sonnets addressed to my brother Edward. I write no sonnets now except in the orthodox Italian manner, with the double rhymes. I have taken a studio in Boston for the winter, and shall get into it in the New Year. I shall throw out my nets. There is better fishing in Boston than in Cambridge, which is the the deadest place for art I know.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, December 31, 1875.

Your letter was very welcome and finds me quite well again. The trouble seemed to be an attempt at gastric fever, which our old Doctor D —— skilfully baffled. I read your book with my heart as well as with my eyes and mind. It is like you as a photograph is, into which the full likeness does not get, yet which wonderfully reproduces the person. It is full of an inward music for me, — the music of happy memory, none the less happy that by distance it is somewhat shadowy and pensive. I have never ceased to be glad that my first sight and feeling of

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH, 1878

Italy were with you, who in the true sense are an Italian, and son of the South. My mind constantly reverts to Rome, and Rome in those young days of glory in the past is forever blended with you. I hope, but I do not suppose, that the book "sells." I do not suppose it because I know how slowly the wares of Parnassus go.

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, February 27, 1876.

I think the lines I send must end the Cantata. If any more is needed by Mr. Singer, please let me know. The whole thing seems rather short, but then I know the music has a way of spreading it out over a large surface. If it is only the *right* thing, a little goes a great way. I am glad that what I have done pleases. I am open to any suggestions of emendation. . . .

I go to Boston every day to my Studio; but must give it up either by the middle of March or 1st of April. Carrie is there part of the time.

Did you read my sonnet on "Pennyroyal" in the March "Atlantic"? I wrote it last summer in the country, one Sunday morning lying under an oak-tree. I thought my love of pennyroyal was a specialty of mine and a few others, but it seems the sonnet has brought out half a dozen sympathizers. Only to-day I received the thanks of an old Boston lawyer, and at the same time Howells showed me a letter from a gentleman in West-Newton, with a poem which he had named "Pennyroyal," till he saw mine; very good, too, it is. I will here transcribe some lines of mine, which will appear in the "Atlantic," sometime. They are to nobody in particular, but to a sort of Ideal Voice.

All day within me, sweet and clear
The song you sang is ringing.

At night in my half-dreaming ear
I hear you singing, singing.

Ere thought takes up its homespun thread
When early morn is breaking,
Sweet snatches hover round my head,
And cheer me when awaking.

The sunrise brings the melody
I only half remember:
And summer seems to smile for me,
Although it is December.

Through drifting snow, through dropping rain,
Through gusts of wind, it haunts me:
The tantalizing old refrain
Perplexes, yet enchants me.[1]

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

CAMBRIDGE, January 10, 1877.

I should have replied before to your kind letter. Mr. Alden has probably told you that he has accepted the poem I sent through you, and has paid me for the lines and illustrations, for which I consider myself in great measure indebted to you. I am much gratified too that you and Mr. Shaw liked my verses in the "Atlantic." Boott, who is now in Rome, has set to music some of the stanzas, and has sent it to Ditson for publication. . . . You have doubtless heard that Story is a grandpa. But Boott only alludes to this distantly, and tells me nothing about the Maestro.

We had a glorious concert here last night at Sanders Theatre. . . . Paine's new Romanza, and Scherzo for piano and 'cello went off finely. All the Cambridge *élite* are at these concerts, and a good many Bostonians. I think you have n't seen the new theatre. It is very beauti-

[1] The poem is printed slightly altered in *Ariel and Caliban* and is called "Ione."

ful, holds fifteen hundred people, and is well adapted to music. In the Beethoven Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, the Andante Cantabile was the most divine thing I have heard for a long time. I saw John Dwight and Lowell and Norton, and other friends of yours at a distance.

On Monday next is the Annual Dinner of the Harvard Musical Association at Parker's in Boston, where I shall give my contribution in the shape of some verses, of a light and humorous vein.

Write and tell me how you have been this cold and snowy winter. I keep Carrie's sketch of you on my study mantelpiece and look at it every day. It is very like you, and *I* think, is a masterly sketch rough and unfinished as it is.

John Bigelow to Mr. Cranch

294 State Street, Albany. (1876.)

It seems to be in the order of Providence that I should renew my intercourse with you after a long separation, as the Messenger of Affliction. I have just received a letter from my son giving an account of his shipwreck at Yokohama and of his first two days in that city; his diary and previous letters not having come to hand.

With his letter is a sort of log kept on the margin of a map in which is registered the distance and course of the ship each day, from New York to the rock on which it split, with a brief entry of any unusual incident. I was shocked to read opposite November 15, the following: "Quincy Cranch fell off the mizzen royal yard and was killed — Ship kept her course."

On the tracing of the route opposite the 17th day of November there is the following entry, "Death of Cranch 38.56° lat., 18.28° long. Cape of Good Hope.

This is all, and yet far too much! Doubtless you will have heard, before this, fuller details of this catastrophe. Should my son's diary, or letters, ever come to hand, I will profit by anything they may contain to answer some of the numerous questions which this meagre record will provoke.

You will break this intelligence to Mrs. Cranch and your family as you best can. God knows how sincerely I sympathize with you and them.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

CAMBRIDGE, March 19, 1876.

Your kind letter was received, telling us what we are always sure of, your love and sympathy. Our poor boy, as you may have heard before this, fell from the mizzen royal yards on the 15th of November last. He must have been killed immediately, for he struck the starboard quarter boat, from which he fell into the sea. This is all we know. It must have occurred somewhere near the Cape of Good Hope, as we gather from a letter from Mr. John Bigelow, who had a son on board the Surprise, who sends him his diary, in which Quincy's death is confirmed. The shock to us all was terrible, made all the more sad, by our utter ignorance of all that had occurred to him on board ship since he sailed on the twenty-fifth of September. The last word we had from him was a postal card off Sandy Hook.

Lizzie was away at Fishkill when I read the letter from Mr. Tuckerman enclosing the brief extract from the Captain's letter to Mr. Lyman, partner of A. A. Low & Co. It was on the 8th — my birthday, at five o'clock P.M. as I returned from Boston. Carrie and I held a consultation, and it was thought it would never do for Lizzie to come back alone, so I left Boston in the nine o'clock train

that night and waited for the train from Fishkill. It was there, at the station, that she first learned the news. We left that afternoon and returned. Lizzie was ill for several days, but she is now well again, and strong, and full of faith that she will see her boy again. Then he is spared so much struggle and trial in this world. The sharpest bitterness of the blow is becoming gradually less. It is a blessed thing that we have work to engross us. This, and time are the great consolers.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

West New Brighton, February 21, 1877.

. . . Life goes with us as usual. Your old avenue is getting well peopled. Mr. Shaw has built three new houses on it during the year and now proposes two more. As I go out to my daily walk, I do not fail to see Lizzie pottering over her plants in the sunshine, and I wonder why you do not come out and join me. Sidney Gay is my only companion, but with you I recall Italy and "golden joys."

Politically it has been a most exciting winter, and the end is not until the fourth of March is gone. Luckily I have no kind of official ambition, so my soul is at rest. My Lizzie's music is a great delight, and for so young a girl, she plays very well.

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

Cambridge, December 30, 1877.

It does me good to hear from you, after so many months of silence. Don't give up writing to me; if only a few lines. Let us make this one of our duties and pleasures for the year 1878. Life is short, and thousands of miles and long periods of time between us, but postage is cheap, and a

letter now and then is a bright star rising on our darkness. I thank God that you and I only grow old in body, not in soul. We are old boys. Let us hullo to each other still across the mists that are settling around us, and if we can't see each other we can hear each other's voices.

On Christmas Day I was sick in bed with an attack of vertigo, a thing I never had before. (But our good Doctor soon cured me.) We were all invited to dine at Henry James's; but Lizzie and Carrie went without me.

I was at the "Atlantic" dinner, on Whittier's seventieth birthday, of which, I suppose, you have seen an account. I did n't get home till near two o'clock, I believe; but then I waited for Mr. Houghton who brought me out in his carriage. I had written a sonnet to Whittier, and sent it to him, and received a pleasant answer from him; but as the sonnet was printed in the "Tribune," it could n't properly be read at the dinner.

The next evening I was at a party in Boston, at Mr. Eldredge's — brother-in-law to Story — who was there, the party being for him. It was a big, fashionable party, and though I went late, I was almost the first there, and besides, much to my disgust, had on a pair of shrilly creaking boots, and there was no carpet on the stairs! This was awful. But I said to myself, "I'm an old gentleman, what matters it?" This looks as if I were a society man. But I'm not. I'm almost a hermit.

To Mrs. Scott

CAMBRIDGE, April 5, 1878.

. . . I am sorry you have the "blues." Yet you would n't be a real chip of the old block, if you had n't them sometimes. Some bodily and mental temperaments are subject to them, and some are not; and it is hard for the latter to understand the former. I used to be greatly

troubled that way, and am sometimes still. Your mother's temperament is totally different from mine and she never could understand the malady. It is probably one third circumstances, and two thirds inherited temperament, and of course is aggravated by any temporary derangement of bodily health. The only remedy is occupation, and putting ourselves, if possible, into the currents of healthy and joyous influences. It is like the change of the weather. In nine cases out of ten it is as hard to account for the blues as it is for meteorological changes.

We have been having Sunday afternoon meetings; a little movement got up among some of the liberal people "unchurched" in Cambridge. They are small gatherings of about twenty or more gentlemen and ladies, meeting at each other's houses, where an essay is read and followed by conversation. They have been very interesting. The first meeting was in our parlor, March 10, where I read aloud the "Immortal Life"; the second, at Mr. Parks's, where Mr. Beckwith, a young minister, read about "Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces in Thought, and in Society"; the third, at Mrs. Stearns's, essay by Professor C. C. Everett on "Nature"; the fourth, at our house, essay by Mr. Weiss on "Idealism and Materialism." Weiss and John Dwight dined with us that day. The conversation was more interesting than usual, much less formal and bookish and stilted than at Mrs. Sargent's Club. We have had no organization, or name as yet, and I don't know whether we shall, except the appointment of a Committee, of which I am chairman, to provide readers. Next Sunday, Mr. Sydney H. Morse reads, and the next, Dr. Hedge at his house. I think it would be a good thing for you to try it in Burlington, where, I dare say, there are a good many who don't go to church, yet feel the need of some spiritual and intellectual communion.

To his brother Edward

(1878.)

. . . Once they were all up before daylight and started off in a wagon for the prairie, which they saw at sunrise, starting up meadow larks and quail and other birds, in the crisp frosty morning, now and then getting out to walk and warm themselves. Carrie,[1] with her artist's eye and soul, was delighted with the scenery. They were gone three or four days from Burlington. On the way back, C. and N. must needs take a ride on the engine! which, I suppose, is a sort of initiation into real Western life. Some ladies told C. the cow-catcher was even preferable to the engine! They had about twenty minutes of it; it was exciting, but a rough ride. . . .

If you want to know what I have been doing, I can hardly tell you. Only I am generally busy about something. I try my hand at too many things, I know, but somehow I can't help it. . . . I send some verses occasionally to some magazine, and I paint pictures. . . . My latest things have been some water-colors, chiefly Venetian subjects, which I shall send to the New York Exhibition for February. I sold two there last year. And these are better. . . .

Then, translating verse is one of my vanities. I believe I told you I had done the ten Eclogues of Virgil into hexameter, line for line. This was some time ago. I think it is one of the best things I have done. Lately I have been trying my hand at a few of the Odes of Horace. One of them is published in the first number of the New Series of Dwight's "Journal." So you see I try "the stops of various quills." I have enough translations of shorter poems, of the German and Latin chiefly, to make a volume, but there is no demand for such wares. . . .

[1] Miss Cranch was visiting her sister in the West.

JOHN WEISS

But I am running on, and here is the end of my paper. I will hunt up that "Symposium." I like such reading, too. But sometimes I like to cut loose from all thought on the Problem of Life, which I can never solve and go back to my canvas and brushes, where I can enjoy work and not be obliged to think on these tangled questions.

CAMBRIDGE, May 21, 1879.

We have just returned from a two months' visit to New York. We kept house in the Gilders' rooms. Mr. R. W. Gilder the poet and his wife, Mrs. Helena DeKay Gilder, who is a painter and a friend of Carrie's, have gone to Europe for a few months, and we stepped into their place, which consists of two big rooms, one of which is a studio, entered through a court and an iron gate which opened, in foreign fashion, by pulling a long wire from within. Our bedrooms were only spaces partitioned off by screens. We had a basement below with a cooking stove, and the Gilders left us their colored girl for cook and waitress. They left all their books and furniture and bric-à-brac adornments. We found butcher and baker and grocer within easy distance, and on the whole were comfortable, and lived cheaply. I managed to paint a little, but having no room to myself, did no writing of any consequence. Carrie was very busy at her classes and Mr. Chase's instruction at the Artists' League, and thinks she derived much benefit therefrom.

We made two visits to Staten Island, and were two weeks up the River to see our relatives in Fishkill. I was within three doors of the Century Club, and they gave me a card of admittance during the time I was in the city. We saw hosts of old friends and acquaintances, heard Frothingham preach, and were at the reception given to him before he left for Europe, which was a great occasion.

Many friends wanted us to stay in New York, but it is not the place for us. It is too big, and too noisy. I was homesick for our quiet life in Cambridge, and am very glad to get back again.

I wish I could hear from you sometimes. But I ought not to complain, for if I, who have so much leisure and the free use of my fingers, am still such a bad correspondent, what must it be for you with your hours crowded with work and your lame wrist! . . .

I can't remember when you wrote to me last, or when I wrote to you. I wish, if you can't write, you would dictate an epistle, or send me a scrap of drawing. Now I come to think of it, you will be actually seventy years old in a few days! And I am creeping along close to your steps. And fate still separates us, and the mystery of life and of the great Future still wraps us about, and we know nothing about the Beyond! And yet I am sure that all will be for the best. Now I think of it, I will send you four sonnets, written last March, on this great theme. But I am inclined to think it best, if we can, to forget all about Death and the Future, and live in the Present. We've got to let these things take care of themselves. — *What have we got to do with it?* If a man by taking thought can't add one cubit to his stature, neither can he add one day to his life. All we can do is to submit to the Great Ruler of events, and *trust and hope.* My great creed now is to believe in the Unconscious life, and take counsel of it. And its great lesson is Faith, and not Doubt or Denial.

And I trust too that even in this mortal vale we shall meet again, and that before long.

CAMBRIDGE, May 29, 1879.

I am going to celebrate your birthday by transcribing a poem I have just written, — finished to-day, but I don't

know what to call it.[1] It is I think mainly suggested by a very remarkable article which I have been re-reading for the fourth or fifth time, written by a friend of ours, Dr. William James, son of Henry James, senior, and published in the January number, 1878, of the St. Louis "Journal of Speculative Philosophy." I wish you would look it up and read it. It is a sharp and very able criticism of Herbert Spencer's "Definition of Mind." Dr. James is also Professor James, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard, — and promises, I think, to make a great mark as a philosophical writer.

To George William Curtis

MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 19, 1879.

Here we are by the seaside, where we have been for over a week. It is a pretty place, with plenty of trees about us, and bushes, which grow down to the water's edge. We are within two minutes' walk to the beach, where wife and daughter religiously plunge nearly every day into the ice-cold water. But I don't think the bathers, on the whole, are very enthusiastic in their devotions. There are a good many very nice people here, mostly ladies, with the usual sprinkling of young men, married and single, who go about in colored sailor shirts with limp, turn-down collars, and no vests, and young ladies who swing in hammocks and read novels, and a select dozen of whom are artists. We have very small rooms in the Sea View Cottage, and take our meals at the Central House, which is Willow Cottage. Rooms all full. I am in the smallest room, I think, I ever was in, say about eight by twelve feet, including the closet. But have a fine view of the sea from the window. The table is excellent, and the company

[1] "A Word to Philosophers."

refined and agreeable. There are pretty bits among the willows, but as to the shore views, I am disappointed. Unfortunately I can't take my long exploring walks, as I am troubled with a lame rheumatic knee, which seems to get no better. Yesterday morning, while I was painting a group of willows with the sea beyond, three New York artists made me a call as they were taking a walk in search of subjects. . . .

Our anniversary is fast approaching, and I hope to hear from you as usual on that memorable day. How goes it at Ashfield? Give our love to all, and greet the green-wooded hills for me.

Oliver Wendell Holmes to Mr. Cranch

296 Beacon Street, December 14, 1879.

I have thanked you verbally for your presence at our Breakfast, and for the beautiful sonnet which you did me the honor of reading at the table. But I am not satisfied without writing these few lines to say that I most fully appreciate your kindly remembrance which took such a form that I can preserve it among the enduring memorials of what was to me one of the great occasions of my uneventful life.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A fountain in our green New England hills
Sent forth a brook, whose music, as I stood
To listen, laughed and sang through field and wood
With mingled melodies of joyous rills.
Now, following where they led, a river fills
Its channel with a wide calm shining flood
Still murmuring on its banks with changeful mood.
So, Poet, sound thy "stops of various quills,"
Where waves of song, wit, wisdom charm our ears
As in thy youth, and thoughts and smiles by turns
Are ours, grave, gay, or tender. Time forgets
To freeze thy deepening stream. The stealthy years
But bribe the Muse to bring thee amulets
That guard the soul whose fire of youth still burns.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND,
April 18, 1880.

What do I hear of your going away? How can you do such a thing? I have just been reading your beautiful verses in the "Atlantic." They are very touching and true, but too sad.

Why should you go away? What have we all done?

To-day the spring begins here. It is still, and warm, and blue, and the Forsythia, and Periwinkle, and company, are in full blast. But if you are really going, what is the name of the curse-rigged ship, and when does she sail and whence? I shall be very, very sorry if this story turns out to be true. We are all well, and we all send our love to Lizzie and Carrie and you. Don't go!

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be!"

CHAPTER XIV

THIRD VISIT TO EUROPE

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
May 6, 1880.

I have been intending for some time to write to you, to tell you what perhaps you have heard, that we are all going to Europe next month. We have let our house in Cambridge furnished, which enables us to carry out a plan Lizzie has long entertained, to go abroad, chiefly on Carrie's account. It is a fine opportunity for her, and will, we hope, do a great deal towards her completion in her art education. . . .

Dear brother, how I wish I could have come out to see you before leaving! I had a vivid dream of you last night, that we met, and I cried for joy to embrace you. Well, one of these days we may yet meet. . . . Ever and forever yours, my dear, dear brother.

London, July 28, 1880.
21 Woburn Place, Russell Square.

It is high time I sent you some word of myself, and ourselves, from this side of the ocean. We sailed on the 9th of June in the Cunarder Algeria, had a short and pleasant passage, no rough weather, a very good company of fellow-voyagers, no incidents of any note, and arrived in Liverpool on the evening of Saturday, the 19th. We spent part of Sunday in Liverpool, and then took train to Chester, a wonderfully interesting old city, founded by the Romans, part of the old wall still to be seen; a fine

old mediæval ruin of a church, and another called the Phœnix Tower. There is a fine cathedral, where Carrie and I attended a late Sunday service, after which was given an organ recital, from a very excellent organ and organist, of a part of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The twilight was so long that we had plenty of time to take a walk after service, and saw the ruins of St. John's Church. The old tower was splendid in the rosy sunset, and we heard some delicious bird notes. We stayed here a day or two, walked round the old walls of the town, and saw the mountains of North Wales, very lovely and dreamy, in the distance. The weather was beautiful, with the finest of half-cloudy, misty, English skies. We enjoyed our ride by rail to London, the kind of landscape being all new to us. We are living in "lodgings" — two chambers and a large parlor, which is also our dining-room. We order what we want, and have our meals cooked and served when we like. Landlady very obliging and service very good. My room is an upper one, looking out on a wide prospect of black backs of houses and an infinity of red chimney pots, and some red-tiled roofs. But I can't begin to tell you how wonderfully interesting this great city is. One might live years here, and never see all one wants to see. Lizzie is not able to walk very far, but Carrie and I take long walks, and see the streets, the galleries, the museums, the parks, and so on. Considerable riding, too, we have done, by omnibus or hansom. Riding is cheap, but cheapness is a snare and a temptation. We have seen a little of the British Museum which is near us, Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the Exhibitions, the National Gallery, the outside of Buckingham Palace, the great parks, the Zoölogical Gardens, and have been to Dulwich, a quiet, shady-laned place giving us the first suggestion we have had of the ideal

rural scenery of England. Enjoyed much the pictures in the Gallery.

We went twice to hear M. D. Conway, at his chapel in Finsbury, and I was twice at his house at Cheswick, Turnham Green, where I met Mr. Froude — the only distinguished Englishman I have seen. We took a walk about Turnham Green, and saw the house where Hume finished his history, and the house where Hogarth lived and worked. We all went once to the Lyceum Theatre, and saw Irving and Miss Terry, in the "Merchant of Venice," a capital piece of acting. There was an excellent afterpiece, "Iolanthe," founded on Heine's "King René's Daughter," in which Miss Terry was especially charming. But we have seen very few Americans, and sometimes we feel lonely. The only English family we have seen is Mrs. Gilchrist's, — they live at Hampstead, north of London, on a hill, from which we saw very pretty views. Mrs. G. is the widow of the author of Blake's biography; we made their acquaintance in New York. A few of our American friends have come and gone. . . .

Carrie is copying in the National Gallery. There are only two days in the week when students are allowed to work there; she has made only small sketchy copies so far. This gallery is perhaps one of the choicest in Europe. It was not in existence when I was here twenty-five years ago.

The other day C. and I went to the Kensington Museum, walking part of the way across Hyde Park. We went into the Indian Department. No one can possibly attempt a description of the magnificent things we saw there, the Oriental carpets, shawls, robes, turbans, silk stuffs, of colors to make a painter's eye dance with delight; swords, guns, sabres, daggers, horse equipments, how-

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
From an oil sketch by Caroline Amelia Cranch

dahs, jewels, rings, bracelets, earrings, photographs of Hindoo architecture. But this was only a portion of the wonderful things in this Museum. Before I got to the picture gallery, my brain was dizzy, and my back acheing. The British Museum is another wonderful place, which we have hardly begun to explore. It seems as if London was appropriating all the wonderful and beautiful things of the world.

The parks are a remarkable feature of London. They cover an immense area. From St. James's Park, which is not very far from Westminster Abbey and the Thames, you enter Green Park, then Hyde Park, walking through miles of green grass and trees, and think you are far away in the country instead of the heart of London. The common people all throng through these walks, and stretch themselves on the grass, and wheel about their children every day in the week, including Sundays. I don't believe there is anything like it in the world. From Woburn Place, where we are, it is about a mile to Regent's Park, a lovely place, in the Northern portion of which are the Zoölogical Gardens. . . .

We have an astonishing climate here for dog days. I have worn my winter clothes ever since we landed in England. We have a good deal of rain, and the London air is almost always smoky, but we have very fine days too, and it is never hot, in our American way. It is neither hot nor cold, but an even temperature, ranging between 60° and 70° that makes you forget the weather entirely. But one never goes out without an umbrella. It may rain at any moment, and rain and sunshine follow one another a dozen times during the day. Every gentleman, so 't is said, wears a stove-pipe hat. I vowed for two weeks, I would never, no *never* wear one. But I had to give in; add to this, I was obliged to discard my cotton

umbrella and buy a slender silk one. Such is the tyranny of fashion!

Here follows a few extracts from Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

June 25. . . . Went to the Grosvenor Gallery. The pictures here are better than at the Royal Academy. Some fine portraits by Bastien Le Page, Holl, Richmond, and others. Terribly disappointed in a big picture by Burne-Jones — a troop of young women in dirty white descending a spiral staircase, a picture without any motive or meaning, and poor and cold in color. The modern English school men all paint on a high key, and many of them without any shadows, in crude and chalky colors. Some good water-colors — but not so good as the works of our best American water colorists.

Munkácsy's "Two Families" at the Royal Academy is the best picture there — very fine — the dogs and children wonderful. . . .

. . . . . .

June 30. Went to National Gallery. A splendid collection. Fine Gainsboroughs, Reynolds, Hogarths, — noble specimens of the Venetian school — Paul Veronese, Titian, Guardi, Canaletto, and many others. Good collections of Turners. My brain and back ached with seeing so many fine pictures. . . . Is it not astounding that the modern English Painters, with this noble gallery right under their eyes, go on doing such poor work in color, and don't seem to derive any benefit from the precious treasures of Art, they can study with such full opportunities?

July 17. To Russell Sturgis's, Carlton House Terrace. We went by appointment to see his pictures. Magnificent house — might be called a palace. He took us all over

it. A good many excellent family portraits. There are four pictures of mine, painted in Paris — two Niagaras, one Venice by moonlight, and a view at Nahant. They all look very well. From the balcony or terrace upstairs you look over St. James's Park.

Lizzie, Carrie, and I then went and sat awhile in St. James's Park. Then Lizzie took a hansom home, and Carrie and I took a bus to Hyde Park Corner, where we sat for an hour or two looking at the grand carriages go by, with their liveried and powdered and wigged coachmen and footmen. London is a whole country and kingdom squeezed together into a gigantic mass of brick and stone, and called a city.

July 28. . . . The London "Daily News" of July 21 mentions the death of my dear old friend George Ripley. I hear no particulars of his decease. He was of a ripe old age, I think near eighty. I had seen him very seldom of late years, but I knew him to be always the same kind, genial, generous, liberal heart, as in his youth. I have felt his loss deeply. I have known him since before the "Brook Farm" days — more than forty years. I was always "Christopher" to him. He never changed as other friends have changed. He was youthful and genial and hearty, to the last time I saw him, a little over a year ago.

He is a loss to the country. He was a sound and learned scholar, an accurate, profound, and liberal critic, a good writer, a deep philosopher, and a steady worker. Personally I owe him much for his appreciative notices of my works. I shall long remember him affectionately — my old true-hearted friend — I shall never forget you!

August 1. Sunday. Lizzie, Carrie, and I went to morning services at the Foundling Hospital Chapel in Guilford Street. The organ is said to have been given by

Handel. On each side of it, row upon row, sit on one side the boys, on the other the girls, who are all in uniform — plain dresses and high white caps. There was a great deal of singing and chanting by the children, assisted by the organ and choir. It was a very pretty and striking sight. The liturgy was conducted by three clergymen. The reading of the Scriptures was as monotonous as any schoolboy's. The sermon by a very old man, was dull and commonplace.

After service we visited the rooms of the establishment, saw some interesting pictures, and manuscripts of Sir Thomas Coram the founder, and of Handel. Among these was a ticket of admission in 1750 to hear a new Oratorio called the "Messiah." Gentlemen were requested to attend "without their swords, and ladies without hoops."

August 9. By cab to Waterloo Station, and then to Hampton Court. Enjoyed much the old Palace with its courtyards, and the endless succession of royal rooms filled with pictures; also the beautiful grounds, where we walked and sat, in the lovely summer weather; after a lunch at the Mitre Tavern, came back by the little steamboat, which was crowded and uncomfortable — but we enjoyed the scenery of the Thames. Passed under a great many bridges, and landed quite late at the Westminster Bridge, and home by cab. . . .

August 10. Walked through the Strand to see the Temple — quiet, collegiate-looking old places, shady and still, and full of association with celebrated English scholars. Saw Dr. Johnson's and Goldsmith's haunts, and the Mitre Tavern, and the Dining-Hall of the Benchers, a wonderfully rich old room of the Elizabethan time, with stained-glass windows, and carved wood, and other sumptuous architectural adornings; and the walls hung with blazoned heraldic panels. Went into Temple Church —

the Chapel of the Benchers — a superb Gothic structure, but gloomy and sepulchral. The dim religious light of it is not the light of the future, but of the shuddering and sad-eyed past.

August 11. The first really warm weather, yesterday and to-day, though not oppressive, nothing like the heat of our American Augusts.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a Royal Academician, had called while I was out, and invited us to his house for the afternoon. Thither we all went. Had a very agreeable visit. Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson are charming people, friendly and genial. They have a beautiful house, everything bright and tasteful; a fine studio, where we saw several good portraits and water-color drawings. Looked over a fine collection of mezzotint engravings of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, had some tea and pleasant conversation. Mr. Dickinson has a great admiration for William M. Hunt's works.

August 17. Went with Carrie to the Tower. Visitors are admitted in squads of twelve under the charge and discipline of a picturesque old Beefeater, who takes them rapidly through, stopping occasionally to explain, with a peculiar grammar and pronunciation, the chief objects of interest — the old armor and weapons, of which there are endless specimens; one would like to pause to inspect, but no time is allowed. We were taken into the ancient White Tower, and up narrow, winding stairs, and saw the place where a great number of distinguished persons had been confined, and some of their carvings and inscriptions on the stone walls. . . . We were conducted back into the yard — where we waited till other parties had got through, when we went up into another castle to see the jewels and regalia of royalty . . . and at the top of all, the magnificent crown of Victoria, blazing with

precious stones, which the guide declared was valued at one million of pounds sterling.

The moat, the old dark arches, the traitor's gate, which once opened upon the water, and through which the political prisoners were brought into the Tower, were all interesting. There was a wicked old raven walking about the Tower Court, of a most funereal and uncanny aspect, who seemed like an incarnation of the bad old past, brought so forcibly to mind by all that we saw in these gloomy interiors. He was the sort of bird for such a place, just such a raven croaked the entrance of Duncan under the battlements of Macbeth's Castle.

Twenty-five years ago I visited the Tower, with Lowell and Story, but I don't remember that there was then so much to be seen. . . .

August 18. Called on the Huttons. Went to the National Gallery and saw the collection of Turner's water-colors. They are by far the best things he did. No one can judge of Turner till he has seen his drawings and water-colors. I am struck with his patient and elaborate pencilings, of landscape and architecture, full as much as with his bold washes of color. His compositions are fine. In everything he does in the way of landscape, buildings, and boats, he is a master whose power and genius are unmistakable. He could do figures, too, if he had only chosen to give time to them; animals, too, — for I remember an exquisite colored sketch of two swans. I don't think he knew how to manage oils with the same skill he showed in aquarelle. At least he was very eccentric in oil-painting. His "Building of Carthage," however, is a strong and noble picture, and except that the sky seems to have darkened, this picture more than rivals the large Claude of the same size that hangs beside it. This, and the "Ulysses defying Polyphemus," and the

"Apollo slaying the Python," seem to me his finest oil-paintings. I also was charmed with the water-colors of Peter De Windt, and of Cattermole, in another room downstairs.

To G. W. C.

This day of summer, many a year ago,
Our young hearts roved the old world's charms to know.
We sailed away upon an unknown sea;
Our ship was winged with hope and fantasy.
The winds that drove us on, or lightly fanned
Our cheeks, were airs that breathed from fairyland.

The autumn of our lives has come at last,
The dreams of youth are rose leaves of the past.
But though that joyous time long since has gone,
We still, my faithful friend, are sailing on,
To shores unknown we voyage still together,
One in our thought, as in that charmèd weather.
Though time our heads has bleached, our faces changed,
We, from our youth, have never been estranged;
Our hearts still keep their early summer glow
As when we sailed the seas long years ago.

London, August 1, 1880.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

Paris, August 31, 1880.
186 Boulevard Haussmann.

We were glad to get your letter dated on the day of our anniversary, and though I did n't write *you* a letter the same day, I did write the lines aforesaid, whose chief merit is that they are written from the heart.

We enjoyed London much. We were in comfortable quarters, and saw a great deal that was exceedingly interesting, all of which you know, and is it not all written in the book of Baedeker?

We left London about a week ago, and after a few days at a hotel near the Seine, we took an apartment for two months in this handsome, new street, where we are quite

content. We are on the 4me, a good way upstairs, and have a nicely furnished place, and from our balcony we look up to the Arc de Triomphe over long rows of young trees, and endless processions of carriages. Paris is rather deserted as yet, and the weather is warm. . . .

The city is greatly changed, and everything is dearer. The great Boulevards have ploughed up old streets and reconstructed them, so that one looks in vain for many that I knew seventeen years ago. . . .

The Journal continues: —

September 19. This morning May called before breakfast, and proposed that I and "one of the young ladies" should accompany him to Meudon, to visit his *élève*, Miss Thomas — so after breakfast Miss W. and I called at his studio for him, and we took the tramway in the Avenue Joséphine, then the railway, and then an omnibus, to the street where his friends live. We were introduced to Mrs. Thomas, a Norwegian lady, a widow whose husband had been an Englishman, and her two daughters and son. The eldest daughter is Mr. May's pupil, a charming girl. We had a very pleasant visit, but the rain prevented us from walking to the Forest. They live in a house where Molière once dwelt. There is a good deal of picturesqueness about the streets of Meudon. May told us several stories of his experiences during the siege of Paris. He was obliged to leave his apartment in the Terres, as the enemy's shells were exploding very near him, and in the middle of the night moved to the centre of the city. The very next day the house he left was shattered to pieces by the shells. His concierge had denounced him during the Commune as *un homme suspecte*, saying he had two or three apartments and studios in the city, so that he was in great danger, for an immense number of

hommes suspectes were shot without mercy by the Government. He says the *gamins* would run behind the walls, and when a shell burst, would run out and pick up the pieces and sell them. May was actively engaged (in the Prussian siege and in the siege of the Commune) in the ambulance service.

September 20. Spent most of the day looking at apartments *non meublés.* In the afternoon Lizzie and I found one with an *atelier* in the Avenue de Villiers, which may suit us, though it is very small.

Walked down to the Quais, and bought an old edition of Pope's "Works," eight small volumes for eight sous a volume. Also for ten sous, a little pamphlet, the "Life of Franklin," printed in the third year of the old Republic. I bought it for Huntington, who is a collector of everything pertaining to Franklin and Washington. Curiously enough, I met him, coming through the Court of the Louvre, and showed it to him. He was delighted.

November 13. In the evening we had a little party, consisting of Mrs. Lee, of Boston, and her two daughters, Lizzie and Hull Adams, Mr. Walter Gay, artist, and Messrs. Longfellow and Stewardson, students of architecture. We had a very lively and pleasant evening, with some singing, and fun.

November 21. The weather has been cold, windy and rainy, for I don't know how long. When we were in Paris seventeen years ago, I don't remember any wind. Now it has been blowing tremendously, equal to anything our side of the Atlantic. But we are very comfortable in our little apartment. All last week, when not interrupted, I have been painting on my picture for the Artist's Fund, which I shall call "Portia's Villa." I have an idea in it, and am trying to get it to please me, but as yet have succeeded very imperfectly.

Christmas Day. The first clear day for about a month.

December 26. This morning I walked down to the Louvre, and there waited for Lizzie and Carrie, who came, and we all had a good time studying the pictures. The light was good, for the day was clear. I never saw the great picture of the "Entombment," by Titian, look so finely. I am not sure that it is not the greatest picture in the gallery. No religious picture I know compares with it. It is solemn and tender, and full of humanity. The figures are natural, yet noble. The face of the Christ in dark shadow is finer than any face of the Saviour I have seen. The composition is admirable, the color marvellous. It dwarfs all the other masterpieces around it. The brilliant "Antiope" of Correggio, which hangs near it, is a wonderful picture in its way — but it appeals only to the senses. The Titian satisfies sense and soul alike. Had the master never done any work but this, it would immortalize him. There are many other fine Titians here, but how far above them is this!

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Brooks

PARIS, December 30, 1880.

Your letter of the 11th came yesterday, and has given my conscience a gentle nudge, reminding me more emphatically of what I have had in my mind for a long time; when owing you a letter. . . . I believe I told you we had taken new rooms and that Lizzie was going to furnish them.

The apartment is very small, but comfortable. My little room is next to the kitchen, which is about the smallest specimen of a kitchen that you ever saw. Only one person being able to get into it at one time. Our *cuisinière* is sole monarch of it all day, and tolerates no sister or brother near the throne; she goes home at night,

so that then is the only time when I care to be in my room, — then I have perfect quiet. We have furnished neatly and with some taste, and without great expense, and expect to take some of our furniture home with us. We hired a little upright piano, which is a great comfort to me. I spend most of the day in our *atelier*, which is under the skylight on the 5th *étage*, where I have painted a good deal. I have lately sent to New York my Artist's Fund contribution, a picture I call "Portia's Villa." I have no orders, but I am painting for the fun of it, and enjoy my work just as much as I ever did. Carrie has been going every day to Carolus Duran's class of young ladies. It is a portrait class, and she works there from eight to one; after which she sometimes goes to the Louvre to copy. So we get up by candlelight, for these are the short days of the year. It is an absurd hour, eight o'clock of a winter morning, to begin work, for it takes her at least half an hour to get to the class. M. Duran comes twice a week, and M. Henner twice. Their criticism has been useful, Carrie thinks, but she will not continue another month. Carrie thinks the advantages for art in New York are better than here. But then there is no Louvre in New York.

We have had no real winter yet, but for the month we have had incessant rains. . . . This is a new quarter, not far from the Parc Monceau, and a quarter where there are many distinguished artists. M. Munkácsy's studio is quite near us, and we went one day to see it and him, and his pictures. And a princely studio it is. But he is rich, and married a Princess, they say, though he began life as a cabinetmaker. Sarah Bernhardt's hotel is not far from us in this avenue. And we are reading a story which comes out once every day in the "Temps," the scene of which is an *atelier* in the Avenue de Villiers. So

you see the neighborhood is *distingué*, but it is somewhat remote from the most of the comforts enjoyed by those living in the thickest settled parts of Paris.

There is an enormous amount of building going on near us. Whole streets of new and expensive houses. One would think Paris one of the richest cities in Europe.

We don't see many of the Americans here. Our old friends Huntington and May are still in their old quarters, Babcock is living at Barbizon, but has lately come to Paris. Walter Gay, a young artist of talent, is near us. All these have dined with us occasionally. A Miss Lesley, of Philadelphia, is in Carrie's class. Our cousins, Lizzie Adams and Hull, have been here, and we saw them often, but they have gone to Nice. There is a young Mr. Longfellow, a student of architecture, a very agreeable and clever young man, who has also dined with us, and a companion of his, young Stewardson, also studying architecture, and formerly a college chum of Heyliger De Windt. Mr. Dana, the artist, has returned from England; he was one of our friends when we were here before.

Mr. Huntington keeps us supplied with the "Daily Tribune," so we get all the American news. And the "Temps" — a capital paper — keeps us informed of what is going on in Paris and in England. I was much pleased to read in it the other day an excellent and very appreciative article on George Eliot. She was a great genius, and there is no English novelist who takes her place.

From Mr. Cranch's Journal: —

December 31. The old year is almost gone. He has only one more hour to live by my watch. I am sitting alone by the ruins of my evening fire. I have just been reading a capital article in the "Temps" by Edward Scherer on

Lord Beaconsfield's novel "Endymion." He is the author of the article on George Eliot I spoke of. The criticism is very profound and just. It is so good that I shall preserve it. "*Le mot qui a l'air d'une idée*" is one of his good sayings, applied to Beaconsfield.

January 30, 1881. Received a note from Madame Laugel enclosing a ticket to a Conservatoire Concert this afternoon. Got ready in haste to go and was richly rewarded for doing so. First came Mendelssohn's magnificent Symphony in A Major, wonderfully performed, and quite enthusiastically received. Second, fragments from Spontini's Opera (I presume) of "Fernando Cortez," by solo singers and chorus — very striking — consisting of introductory choruses; Alvar and the Spanish prisoners; Mexican priests and sacrificers; recitative of the Grand Priest; chorus and barbaric dances; march of the Mexicans and general chorus. Third, Concerto in A Minor for piano and orchestra, by Schumann, the piano part exquisitely played by a little lady, Madame Viquier. Several passages called forth suppressed bursts of feeling from some of the audience. It seemed to me one of Schumann's masterpieces. Fourth, trio and chorus of the Parques (Hippolyte and Aricie), by Rameau. And lastly Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture.

I enjoyed every note of the music. On my left was a little youngish French lady, who fidgeted a good deal and used her lorgnette in the midst of the finest passages, and on the whole seemed bored, or at least indifferent, and yet, as if conscious that she was showing it, would suddenly turn towards the orchestra, and make movements of the body and head, as if she were intensely enjoying the music. How I wished Carrie had been there in her place, what a pleasure it would have been to both of us, to hear such glorious music together. On my right sat

a little old lady, who let her head drop, and took several good naps. I suppose she enjoyed the concert, in her way. At any rate, the music was soothing to her, and she made no pretense of ranking herself with the connoisseurs. She could n't help being sleepy. But the young woman on my left, if the music bored her, ought to have come prepared to be bored, and showed very bad taste in twisting herself about so with her lorgnette in the midst of the performance.

February 13. M. Laugel was so kind as to send me a ticket for a box in the Théâtre Français for this evening's representation — five seats in the box. We invited Mr. Walter Gay to tea and to go with us. After tea we took a carriage and went. The box was a quiet, shady little nook, exacting no dress, and close to the stage on the *rez-de-chaussée*. The first piece represented was "Gringoire," a very clever and interesting story of the time of Louis XI. The acting was all admirable. Coquelin, who took the part of Gringoire, was as good as could be. The whole was complete in one act.

Then came the play of "Jean Baudry," by Vacquerie, in four acts, I believe, the part of Baudry by Got. The plot was extremely interesting, and the acting as near perfection as anything I ever saw.

February 24. Dined at the Pinchots', and went with Mrs. Pinchot (Lizzie, Carrie and I) to the Opéra Comique. Heard "Les Contes de Hoffmann," Offenbach's posthumous work. It was very brilliant, and in parts beautiful music, with admirable orchestration — quite a new rendition of Offenbach's genius.

February 25. Received note from John Holmes and went down to see him at the Hôtel France et Lorraine, Rue Beaune, the same we stopped at on arriving in Paris. Found him lame and disabled from a fall.

February 26. Packing up to go to Italy. Lizzie and Carrie bought three of Cook's Tourist Tickets which will take us to Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and down to Rome, thence to Florence and Venice, available for sixty days from Turin.

Went down to see John Holmes, who is waiting to get well, when he intends going to England. He has been suffering also from his eyes. He must be terribly lonely, in that hotel, knowing no one here.

March 3, 1881. We left Paris February 28. Dined at Dijon. Entered the Mont Cenis Tunnel about 3 A.M. Fine mountan scenery, snow on the mountains. Arrived at Turin somewhere about nine, March 1. Had an awful time at station there, regulating tickets and baggage. Started again at half-past nine. Ugly landscape — a flat country with endless miles on miles of stumpy trees,

apparently a kind of poplar, truncated with twigs sprouting, some of them looking like caterpillars and centipedes on end.

The French landscape with its eternal broomstick poplars was ugly enough, but this was dismal. Something uncanny and nightmarish about these hideous stumps.

But the scenery began to be fine as we drew nearer to Genoa. Fine mountain views right and left, and picturesque old buildings. After a day's stay in Genoa, reached Rome about noon, March 3.

March 4. We went to the Vatican, Sistine Chapel, and St. Peter's. The frescoes of Raphael and of Michael Angelo appear finer than ever. Raphael's frescoes are better in color than his oil-paintings. The Michael Angelos on the ceiling of the Sistine are wonderful. Yet how much they lose in that dim, imperfect light. This great master must have known, when he was painting these glorious pictures, that they would never be seen up there as they should be seen. I can't help thinking that, when he did these works at the command of Pope Julius II, he knew and felt how much of their power and beauty would be lost. No wonder he rebelled against the task. But what a treasure the Pope has through him left to the ages!

March 5. We went to the Rospigliosi, the Capitol, Forum, Coliseum, San Pietro in Vinculo, and in the afternoon visited Story's studio. Last night I called on the Storys at the Barberini, and was most cordially received by Story, and found there Edith and her husband.

The afternoon of the day we arrived, I went up on the Pincio. The place is more beautiful than ever, and there was a band of music, and the same crowds of fashionable loungers, the same rolling-by of grand carriages, the same splendidly uniformed officers, and *contadini* and nurses and children, and priests, etc., as in the years long gone by. And as the music went on, and the people promenaded up and down under the green palms and pines, the vague memories of the old days came over me with a saddening sweep. Such impressions seem more painful than pleasant. I don't much like these ghosts of the buried past.

And wherever I go in Rome these same vague memories are awakened. It is better they should sleep.

Sunday, March 6. We went up on the Pincio, and sat in the sunshine, among the green ilexes, and heard the birds sing. In the afternoon Carrie and I went into the garden of the Accadémia, the old Medici Villa, and then walked in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, and gathered purple anemones.

Monday, March 7. We went to see the Museum of the Vatican — the statues.

March 8. Left Rome at 10.50. Found the railway to Florence much better than any Italian track we have gone over. Interesting scenery all the way. Arrived in Florence at nearly seven o'clock.

March 10. Boott called, and took me to the American Consul, to get a request for a permit for the galleries, for Carrie and for me — as American artists. Looked at the Loggia di Lanzi, and the statues, and the old Medici Palace, and remembered how I carried George — little Georgey, who was just beginning to talk, and who understood only Italian — to see the marble lions, and how he was afraid to touch them, when I lifted him up near them, and he said, "son vivente?" till I assured him they were "di sasso." That was thirty-two years ago. Ah how sad it made me to recall it! . . .

March 12. In the afternoon went to see the studio of Miss Boott, and of Mr. Duveneck — Miss Boott has advanced greatly under his instruction. Duveneck's work was very brilliant. There were other pupils of Duveneck also, there, whose work was good.

March 13. Began an oil sketch looking out across the Arno. Boott called, and proposed going to Bellosguardo with us. At 3.30 took a carriage with Lizzie and Carrie to Bellosguardo — but Carrie and I got out at the Porta Romana, waited for Boott and walked up the hill with him. Beautiful villa and enchanting view. . . . Rode back

in the carriage, and Carrie and I went into the Boboli Garden.

March 14. Birthday of the King of Italy. Great firing of cannon and ringing of bells. Parade of soldiers. The festivities are interrupted by the tragic news of the assassination of the Emperor of Russia. Those crazy Nihilists have at last accomplished their purpose. But what can they gain by it? Could there be a worse thing for their cause?

Carrie and I went to see some of the churches, after finding the Uffizi Gallery closed. In the evening we all went to a little party at Boott's — where we met Mr. Ball, the sculptor, his wife, and Miss Anna Dixwell, . . . and half a dozen young art students. Had some good music from Mr. Ritter's violin with Lizzie Boott's accompaniment and some comic songs. . . . Enjoyed our evening very much.

March 19. The weather has been perfectly cloudless, till to-day — and cold. I have been in the Uffizi and the Pitti and the Boboli Gardens, and taken a long walk in the Cascine, and picked there a few wild flowers. And yesterday we went to the San Lorenzo and the Medici Chapel to see the Michael Angelos, and in the afternoon Carrie and I called at Mr. Ball's studio, and were very much pleased with him and his works. I had known nothing of his work except the equestrian statue of Washington in Boston, which always impresses me as remarkably good. Here we saw a number of works of a high order, and I don't see why he should n't rank among the first of the American sculptors. His studio and house are together in a pleasant villa overlooking the city, by the Poggio Imperiale. Boott called while we were there, and we walked up the hill by the Viale, and around to San Miniato. The views of the mountains and city were perfect.

FRANCIS BOOTT

March 19. In the afternoon went to a large reception at Mr. Ball's. There was music, violin and piano, and some good singing. My National Anthem to Boott's music was well sung by eight voices.

March 21. In the evening called for Boott and went to the Teatro Nuovo with him. The play was A. Dumas *fils'* "Princess of Bagdad." I understood very little of it, but it was splendidly acted. The star of the piece was Signora Tessero-Guidone — a remarkable actress — Boott thinks she is as good as Ristori, and I don't know that he is not right. Nothing could be finer than her expressions of passion and feeling, and her variety — her range — was wonderful. All the acting was remarkably good. I never saw towering rage so absolutely rendered as it was by one of the actors, whose name is given as Rosaspina.

March 26. We have changed our quarters to the Casa Guidi, No. 9 Piazza San Felice. A much more cheerful place; windows looking to the east and on the street. It is the house where the Brownings were; a marble inscription over the front door commemorates it as the house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and died — placed there by the city of Florence.

Venice, April 5. Venice seems to me even more wonderful for its picturesqueness than it did seventeen years ago. There is nothing that is not picturesque here. I should like to remain six months, and spend my time in sketching. This afternoon began a sketch of the Salute and Dogana from my window — the same old subject I've painted so often, but it is good to do it once more from the actual scene. The great difficulty in Venice is to know what to paint — where all outdoors is picture.

April 10. We have taken a stately apartment in the Palazzo Foscolo, on the Grand Canal. We have four large

rooms about seventeen feet high — two of them with heavy stone balconies overhanging the Canal — from which we have a fine view of the Salute, and Dogana, on our left, and palaces on palaces extending as far as we can see to the right. Gondolas and other boats are passing all the time. We take the rooms by the week. The proprietors are two elderly ladies, who call themselves "les nobles Foscolo," and descend from one of the doges. In a large bare anteroom hang portraits of two of their ancestors, veritable magnificoes, one of them with the name "Fusculus," and a string of titles in Latin. . . . There are two entrances below, one the water-gate, which seems never to be used, and the other from the Calle Pisani, a narrow alley leading down to the Canal. On the outside of the front door is an immense and picturesque knocker, which no one uses, and on the right two old iron bell-handles. The old lady is very particular about having the front door bolted at night, and the bolt is a curiosity for its huge mediæval size. The two sisters go to bed at eight o'clock, and seem to think no visitor ought to ring the bell after that hour.

The other evening our friend Henry James, Jr., called about nine, and had difficulty about getting in. He had to stand in the rain outside and ring, and hold a colloquy with the servant, from above, who insisted we were not in — he finally got in and upstairs, as far as our outer door, and knocked and rang, but we did not hear, and knew nothing of his visit till we found his card in the door next morning.

April 17. Easter Sunday. We all went to the Church of San Marco, where there was quite a crowd, and heard some pretty good operatic music. This was followed by a sermon by a splendidly robed and mitred dignitary who seems to have been a bishop, but there was too much re-

verberation to hear more than a few words. The beauty of this interior of San Marco's is indescribable. It seems to me one of the wonders of the world. It is an endless delight to gaze about at the shadowy mysterious arches, the antique altars and statues and picturesque nooks; the gold and mosaics of the domes, everything you see arranged in picture shape. This is especially so when the sunshine comes in through a door, or window, and touches on its high lights. . . .

April 20. Alexander W. Thayer arrived from Trieste before breakfast. He takes a room in our Palazzo. . . .

April 25. Left Venice — Thayer going with us — for Milan. As we got into our gondola, the Foscolo sisters bade us a tender adieu. The weather was fine, the first good day for some time. Beautiful mountain scenery on the way to Milan. . . .

April 26. Carrie, Thayer, and I went to the top of the Cathedral. The architecture is beautiful beyond description — a vast white marble frost-work of soaring pinnacles all covered with statues and elaborate ornamental carvings, shooting into the sky in every direction, and all the work upon them finished so as to bear the minutest inspection — and all looking as if they had crystallized instead of being built up slowly and painfully in the course of centuries. We ascended by narrow winding steps to the topmost spire, a dizzy height. The view in every direction is wonderful! . . .

April 27. We all went to see the "Cenacolo," the "Last Supper" of Leonardo, in the ancient refectory of the Santa Maria delle Grazie. It is very impressive, and one cannot judge of it well from the engravings and copies. It is very much obliterated, but in better condition than I expected to see it.

We went into the Cathedral, and ascended to the very

top. The view of the long line of snow-topped Alps was wonderfully fine — on the day before it was misty and they were hidden. In the afternoon we left for Paris, Thayer remaining.

May 1. Varnishing day at the Salon. There was a great crowd; and over thirty rooms full of pictures. We stayed several hours, and I believe we saw all the rooms. A great number of clever pictures — but none of them struck me as great pictures, except in size. The same kinds of subject are repeated over and over, as they used to be when I was here before. There are a great many strong and clever painters represented, but none that compare with that time. Then we had Troyon, Delacroix, Descamps, Diaz, Ziem, Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, and many others of less note, but full as good as those here represented. There is plenty of skill and *chic*, and technique, but few new ideas. And we have been in Italy among the glorious old masters, which obscures these modern Frenchmen. But in so large an exhibition, it is impossible, on a first visit, to discriminate and criticise with any exactness. . . .

May 11. Wrote to Frank Boott: "What a curious thing, by the way, this matter of popularity is — almost a thing of accident often. You happen to hit the mark the popular eye has fixed its gaze upon, or you don't happen — and then as the popular eye is turned in a certain direction, you are believed to go on hitting the mark or not hitting it. But in reality what does the public really know about us? If its big mechanical lens of an eye happens to be turned in another direction, we may go on shooting and hitting all our lives, and the sapient newspapers and reviews seem to know nothing about it."

June 14. Went a second time to see Munkâcsy's "Christ before Pilate." It is a great picture, perhaps the

greatest picture of the day. It will rank higher than Couture's "Decadence." All Paris seems to have been to see it. The treatment is entirely fresh and unconventional, in subject, composition, color, and general technique. The latter quality is wonderful. The picture seizes one with a powerful grasp; it is vivid with life and expression. The Christ is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but intense, self-centred, firm. Pilate sits on the right on his Roman throne, in white, his hair cut close, his face expressing intense thought and deliberation — a group of turbaned Pharisees about him, and close to him stands the High Priest who points to Christ, appealing in a loud voice to Pilate — "Let him be crucified!" And among the mob, at the other end of the picture, a vile ruffian throws up his bare arms and screams, "Let him be crucified!" Near the Saviour sits an old man, turbaned and robed, with his cruel face half averted, and here and there are seen other priests and elders deliberating or talking together. From the crowd in the background a man rises pointing out Barabbas — who is peering around at the face of Christ. A centurion with his back to the spectator, holds his long spear across the crowd to keep them from pressing too near. The architecture of the building is rich and massive, and painted with wonderful solidity. The color of the picture is fine — low in tone and harmonious, full of warm grayish browns and purplish darks — a style peculiar to Mr. Munkácsy — varied with strong blues, and all full of light. The figures have the relief of nature itself. Seen in a mirror in the next room, the picture startles you with its intense realism.

July 14. The great National Fête. Miss Anna Dixwell lunched and dined with us, and after dinner she, Carrie and I took a carriage as far as the Porte Maillot,

beyond which carriages were not allowed, and walked in the Bois de Boulogne to the Lake, where the Fête Vénitienne, and the fireworks were to be seen. The crowd was immense. The trees were hung with large orange-colored lanterns. The lake fringed around with foot-lights. A great golden gate of light blazed in the distance, reflected in the water. The crowd occupied every inch of ground near the water. We walked on till we reached the pine grove on the left, and spread our camp-stools. At nine o'clock the *feux d'artifice* began, rockets, fiery serpents, intense red, green, and white fires, blazing on the water and bursting in the air. It was a magnificent show. Splendidly illuminated, boats passed to and fro continually, adding greatly to the fairy-like splendor. The crowd was very orderly. About half-past ten we left, and walked all the way back — no carriages were anywhere allowed. The whole road for miles was splendidly illuminated with lamps and colored lanterns. This illumination and fireworks were more extensive and splendid than anything I ever saw, and yet we saw only a portion of the whole. . . .

To G. W. C.

August 1, 1846

The day, so long remembered, comes again.
The years have vanished. On the vessel's deck
We stand and wave adieux, until a speck
Our ship appears to friends whose eyes would fain
Follow our voyage o'er the unknown main.
Shadows of sails and masts and rigging fleck
The sunlit ship. The captain's call and beck
Hurry the cheery sailors as they strain
The windy sheets; while we in careless mood
Gaze on the silver clouds and azure sea,
Filled with old ocean's novel solitude,
And dreams of that new life of Italy,
The golden fleece for which we sailed away,
Whose splendor freshens this memorial day.

Paris, August 1, 1881.

December. Dupont came and took dinner with us, and passed the evening, interesting us a good deal with his conversation and his songs. Though talking nothing but French, he seems totally unlike any Frenchman I ever knew. He is large and sound and liberal in his ideas — full of bright ideas — artistic, imaginative, refined, and withal extremely sympathetic. I always regret that I can't express myself in French as I wish I could, in talking with him. He sung us some of the old songs he used to sing nearly twenty years ago when we were here. Such a man as *he* ought to learn English and talk with us in English, but though he knows a little, he never will talk it.

He is fond of talking about himself, and the things he has done in painting, and poetry, and politics — but in such a way that he does not impress me as a man unusually vain — only as of one conscious of talent and expressing his feeling frankly and without reserve. . . .

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

PARIS, January 11, 1882.

. . . I have been re-reading your letter, and pondering over your vision. I don't suppose you take it any more *au sérieux* than I do; I don't think you have any more superstition than I have; it was singular certainly. But how curious all dreaming is! The only thing about dreams that seems tangible and sure, is, to me, that they all spring out of our reminiscences, and so belong to the past, and not the future. They are broken and distorted reflections of images that have had a place in the mind. The oddness is the way they surprise us sometimes, and the queer complications and exaggerations; and queerer and more wonderful than all, the characteristic things that are said by the people we know. Another curious thing in dreams, is the mixing up of people; one even be-

ing quite intimate with some one, whom, when we wake, we find we never knew at all. Not long since I tried to put into verse this latter phase of dream-life, and will give it to you.

I have met one in the land of sleep
  Who seemed a friend long known and true,
But when awake from visions deep,
  None such I ever knew.

Yet one there was in life's young morn,
  Loved me, I thought, as I loved him.
Slow from that trance I woke forlorn,
  To find his love grown dim.

He by whose side in dreams I ranged,
  Unknown by name, my friend still seems.
While he I knew so well, has changed.
  So both were only dreams.

But this is digressing. I meant to offer myself as a Joseph to interpret your vision. For instance, the tomb and date may mean that by that time you will have buried your last law documents, and entered upon your new profession fully and entirely, without any let and hindrance; the sunny hills and the sheep beyond are symbols of a good time coming for you in your declining years. The river to be crossed, you yourself allow to have been an after thought. *That* is *beyond* the hills.

We all went to the Théâtre Français the other night, with two young artist friends. We saw "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie," and a short piece preceding it, called "La Cigale chez les fourmis." The acting was admirable, as it always is at the Français, but the rapidity of the talk was too much for me. Things were constantly said which made the audience laugh; to me they were serious things because I could n't understand them. The plot continually mystified me. But the others enjoyed it. To me this theatre was the world where one is bored! I had better

have stayed at home and saved eight francs. I can read French easily enough and understand it when distinctly spoken, if I am near enough to the speaker; that is, I don't lose much of it. But I have so little practice in hearing it, that I grow rusty, and doubt if I can follow the lingo any better than I could twenty years ago.

The Journal goes on:—

January 14. . . .

Unseen, unknown, and sundered long,
Till Age hath touched us with his rust,
Deep in our hearts, alive and strong,
Youth springs immortal from the dust.

Our thoughts like bees in secret hives
Hoard up their wealth, unshared, untold,
Yet love, in our divided lives,
Keeps full his measure as of old.

Ah, could some voice from heavenly spheres
Tell us it has not been in vain,
This absence long, these changing years,
But, somewhere, we may meet again!

June 4. Went to the Salon and studied Puvis de Chavannes' immense picture "Ludus pro Patria," and find it improves on acquaintance. It is well composed, quite original, full of daylight — but it is daylight of an alien and almost spectral world. The figures, too, all seem as if they belonged to some world of the classic Elysian fields. They are all too sad and serious — there is nothing of the joyousness of youth and sport. Hardly a smile upon a single face. Perhaps the artist intended some such shadowy and spectral life, in the dim and subdued coloring he has given to his picture. M. Puvis de Chavannes has received the *médaille d'honneur*. Perhaps the jury may be right in decreeing it. But if the picture is poetic, it is *French* poetry.

June 16. Went to the Opera to hear "Robert le Diable." First time I had been in the Opera House. Had a seat on the top row and found it very hot and close. There is much that is fine in the music, but Meyerbeer never interested me much. This opera is too long — too noisy — and on the whole I found it tedious. I was too high up to see Baudry's pictures on the ceiling — I got a glimpse of them from below, but only vaguely. The vestibule and stairway are magnificent. The effect of the brilliant crowd coming downstairs, surrounded by this superb architecture, was very splendid and picturesque.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 24, 1882.

We found your note here, and were very glad to get your friendly salutation. We arrived in Boston the 17th and were at Cambridge for a few days. . . .

We had eight days of rough, rainy, cold weather aboard. The Captain says he never saw such weather in July. It might have been November. Head winds all the way over. But the last three or four days were fair and calm. . . .

For several days I have felt incapable of rising out of a purely passive state of mind and body. I fear we shall hardly accomplish our proposed visit to Ashfield. At least so it seems to us at present.

P.S. We passed a pleasant week in London, though we were too hurried to see much. I accomplished, however, on a perfect day, a visit to Windsor, and was delighted with the place. I made a water-color sketch of the magnificent Castle, into which I went to see the showable places.

In his Journal at this date he says: "This place is the perfection of rest. I have done almost nothing, a little sketching, a little reading, a great deal of loafing."

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 31, 1882.

I shall be in the cars all day to-morrow so that I cannot slap you on the back with my pen and congratulate you and Lizzie upon our anniversary. It is thirty-six years ago, my young friend, that we sailed o'er the waters blue, and if our heads are greyer, our hearts are not, and if memory is infinitely richer, hope is no poorer. No man who has seen what we have seen has a right to grumble, much less despair.

When you said that you were coming home I hoped that we might have drained a beaker of the warm South together upon our day. No matter, I shall pass through Boston and look toward Magnolia, and waft you and yours a blessing.

CHAPTER XV

CAMBRIDGE STUDY — LAST YEARS

My father was much affected by what we call atmosphere. He had the sensitive, poetic temperament in an unusual degree.

He was seen to best advantage in his Cambridge study, which also did duty as a studio. Here, with soft-tinted walls, an open Franklin grate for cheer, his armchair at a convenient angle, his favorite books near, and most suggestive studies from Nature, a portrait of his friend, William Wetmore Story, by May, and his own copy of one of Ziem's Venices, on the walls, studies from the Forest of Fontainebleau, the little Mont Blanc sunrise that was poetical, and photographs of his dear ones on the mantel — he was in his best element.

Quoting from a short poem called "My Studio" he expresses his pleasure in its quiet and seclusion:—

> "I love it, yet I hardly can tell why —
> My studio with its window to the sky,
> Far above the noises of the street,
> The rumbling carts, the ceaseless tramp of feet;
> A privacy secure from idle crowds,
> And public only to the flying clouds."

The study in Ellery Street was a square room, with one large window to the north, the floor covered by a carpet of brown tint and simple pattern; an old-fashioned sofa and deep armchair, with square centre table, for his papers, pen and ink. An old mahogany bookcase with diamond-shaped glass panes, and deep cupboards below, held his books and manuscripts;

an easel or two, with two palettes of his younger days, a guitar and a flute, some pipes and a tobacco-jar, completed the outfit.

There was an air of serenity and repose about the room. Here he was most at home, and read, in a rapt, musical voice, to his wife, daughter, or friend, his last poem, essay, or comic rhyme. My father was always to me a friend. There was between us such close and entire sympathy that it was hardly necessary to speak; by some subtle harmony of thought and feeling, each divined what cold words might only half reveal.

He was singularly unworldly and childlike in disposition. His generous impulses would carry him away, and make him give to those who called forth his compassion what he could ill spare himself. My mother and I would sometimes reprove him for those unsophisticated ways. He always accepted the rebuke very mildly, showing how truly sweet and gentle his nature was.

As I revered my father, it has seemed to me strange, in after life, that I could criticise his lines or make suggestions upon themes that were so much deeper than I could fathom. He invited criticism, noting and taking in good part an opinion, though opposed to his own.

He had his moods. These were happy moods and dull moods. We speak of being in a "brown study." Is there not such a thing as a sky-blue study, a golden mood, a russet thought? With the high-strung nature of the poet, there are moods that are both ambrosia and nectar to him. These states of feeling and thought are his greatest inspirations. His best poems are written under such conditions, in

his half-waking dreams, perhaps. My father's best work was done in these bright moods. While the fit was on, he used his brush rapidly. The glow would sometimes last several days. To such natures there come also the corresponding depression and sinking of spirits. It seems as if the soul must sometimes put on sackcloth and ashes. He had many causes for this depression in later life, yet he averred his "blues" were constitutional; two thirds physical, one part mental.

At such times music was his comforter. If one were to turn to the piano and play the opening chords of Mozart's Sonata in C major, or the "Adelaïde" of Beethoven, or other of his favorites, he would take up his flute, play part of the air through, and end by letting out his voice to its full compass. Then, the dull clouds would break, the dark mists and vapors enveloping brain and heart would disperse, leaving only pure sunshine and clear skies.

To many persons, my father seemed cold and unsympathetic, because they only saw him in his dull moods. He was undoubtedly reserved. It is the protection which shy natures sheathe themselves with, of which Emerson says: "Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected." Shrinking and modest as a woman, he had undoubtedly a most virile mind. With congenial spirits he was unreserved, genial, sympathetic, to a great degree. Into his study came, from time to time, his friends: John Dwight, of musical renown; Dr. Frederick Hedge, Mr. John Holmes, Mr. Frank Boott, Dr. William James, Mr. Samuel Longfellow, Mr. Beckwith, a professor of

literature; Mr. Allen, a minister, and Mr. Stevens, his friend and neighbor; John Knowles Paine, composer and musician; and women — a few.

He wrote on a scrap of paper, on his knee, seated in an old easy-chair, with a pipe in his mouth, looking like a prophet of the olden time, with his white hair and beard — his gaze far away.

He had no well-sorted library. He was too much on the wing and too unselfish to collect what he really wanted. Late in life he expressed a wish for all the poets, and his family were supplying this want.

A pocket edition of Shakespeare of good print, I remember, he often carried with him. "A Collection of English Songs" of early date was prized by all the family. Volumes of some of his friends, with autograph signatures, are carefully preserved by his family. Numerous French books, an old Beaumont and Fletcher, and books running over a wide range of subjects, were gathered from his travels. Many of Carlyle's, and the "Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence," Henry James Senior's books, Dr. James's "Psychology," were on his shelves. Books scientific, theological, he read and enjoyed. His mind, early trained to philosophical discussion, kept pace with the thought and higher criticism of the day. But it was very far from a complete library.

My father's memory was good. He quoted whole pages of Shakespeare, Emerson, the "Biglow Papers," and read aloud very well. He often read to us after dinner in the parlor, while we sewed by the lamp. But he would retire to his study with a pipe, to pursue some line of thought, or finish his special reading. At such times we did not disturb him.

His nature was generally serene, except deep moods of melancholy that grew as he grew older. He had a great sense of humor, which gave his friends, as well as himself, much pleasure.

His study was certainly a most individual room, where he was most at home, in his own domain, among books, pictures, and his beloved pipes.

William James to Mr. Cranch

CAMBRIDGE, May 7, 1883.

I naturally find myself pleased and flattered enough by such appreciation as your note expresses. The contents of the address was after all nothing but rather a complicated way of stating the attitude of common sense, that by philosophers much-despised entity. It may be that much of my intellectual *nisus* is toward the reinstatement of common sense to its rights; at any rate, I find myself constantly taking sides with it, against more pretentious ways of formulating things.

I should much like to talk over these matters sometimes with you, and meanwhile I feel singularly encouraged by your generous words. . . .

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND,
May 27, 1883.

Your beautiful little verses are full of music and picture — and youth. How far away it seems but how fresh, how fair! When you speak of threescore and ten, and I remember how steadily and with equal pace I follow you, I cannot comprehend it, so much do I feel myself to be the same old boy.

Have you seen the sad, wasted, dying face of Keats in the current "Century"? It is much the same as that pub-

lished in the "Correspondence with Fanny Brawne" — a cruel book which, like the letters of Mrs. Carlyle, make a man ask if nothing is to be sacred in privacy or human relations. How little the pathetic head has in common with his rich and abounding strain! What a life! What a death! Yet I recall perfectly the peace of that bright Roman morning when we stood by his grave, the morning which dawns again in your pensive lines, and which will always shine over his grave.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS

To G. W. C.

Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
  Through the bright morning air we slowly strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylarks sing
  Above the ruins old.

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
  Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
  Of verdure and of light: —

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
  A rose — a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground,
  And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
  And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
  And plucked it from its stem.

One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves
  Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves
  Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
  For us, dear friend — but not the Poet's lay.
He is the rose — deathless among the dead,
  Whose perfume lives to-day.

May 7, 1883.

Mr. Cranch to John S. Dwight

CAMBRIDGE, May 13, 1883.

I greet you on your arrival with me at the Scriptural age of threescore and ten — you my junior by two months. Can you believe it — we have known each other fifty years! The whirligig of time with its ceaseless revolution and changes, absences from each other, differences of occupation, and so on — has not, I think, worn away in the least our old friendship. We were drawn together from the first by intellectual sympathies, by our studies in the Divinity School; by our tendencies toward freer, fresher, more ideal views of literature and life; in aspirations of the true, the good and the beautiful; and not least, by our common love of music. We were youths then — are we older now? Wiser, let us hope — but both young at the core of our hearts.

CAMBRIDGE, May 15, 1883.

Do you remember how mortified poor Mark Twain was about that unfortunate speech of his at the "Atlantic Monthly" dinner? Well — I am just as mortified about the speech I did n't make, but should have made, last night in response to your friendly notice of me. Ah, woe is me! I could not heave my heart into my tongue. There were so many strange faces, and I was unprepared, not thinking there was to be any speech-making. To you they were all well known — and your felicitous speech showed what an advantage that gave you over me. Still, as your guest, and old friend, I might have responded, even if I did so in a bungling way, which would probably have been the case. Ah — there is no gift I so envy at such times as the gift of speech. After the occasion goes by, how often I think of things I should like to have said.

I have nothing but the *esprit d'escalier*. Therefore my mortification is twofold.

First, that I did not appear in a better light to the company — and

Second—that I could not transform the public gathering into an informal meeting of sympathetic friends, and say to you — in their presence what I should like to have said.

So you have it — vanity, diffidence — sensitiveness before strangers, and the misery of not having presence of mind enough and natural gift enough, for the right sort of speech — all these so reacted upon me, that it was long before I could sleep.

A strange thought came into my head that in some future state of existence Time may be abolished; and the *now* and *then* not be so disjoined that they can't be woven — as warp and woof into one act representative of our best moments — as I can take up my picture and work on it, correcting it and changing it as I like.

The complex state of mind I here make confession of, was only internal discord — after hearing such good music, and having such a good social time.

Edward P. Cranch to his brother

CINCINNATI, September, 2, 1883.

. . . I have on hand at the Pottery a quart jug, on which I have traced some of your juvenile depravities in art, which you have probably forgotten, just to make you laugh. I wish I could fill it with some of Father's old Madeira, in which Dr. Dick used to make us take Peruvian Bark, in the merry days when we were young on the banks of the blue Potomac.

But I have laughed all my life over these foolish devils. I have quite a collection of them. No wine could make them better. . . .

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, September 9, 1883.

And yesterday came the box, safely containing your two beautiful pieces of pottery. Mine very quaint and pretty, and of a good color, with those foolish, half-for-

gotten scraps on it, "juvenile depravities in art," you may well call them; and your hornet, and the dog trying to scratch himself. And Carrie's cologne jug which is rich and beautiful.

Well! as I can't see you with the bodily eyes, and don't know when I shall, I rejoice all the more to have these few lines from you, your brotherly affection, and these gifts, the work of your own brain and hand. . . . We had a pleasant five weeks sojourn at Newport; saw a good many old friends and made some new acquaintances. . . . We found ourselves involved in a web of social responsibilities, with much expenditure of visiting cards and general attention to our toilets, the longer we stayed there. Everybody there appears rich. The wealth and display seem enormous. Fashion, of course, reigns triumphant, but we kept clear of that. Sam. Coleman, the

DRAWING FOR A BOOK OF RHYMES

artist, has established himself there and has built . . . a gem of a house, the most beautiful and artistic in its interior decoration of anything I ever saw. He has a royal studio in it, of course. But I can't begin to describe his house; it is a touch beyond anything in the country, and the decorative designs are all his own. . . .

What you say of my Emerson article tickles my vanity. But your love adds a precious seeing to your eye. I wish I could think it as good as it seems to you. . . .

George William Curtis to Mrs. Cranch

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
October 29, 1883.

Your note and its enclosure are most welcome and I thank you with all my heart. The photograph [1] shows — bating color, of which, of course, there is no hint — one of the finest portraits that I ever saw. It is permeated through and through with the subject, his aspect, his air, his movement, his individuality — so that Anna and Lizzie cannot believe that it is not directly from life. It is the most satisfactory and charming work, and Carrie ought to have all the highest honors of the Academy. Give her my love and thanks, which are not academic honors!

Ah, yes! dear Posthumus, which is Latin for Pearse, we are all going down the hill, but on its warm and I hope, long, western slope. Next summer we must somehow get together while some of our faculties yet remain and mumble ancient memories together.

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Brooks

Cambridge, January 31, 1884.

I have been remarkably well this winter — only a slight touch of lumbago some weeks ago. I walk a good

[1] A photograph of Miss Cranch's portrait of her father.

deal, do the marketing, cut wood, bring up my coal and make my own fire every day, and on the whole I am about as lively as an old gentleman of my age can expect to be.

Last Saturday I lectured in Boston to the young ladies' Saturday Morning Club, on the "Sonnets of Shakespeare." . . . I have also dined with the Harvard Musical Association at their annual dinner, John Dwight presiding. Dwight's portrait, which has been purchased for the Association by subscription, was unveiled on this occasion. I was called on for a speech and forgot to allude to the portrait; but made up for it by reading a couple of sonnets on "Music" and "Poetry." Carrie's health was proposed and drunk, all the guests standing. She has been greatly complimented about this portrait; I think it as good as mine. . . .

Mr. Cranch says in a letter to Mrs. Scott, December 16, 1884: "To-night I am to read the part of Bottom at the Shakespeare Club. The meeting is at Dr. Asa Gray's. I shall take great pleasure in doing it, and shall make a hit and show them how the part should be done. . . . I have just discovered a young poet here, who addressed an excellent sonnet to me, and is one of my admirers. He seems a very intelligent and gentlemanly young man and is taking a course of literature under Professor Child."

Beholding thee, O poet; one mild night
  Beside thy casement, where the autumn rain
  In sadness whispered to thee through the pane,
Mourning the death of days of calm delight,
I marvelled what sweet song thou didst indite
  To art or nature, in what lofty strain
  Thou didst invoke old myths, what fine refrain
Trembled upon thy lips as poised for flight.

Whate'er the poems, — joyous as the Morn
That treads, bright-sandalled, on the hills of earth,
Grave as the nunlike Eve with brow forlorn,
And lips unblessed by any smile of mirth,
Within my heart that hour this wish was born,
That mine had been the brain that gave it birth!

Clinton Scollard.

Mr. Cranch to Rev. Charles T. Brooks

October 29, 1882.

Great is the power of circumstance. Time and space stand between old friends, strong almost as death itself. You and I have been divided for a lifetime, and yet there are memories that often bring you to my thoughts, — not to speak of our old Divinity School companionship. What brings you very near to me is, that you were the most appreciative admirer of my "Satan," a little book that, though well spoken of by the press at the time of publication, literally fell dead in the public estimation, and was absolutely without a sale. But I can't help thinking it was in some respects, as you intimated in your kind and flattering notice in the "Boston Advertiser," my best poem. Now, as I have *in petto* a project of putting out ere long another volume of poems, I wish to give this one another chance. And I have been re-writing or rather correcting and filling it out, having interwoven in places where it was needed, several lyrics and choruses, which give it more completeness; and I can't help flattering myself that I have greatly improved it. But the name has been objected to. The critics said it is a "calamitous title." I as yet have not been able to hit upon a better. I wish I could, and I wish you could help me. How hard it is sometimes to baptize the progeny of our brains! You with your fine scholarship may be able to hit upon a name for me. Do think it over, and give me some suggestions. What do you think of "Ormuzd and Ahri-

man"? It must be some name suggestive of the conflict between good and evil. . . .

To Oliver Wendell Holmes

CAMBRIDGE, February 2, 1885.

I meant ere this to have either written to you or called upon you, to say how much I have enjoyed your "Life of Emerson." I am delighted at your just and cordial appreciation of him. For one, as you know, I have been from the first among his enthusiastic admirers, and can well remember how, for years I felt a call to defend him against the Philistines. The "Divinity School Address" was of course the greatest rock thrown into the theological current, dividing the conservatives from the so-called transcendentalist movement. And we all know how long the two streams ran and tumbled and frothed divergently. And some of us are old enough to note how different their later blending and confluence is, from those days of turbulent division.

When I remember the impression this great prose lyric of the "New Views" made on some of the leading theologians of the liberal faith . . . and then call to mind the quiet evening, a few years since, when I heard Emerson read an essay at Dr. C. C. Everett's house, being especially invited by the Dean to meet the Divinity students, — I feel that I have lived from the beginning to the end of a wonderful revolution in thought.

You have treated your subject with great skill, brilliancy and justice. Others have doubtless said this before, but it is a satisfaction to me to add my humble testimony to the distinguished merits of your book, for which, and for the exceeding pleasure I have had in reading it, I must again thank you.

To his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, March 3, 1885.

. . . How do you feel about Inauguration Day to-morrow? I have never said a word to you on politics since Cleveland's election — I heard that you went for Blaine much to my regret. The country was saved from a great danger when he was set aside, but it was a close contest. Blaine would have perpetuated, nobody knows how long, the old wretched spoils system — the curse of our country — and put back Civil Service Reform, and would have given a sanction to all the rottenness and corruption which the foes of this reform are answerable for. I am sure that now the country has a safe leader. I don't care if he has the name Democrat. . . . Cleveland will at least give us a clean government. One of the best signs of it is that all the tag-rag of the Democratic Party join the deposed spoils-system men in howling at his heels. There will be a tremendous pressure upon him as of upper and nether millstones, and they will try to grind him to powder, and in more ways than one he will be in imminent danger from the Bourbons. But I think he will be a match for them all. He will be besieged and squeezed worse than any President ever was . . . but enough of politics.

A friend, by the way, gave us season tickets for the Boston concerts which we consider a great boon. At the last concert they gave the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. I never heard it so splendidly rendered. Gericke is the best conductor we have ever had.

I think I never enjoyed Beethoven more intensely than last Saturday night. I had forgotten this symphony was so wonderfully great. It suggested such forms of beauty and of life — of deep, grand sadness and exuberant joy — all the vicissitudes and abrupt transitions of life — all its

melancholy, its effort, its triumph. The wonderful and original and masterly working up of its simple themes is heart-stirring. It is as if Shakespeare and Milton and Dante were melted into one. There is deep under deep of mysterious beauty, of feeling beyond the power of words — "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

Have you seen any of the newspaper controversy about Margaret Fuller? All occasioned by the publication of Hawthorne's Life by his son, who was rash and foolish enough to publish parts of his father's diary in which this noble woman is vilified. Mr. Julian Hawthorne undertook the defense of his father's judgment of her in the papers, and followed it up with unnecessary animosity. Among other respondents I wrote for the "Boston Transcript" twice in Margaret's defence, and Lizzie added a short cracker of her own. Emelyn Story has written a letter full of amazed indignation. I think by this time young Hawthorne has his quietus, for he sees that public opinion is against him. Last night I was at a meeting of a Cambridge Club where Colonel T. W. Higginson gave an admirable lecture on her life, and Rev. Dr. Hedge added some reminiscences of his own. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, March 29, 1885.

Going to the post-office this Sunday morning through the snowdrifts, I was charmed by getting your good long letter. Your transition from the weather to politics amused me. I think this is the first time we ever disagreed about anything, and if it were now before the presidential election instead of long after, I might be tempted to write a voluminous epistle on this subject. I think you must have read only on one side during the campaign. I could have sent you no end of testimony against the demoralized Republican Party, but especially

against their corrupt candidate. We may be trying an experiment in putting in a Democrat, but it was high time there should be a change. On one question, at any rate, that of Civil Service Reform, we have taken it out of the hands of leaders who were wedded to the old spoils system. Much as I disliked the Democratic Party, I could see that the Republican Party had forgotten its own splendid past record, and had declined upon a lower range of principle. . . . It was something quite other than party predominance that the country needed. Could a new party have been formed, it would have been what we wanted; but the time was not ripe for it. . . .

But I won't write any more on politics. Cleveland is in, and starts with a fair record. . . . If Cleveland lives he will do a noble work for the purity of the Civil Service. And I don't see why in most other matters of political importance, he will not come up to the mark along with the best of our Presidents. The old Democratic issues are dead. We could not revive them if we would, and it is idle to let ourselves be haunted by their ghosts.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1886.

. . . This great city of Washington. I was not prepared for such an immense evolution. I had heard of its transformation into a beautiful city, but it is much beyond anything I imagined; and the extent of it, — the immense area which I remember as field and common and slashes, — all built up with fine houses and superb asphalt pavements, and churches and public buildings, reaching in every direction as far as one can see, with monuments and statues and parks! I wander about in a state of amazement which only increases every day. I think I am the original Rip Van Winkle. One afternoon I made a pilgrimage to find the old house on Capitol

Hill. The buildings were so thick about it, and the ground had been so graded away, that I was uncertain at first whether it was the identical old place. But finally felt sure. I rang at the door, and asked if Judge Cranch did not live there once. They did n't know, but said the house was very old and used to be called the Whitney House. But as soon as I peeped in and saw the entry and rooms, I knew I was not mistaken. It was occupied as a boarding-house, and the old garden is turned into a marble yard. The neighboring houses, where the Diggs, the Watkins, and the Brents lived, still stood, but looking very forlorn. I wrote to Margie to know where the house was in which Father died, and she tells me it does not exist; it was near the old Carroll place, but a Catholic institution has been built on the site of it. I never saw that house, for we were then in Europe, but it was there that Rufus and Sister Lizzie also died.

Just below the Capitol Pennsylvania Avenue looks unchanged. There are the same little houses and tobacco-shops and drinking-houses, and general rowdy aspect; but everywhere else, Washington, compared to what it was when we were boys, is the evolution of the ape into the man. . . .

I have not been in Washington before since 1863.

To Mrs. Scott

CAMBRIDGE, November 13, 1886.

. . . I have had very pleasant occupation this summer and fall in correcting and revising the proofs of my new volume of poems, which will be published this month. . . . I look upon my new poems as the best and maturest work I have done in verse. And I live in hope to see some justice done to that work by the critics, and a more popular reception by the public. My "Satan" goes into my new

volume much enlarged and improved, and under the new title "Ormuzd and Ahriman." I have hopes it will command more attention than it has under the old name.

We had a great day in Cambridge last Monday[1] — you will have seen the accounts in the papers — at Sanders Theatre, where Mr. Lowell delivered his fine address, and Dr. Holmes his poem. The seats reserved for ladies had all been long taken, so Mamma and Carrie had no chance. But I went in, with my Divinty School badge, walking in the procession and finding an excellent seat. Lowell's address was very fine; Holmes's poem was a failure. Both are to appear, I hear, in the next "Atlantic Monthly."

The President was received with immense enthusiasm. I had a good view of him, though not very near. . . .

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
December 2, 1886.

I was in town last night, and this morning I came home and found your new book upon my table. It is the first day of winter, clear, cold, — an icy gale blowing without, and I sit by the bright fire within turning the page and reading and musing, your songs leading me on —

"Their echo will not pass away
I hear you singing, singing."

That poem holds me with the spell of the Lorelei. One such song proves the singer.

Then how beautiful and tender are the sonnets. In your first slight volume which I have, I remember also the sonnets and how they enchanted me. But this last sheaf has your golden grain, and I shall say so aloud. It

[1] Celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard University.

is curious that the same mail brought me a copy of the autobiographic sketches to 1850 of Georgiana Bruce, whom you must remember at Brook Farm, and in the Brook Farm chapters there is mention of you as I remember you when I first saw you with your guitar at the Eyrie, singing old songs. . . .

Francis Boott to Mr. Cranch

BELLOSGUARDO, FLORENCE,
February 19, 1887.

I received your letter not long since of 13th January, and also your Xmas present: your new volume of poems, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure, and have shared this too with others. Among these is Miss Woolson, who was attracted by your song of the "Brown Eyes," [1] having known but little of your writings. She has lately returned your volume I lent her, and I take pleasure in enclosing her note. *O si sic omnes!* you'll say.

Certainly, as you say, Stedman owes you amends, and he seems tardy in making it (or them). A critic ought never to be blamed if he follows his own judgment; but if, as it appears, the omission comes from carelessness or forgetfulness, he can't make too much haste in trying his remedies. I fancy it is with him as you say — he echoes the voice of the world, and ignores the public duty of the critic and what should be his supreme pleasure, viz., discovering the unseen gems and hidden flowers, and telling the stupid world what it ought to admire.

Thanks from both of us for your congratulations. Lizzie has really got a splendid baby, and you may take my word for it, for I am not specially a baby-fancier. . . .

[1] Mr. Cranch's poem, "Soft Brown Smiling Eyes," the music of which Mr. Boott wrote.

Constance Fenimore Woolson to Mr. Boott

. . . Cranch's poems I have greatly enjoyed. I admire all; but I have a particular admiration for Ariel's song — "I have built me a magical ship" — in "Ariel and Caliban." And for the first and second sonnets — "The Summer goes" — and "Parted by time and space." I had already seen "Old and Young" — which was sent to me from the United States, marked, some time ago. "In Venice" is an exquisite picture of the most exquisite city in the world, and would give me a heart-ache if I were reading it in America instead of here. But very American, and very beautiful, are the two sonnets, "August" and "Idle Hours," and they, in their turn, made me a little homesick for the home-scenes described so truthfully and sweetly. Last of all comes "A Poet's Soliloquy," which is touching and beautiful in a supreme degree.

Mr. Cranch to Miss Dixwell

April 10, 1888.

Your letter just received telling me the sad news of Mrs. Duveneck's death, has been a great shock to me. It will take me long to realize it, so totally unexpected is it, and so ignorant am I of any of the attending circumstances; and to her husband, and to her father, what a blow! Mrs. Cranch feels it just as I do, and we hardly dare communicate the sad intelligence to our daughter, who knew and loved her so well.

I knew Lizzie when she was almost an infant, in Florence and in Paris, and I have known for many years how completely bound up in the life of her father she was. He is one of my oldest and truest friends — and under this strange and sudden visitation of calamity no words I can utter can give any idea of what I feel for him.

Life can never be to him what it has been, for his future pathway in this world will be darkened by a shadow that will never be lifted from his heart.

How useless are words in speaking of such a bereavement!

She, as we all know, was so good and so gracious — so accomplished and so full of talent, and so true an artist. How hard that her brilliant career should be so brief. How hard that so few years should have been allotted for her married and maternal life, — and how her many friends will miss her!

If there be recognition of friends in the after-life — as there must be — else the whole order of creation is a mockery — then are she and your dear sister Anna, whose death I deeply felt — forever united — as they were on earth. . . .

To his brother Edward

New York, October 28, 1888.

I send you the flute duet, a little trifle, done many years ago; and also a variation made a long, long time ago, when my flute was in a livelier condition. I have a portfolio full of little things I have tried to compose at times; some merely airs; and some, songs with words, and attempts at harmonization of the same. If ever I get out West, I will bring some of them, and let Emma pronounce whether they are worth anything or not. But one thing I am sure of, that if I had been taught the piano, and had studied harmony, I should have been a composer. . . .

To Mrs. Scott

New York, January 23, 1889.

. . . We all dined the other day at Professor W. C. Russell's, who is living in a flat in our street, not far off.

After dinner I amused them and the little boy with my usual *répertoire* of imitations of noises and ventriloquism; and they tried to interest us in the game of poker, which, I am sorry to say, we failed to appreciate. I told them the story of the man in the West, who, on being urged to play poker, excused himself because he had n't his revolver with him. Our only evening game at home is the old-fashioned backgammon, which Mamma and I take up generally for an hour or two in the evening. . . .

You can't tell how I pine for our books and my pictures and studies left behind, and boxed up in Cambridge. But we have no room for them here. If we could get a studio within reasonable distance, we might send for them. I work away at something or other in my little room at home. I shall have three large water-color pictures in the exhibition which will soon open at the Academy, and now and then I exhibit a painting at the Century Club's monthly meetings. I have just had accepted by "Scribner's Magazine" two stanzas with an illustration I made, which I will copy for you, — that is, the poem. The editor of "Scribner's" is Mr. E. L. Burlingame, the son of our old friend, the Minister to China, whom we used to know in Paris, — a very pleasant gentleman. . . .

THE BIRDS AND THE WIRES

Perched on the breeze-blown wires the careless birds
  Whose chattering notes tell all the wit they own,
Know not the passage of the electric words
  Throbbing beneath their feet from zone to zone.

So, while mysterious spheres enfold us round,
  Though to life's tingling chords we press so near,
Our souls sit deaf to truth's diviner sound.
  Ourselves — no Nature's wondrous voice we hear.

Francis Boott to Mr. Cranch

CAMBRIDGE, December 13, [1888.]

I am glad you are comfortably situated at New York and doubt not you will find it better for you than Boston, and *a fortiori* Cambridge. I find Duveneck and all his artist friends are of that opinion. Indeed those of his former pupils settled there think it offers better opportunities for an American than Europe. Duveneck went on there not long ago with some idea of staying. But he has a studio in Boston, and a baby too. I wish you could see the little gentleman. . . . I suppose you take great interest in your grandchildren. But I can't help feeling the interest in them becomes very different as they get older. Two years is a model age, every day develops new traits, new acquisitions. It is sad to fancy him a big fellow of six feet or more, which he will be if he lives. Of course there is interest even for such, but how different. . . . Let me see your song, and try my hand at it, provided you don't get any satisfactory arrangement. Perhaps you will become a composer in the next world.

Mr. Cranch to Francis Boott

January 24, 1889.

"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" is a wise old saw, no doubt, and not inapplicable to some things I attempt to do. If I have the impulse sometimes to weave æsthetic, airy robes for kings and queens, when I should be working at my cobbler's stool, I have no other excuse than an occasional, natural inclination, which should never, however, be indulged, when I have n't even entered the apprenticeship of the craft. My poor little attempt at melody submits humbly to the judgment of experts. And I am taught not to assume airs unless I can show good reason for them. I have given you a good deal of trouble about

this deformed child of mine for whom no clothing can be found to make him a gentleman. *Ça ne vaut pas la peine!* Indeed I had almost forgotten its existence. Let it go among the shades, and we will try to stick to our last in future. But I must thank you for the trouble you have taken about this unnecessary bantling.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
June 23, 1889.

I am very glad that you enjoy the Motley letters which have really introduced Motley to his countrymen and shown them how easy it is to misconceive a personality. He was always considered a doubtful American, but he was in fact one of the best types of true Americanism. In the March "Harper" I had an article upon him to announce the Letters, in which I alluded to this quality. The other day I received a large and beautiful silver bowl from Lady Harcourt and her sisters, suitably inscribed, which is a very pleasant memorial of the work. Holmes was the natural editor, but he said that he was too old and he proposed that I should undertake it. . . .

The knee relaxes gradually but surely. I do not walk normally, but I walk, and that makes me gay. I am sorry to hear of your blue streaks, but they, I am sure, are only summer vapors. If you have not decided where to go for the summer, I should think this heat would make the vision of the ocean irresistible. I long for that even among the pleasant hills.

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Scott

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY, July 20, 1889.

Chronicles of the Land of Nod

Chap. XIII

1. And it was the season of summer in the Land of Manhattan. And it waxed exceeding hot.

2. And they that had nothing to do sat in their rocking chairs and read the papers, or consulted the thermometer.

3. And many longed to get out of the city and seek the sea, but they could not.

4. And there was a man of Manhattan who was a painter, and he left the city with his family by steamboat and railroad to the Jersey shore.

5. And they came to a place called Asbury Park.

6. How be it, it was not a park, but a flat and sandy tract of land with small spindling trees. And there was nothing to paint.

7. And they came to a house called the "Magnolia." And there they fell among the Baptists.

8. Yet were they exceeding kind folk, and were not of the class called "Hard-Shell."

9. And they were people who drank no wine.

10. And their dinner hour was about the sixth hour, when European people sit down to their first meal.

11. And they ate fast, and went and sat on the front porch. And there they talked of the weather and of the Baptist Church.

12. But sometimes the youths and young maidens played a game called "croquet," with loud talking and laughing.

13. And lo, there was among them a Baptist doctor of divinity, who wore unclerical garments, and rode upon a

bicycle. And there was no one who gain-sayed him, or thought that he did that which was unseemly.

14. And this man from Manhattan, whose name was Christopher, talked on the porch with some of the Baptists. But they did not try to convert him.

15. And on week days some of the younger folks went down to the seaside, where there was a great crowd, and dipped themselves in the roaring waves.

16. And on the Lord's day they went to the churches.

17. And the heat was exceedingly fierce. And there was laziness and languor in the air. It was a land, where, as certain of our poets have said, it seemed always afternoon.

18. And some of them spent much time in sleep. And those who did not sleep sat continually on the front porch, and talked of the weather.

19. And they who took afternoon naps said perpetually, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep."

20. And when they awoke from their slumbers they said, "Lo, this is the Land of Nod, of which the Prophets of old did speak." Selah.

. . . We have been here about a week. As you see by foregoing chronicle, it is exceedingly hot weather. But we are in a very comfortable house. . . . But it is n't like the New England seacoast air. It is a sleepy place, and it is an effort to do anything. It is also a curious place, — a large town, spread out with pretty houses and wide streets, plenty of shops, and electric lights, and electric cars. . . . There is fine surf-bathing, though too much of a crowd. . . .

To his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, October 28, 1889.

I am glad you like the Quincy poem.[1] I took a great deal of pleasure in writing it, and in delivering it. It was listened to attentively, and is spoken of well by my friends. But I think you exaggerate some things a little. The ground I had to work on was hardly "rough and rocky," but rather an oft-travelled highway; the difficulty was in making such a trite theme as the Puritan Fathers fresh and poetical. Perhaps that is what you meant. Neither was the audience, I think "severe," at least my Quincy meeting-house audience,—I can't answer for that outside reached by the Press. Nor was the fact of its being published entire anything specially emphasizing the poem. The occasion was an interesting one, and the "Herald" laid itself out to appropriate what would make the best show. In fact it was put into type *before* it was delivered.

The poem will be published in the church exercises in pamphlet form. And then Mead, one of the editors of a new magazine, "The New England Magazine," wrote to me asking if he might print it in his publication. I assented, of course, it having already become public property by being printed in the "Herald." The whole thing was of course "a labor of love," as the ministers say; all the gold I get being whatever golden opinions may happen — along with yours.

October 30. Interruptions will occur. We are settled very comfortably in our old Cambridge home, and I should like to stay here. I have my cosey study, my little adjoining bedroom, my books and manuscripts about me, my pleasant outlook from the windows, with the sun-

[1] A poem read by Mr. Cranch at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church of Quincy, Massachusetts.

shine and the falling October leaves, and the quiet — so different from Newport. I revel in the space and elbow room of a *house;* we were absurdly cramped for room in our New York flat. There are some great conveniences in a flat, but great limitations too. I should like to stay here, and end my days here, since we can't afford to take a *house* in Newport. But wife and daughter, especially the latter, like the idea of trying a New York boarding-house again for a while. . . . But we shall be here at any rate till January. . . .

How I should like to talk with you about your European experiences. How wonderfully you and Emma got through with your tour.[1]

CAMBRIDGE, January 1, 1890.

. . . I thank God to-day for you, my dear brother, and that I have heard from you at last. But I don't blame you for not writing oftener, with your lame hand, and your work to do. You have a hard life compared with mine, and are a little, not much, farther down the slippery slope of life, where we can't stand quite so erect and spry and acrobatic as once. It is a matter of great curiosity to me to think what we two old gentlemen, and all the rest of the old gentlemen and ladies we know, are coming to, at the end of our slide downhill. I must confess to terribly *agnostic* views about it all. I try not to think of it; I try to believe there may be a waking into another state. But whether there be or not, *what can we do about it?* I presume whatever will be, will be for the best. Our good old brother John would be shocked if I ever should say this to him. To his facile faith the going out of life is only like stepping from a train to a platform — and an eternal home.

[1] Mr. Edward Cranch, who was in his eighty-first year, had lately returned from his first visit to Europe.

Are you buckling to the Buckle? No, I can't say I have read him, but a long while ago, in Paris, I borrowed him of a friend, and dipped into him, and was much interested. But he is a theorist, and believes the world has advanced through Intellect alone. But Intellect is only one of several factors in the world's growth. You ask what is the greatest book now. I really don't know. I only see here and there smaller lines of light in what seems to me the right direction. We have some clever philosophic minds in New England, perhaps as good as anywhere. And while I think of it, let me strongly recommend you (if I have n't already) to a remarkable article by Dr. William James, son of Henry James, and Professor of Philosophy here in Harvard — on Spencer's "Definition of Mind."

But I'm not much of an explorer in philosophical books. I have been dipping into a French translation of Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious." I did so, because I had written an essay on the unconscious life, which I have read once or twice before small audiences. I did n't see Hartmann's till I had written my essay. He goes too much into philosophy and endless details of the relations of the unconscious to organic life, for me. I found that I agreed with him in many things, but I failed to get any particular light from him on the Mind, on Faith, or on any deep things of the Spheres. We have a Sunday Afternoon Club in Cambridge, where we meet at one another's houses, and have an essay and conversation. We have run it a year and a half. We have had some strong men read for us — Dr. Hedge, Dr. C. C. Everett, J. W. Allen, and a good many others. Now and then I have taken my turn. We find these meetings very edifying. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, January 14, 1890.

Your appreciation of my verses "warms the cockles of my heart" (what are the heart's cockles, by the way!). But you know you are not in the position of an unbiased critic — "Love adds a precious seeing to the eye." I wish all my small and select circle of readers could put on your spectacles and see the beauties that you do. . . .

That is excellent and striking which you say about the conflict of forces constituting all life. Is this thought original with you, or partly so? It is good and memorable, and accords with my views — "By this conflict Evil becomes *not good*, but the necessary condition of it." In my "Ormuzd and Ahriman" I tried to express something like it — but vaguely. Your formula is more exact and scientific.

"Without resistance Force itself ceases — force with nothing to act on being unthinkable and non-existent." "Life a play of action and reaction and kept up by opposing forces." This is good — and all that follows. I clap my hands and throw you an invisible bouquet.

By the way, I have just given in the proof of my essay on the "Unconscious Life," which I think you have seen, to Rev. Joseph H. Allen, the Editor of the "Unitarian Review." It will probably appear in the next number — and I will send it to you. Mr. Allen writes me very complimentarily about it: "I have just left your paper with the printer — with gratitude and delight that you give me the privilege of printing it. It is like a fresh breeze out of the golden days when the world was young — to us I mean — and reads like one of the clearest and pleasantest of the voices that belonged to that time, before Carlyle became surly, or Emerson had gone upon the shelf. How is it that we have known so little of you in your prose?"

This — from a scholar and thinker like Allen — ought to cheer up an old man who sees his audiences fading away around him. I told him I valued his praise as an incentive to better work. . . .

Mr. Cranch was asked to speak at the Browning Memorial Service held in King's Chapel, Boston, on January 28. He was very glad to respond, and his address is pleasantly remembered by his hearers, both the reminiscences of the man and his well-considered appreciation of the poet.[1]

In contradistinction, a letter from Mr. Edward Cranch to his brother, written about this time, vigorously expresses what a good many feel in reading Browning.

Like Alcmene, in giving birth to Hercules, he was racked by immortal throes, and could but yell. People a thousand miles off could tell something was the matter with him — but, like the Delphic Oracle, he lacked the power of expressing what it was. And when he was most in earnest he was least communicative. Whether this lack of perspicuity resulted from indifference or his natural buoyancy of spirit, bouncing over ditches and fences like a kangaroo, — calling dogs to come along, and raising a cloud of dust behind him. — One says lo! here, and one says lo! there, but where Browning is, or what he is after, is beyond any human comprehension to say — like a flea, etc.

If there is anything that baffles and angers me, and bungs my eye, it is a want of downright, honest, stark

[1] In conversation at this time Mr. Cranch told this little anecdote: "One day, it was in Paris, I asked Browning what was the Good News they brought from Ghent to Aix. 'Well,' he answered, 'you know about it as much as I do.'"

naked perspicuity of style, and this has excluded me forever from the charmed circle of Browning worshippers, and left me with the mark of Cain on my forehead.

But Browning is no charlatan. He is a good honest man — or thinker — who has been sent for some useful purpose. He may have been sent to Vassar to punish young ladies for blubbering over their Miltons and Virgils, — or to Yale and Harvard to make the established classics seem easier, — or to Boston to fill vacant places left by the clergy, — or to the Chatauqua circle as an endless comfort, or subject of debate.

But joking apart, — I can see that this tough Browning has fought his way to the front, and struck a magnificent path in the direction of reflective poetry of the future, and I don't want to see that glorious current set back.

I never understood Wagner till I went to Baireuth and I don't expect to ever understand all of Browning.

Mr. Cranch to George William Curtis

CAMBRIDGE, May 9, 1890.

We all thank you for sending us the tissue paper portrait of yours from the drawing of Mr. Cummin, and here don't let me forget to acknowledge the photograph you sent some time ago, done, I think in Philadelphia. It is difficult to say just where Mr. Cummin's drawing fails in being altogether satisfactory. It is like and yet not like. We all think he has missed giving the character and vitality of the face. It has a more worried look than I often see in you. But I am a difficult critic as regards your face, which I have known so well and so long, and I dare say the drawing will seem much better to some who don't know you so well. But as the mobility of your features has so often defied the photographer, I don't much wonder that it baffles the artist too.

This unlikeness of one photograph of you to another, and the unlikeness of all of them to the original, is always an inexplicable thing to me. I wish you would keep your collection of these essays and show them to the portrait painters. Did Mr. Cummin see them? They would make a most unique collection.[1]

I don't think I ever told you of my birthday celebration in March. My friend Mrs. Stearns had given me a bottle of Spanish wine — Xeres — which she declared was over a hundred years old. I immediately wrote a sonnet to the donor, and told her I should keep the flask, unopened until some rare occasion. So, as my birthday was coming, I invited three old cronies, two of them born the same year with myself and one a year older, viz.: John S. Dwight, Frank Boott, and John Holmes, to come around in the evening, to the opening of the wonderful old wine. They all came, and Lizzie trotted out some of the old family silver, and presided at the table. In the centre appeared the wonderful wine, still in its old straw sheath. Then, by way of grace, I read them my sonnet, and with all due reverence uncorked the reverend flask, not knowing but it might have lost all its original virtue. But we all looked at each other, and I suppose smacked our lips. The old sherry was just perfect; a trifle *dry*, but *such* a bouquet! As a fit accompaniment to this melody, we had some delicious crackers and cheese, and we all thought nothing could be sweeter.

After this we adjourned — we four old fellows — to my study, where we finished off the evening with punch, cigars, and quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles, and all went off with decent sobriety, not one mistaking another's umbrella or overshoes for his own. Boott

[1] Mr. Curtis kept a collection of these photographs of himself. One, I remember, was marked underneath, "A Idiot."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

actually soared into verse, and wrote some lines addressed to me on this memorable night!

I have been sitting to Duveneck for my portrait, a success, I think. . . . I am quite busy preparing my Autobiography, not for publication, but for my children and grandchildren, as a family record.

Mr. Cranch wrote this to the hermit thrush, which is heard morning and evening on Gerrish Island. He was staying at the Hotel Pocahontas before he made his visit to the new house. Quoting from the "Log at Brawboat," he says: —

"Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the views in every direction. At the Pocahontas . . . the view of the open sea and lonely rocks is impressive but monotonous. . . . Here, the various indentations of the coast with the rising and falling of the tide — the shipping — the houses in the distance — the pond — the dark fir woods — the rocks, give a most agreeable combination of solitude and human life."

"Oh, will you, will you?" sings the thrush
Deep in his shady cover.
"Oh, will you, will you, live with me,
And be my friend and lover?

"With woodland scents and sounds all day,
And music we will fill you;
For concerts we will charge no fee.
Oh, will you, will you, will you?"

Dear hidden bird, full oft I've heard
Your pleasant invitation,
And searched for you amid your boughs
With fruitless observation.

Too near and yet too far you seem
For mortals to discover.
You call me, yet I cannot come,
And am your hopeless lover.

Like all that is too sweet and fair,
I never can come near you.
Your songs fill all the summer air —
I only sit and hear you.

GERRISH ISLAND, July 11, 1890.

O. B. Frothingham to Mr. Cranch

BOSTON, November 16, 1890.

Your Sonnets to O. B. F. in your last volume touched me deeply. Would the subject were worthy of them! Such recognition is more than reward enough. There is real satisfaction to one who has flung abroad so many seeds that have perished because they had no right to live, that some have lodged in a poetic soul and brought forth such fruit.

Your lines on "Old Age" in "Scribner's" for October too were most pathetic. They brought tears to my eyes, I accept the greeting, I entertain the trust. The hope grows sweeter and dearer as the shadows gather.

I should have been to see you long ago if I had been able; but mine has been a miserable Autumn. Pain and weakness have kept me in town and have greatly circumscribed my walking in the city. . . .

Mr. Cranch to his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, December 28, 1890.

I usually go to church, but this morning wife and daughter take my place, and I perform the secular duty of going to the P. O., and behold I am rewarded with your letter written Xmas Day. . . . Your letter makes brighter to me even this bright sunshiny day. But I don't like that picture of you I see sitting on Christmas Day over your fire, with your little black-and-tan for company, and all the family away, and the snow coming down and the wind howling, and you covering up your fire and turning

in — all alone in your house. I wait with some anxiety to hear they have returned. Your account of your street-car experiences is all in your best vein. But the idea of an old gentleman past eighty being suffered by his wife and daughter to perambulate the winter streets and vex his soul out buying Xmas presents, is not to be tolerated.

I leave most of this business to my wife, who in spite of her bodily infirmities manages somehow, with her immense nervous energy, and her maternal and grandmaternal yearnings, to get to Boston and buy a great box of presents. . . . I have, however, done a little shopping for this Xmas. But it is a dreadful business, unless you begin early in the season, taking Time by the forelock — or as the Portuguese phrasebook has it, "*Taking the occasion for the hairs.*" I made several attempts to get to the counters in several shops where there were Christmas cards; but it is n't very easy to carry on negotiations in stationery and pictures over the heads of men and women, especially women, who, when they get to the counter, somehow seem stuck there by invisible glue. The fact is we are overdoing Christmas more and more every year. It used to be a children's festival. Now we must give to old as well as young. Happy are we that it comes but once a year.

Your letter makes me long to have a good long talk with you. Yes, let me have that submerged essay you are half tempted to write. Do write all your fingers are capable of doing, the more the better; serious or gay. What lots of things there are we could talk about! The fact is there is no knowing where to begin or where to end, things crowd so into my head I want to talk over with you. And this stiff pen and cold white paper are not exactly the most favorable mediums for communication. There are fifty openings into fifty topics, all leading into

some chambers of thought and feeling common to us both! But where to begin? By the way, what a clever and wise sentence is that of yours, "Doctrinism is like a bad champagne cork; it keeps the liquor, but lets the aroma escape." It is just so. Men may make celestial maps of the heavens, but the heavens can never be prisoned in diagrams and definitions. That which exists at the centre of things touches us at the circumference, in every core and avenue of feeling, if *we* are only alive. But it is not to be adequately described; not to be packed into a system or a creed.

How can we measure this boundless element in which we are drifting (yet not *drifting* I hope, except to some great terminus, some haven)? And yet we have intimations that come to us, we don't know always how, of great realities that are dateless, measureless. We have glimpses — too few, alas, and too crowded — of a great Light. We have perfumes from hidden gardens; snatches of music from unseen orchestras; electric thrillings from abiding centres, somewhere; inspirations from something far above us, yet in some sense *in us*.

But this is rather of the essay style, and to confess, is borrowed from an essay which I should like to read to you, on the "Evolution of the Moral Ideal." In it I have been tempted to have a little fling here and there, at the doctrines of F. E. Abbot. Have you read his book, "Scientific Theism," and his other book, "The Way out of Agnosticism"? Abbott thinks he has introduced revolutionary methods into philosophy. He applies the scientific method to *everything;* even to proving the existence of God. He has a patented private scaling-ladder, and gets in where angels fear to tread, and makes God as palpable and plain to our intellectual grasp and comprehension as the material atmosphere. But I can't help

saying here, if we can prove and comprehend thus the Infinite Soul of the Universe, why, we may as well carry him in our pockets, as a South-Sea Islander might do his idol! . . .

A deeply interesting book I have partly read — it was borrowed, and had to be returned — is Dr. Martineau's new volume, the "Basis of Authority in Religion." I had never read anything of Martineau's before; was greatly impressed with this. He is profound and radical, and yet, in the true sense, conservative, and is a wonderful master of style. I think I shall have to buy the book.

And now I wish you would (when you feel able) sit down and tell me about your "important discoveries." I have no doubt they may be new to me, for I am the greatest ignoramus in much that a Harvard professor might insist upon, in the line of philosophic thought. And then, sometimes, I feel like dodging this whole matter of questions and cross-questions, and falling back on a plain level of common sense, taking refuge from the flying missiles, in the holes and crevices of unquestioning faith, in a few undiscovered places.

Well, here I am essay-writing, or pretty near it; and there are Lizzie and Carrie — I hear them — just got home from church — much pleased with the preaching and the music. But I think I have been to church too, with my dear brother. . . .

Uncle Edward's Golden Wedding, when the house at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, was in holiday array, was a very great event for my father, his dearly loved brother. My father came from his quiet study in Cambridge, to meet here, in his own home, that intimate brother, surrounded by his family, his wife, children, and grandchildren, by

nieces and nephews and old friends. It was a beautiful day, — April 15, — already warm in Ohio. The house was festive with yellow roses in profusion. The guests came with their love and friendship to congratulate this young-old pair of lovers. Dear Uncle Edward was like a young bridegroom. His partner had a light in her face as she greeted her friends and presided over this remarkable occasion. Youthful she was in spite of her white hair.

The presents ranged from golden champagne, golden ducats, to a pretty little gold brooch of two hearts together. I noticed a pair of dainty gold slippers for this dear old Cinderella. There was a painted plate with a poem of my father's upon it.

The two brothers met the day before the great occasion, and afterwards my father stayed on for a little visit at the Walnut Hills home. There they renewed their youth by long talks, walks, and duets on their flutes.

George William Curtis to Mr. Cranch

ASHFIELD, August 1, 1891.

Our day of memory dawns again. Here on my book shelf is the little bark canoe on which is the name of the ship and the immortal date, which Carrie carved, and five years ago filled the canoe with flowers.

I came over from Albany three weeks ago, tired out and with a headache a month old. I have done as little as I could since I have been here, but a little, as you may be aware, is not much! Sometime ago I promised the Harpers to make a little book of pieces from the Easy Chair. The task has been very great for so very small a result.

Forty-five years ago on the glad waters of the dark

blue sea we had other thoughts than book-making and it is curious how all to-day the thought of that day of embarkation has filled my mind. My only trouble has been that I cannot recall the name of our darky steward who brought the gruel and the glass of sherry. My recollection is blended of sherry, darky, gruel, and "Home fare thee well." My lady of the gold ear hoops and her buxom children with their expansive sable nurse, are very visible in my memory.

And where are you all and how are you? When we parted at the South Ferry I hoped that I should see you while you were still at Yonkers but this has been really the busiest year of my life and many of my most blooming grapes turned out to be sour. . . . Tell Lizzie that I hope her native Hudson air has restored to her the health she used to have, and that this day reminds her of that old love of mine which is always in the most vigorous health.

Mr. Cranch to Mrs. Scott

CAMBRIDGE, August 23, 1891.

We left Lexington yesterday, a little sooner than we expected. There were a good many discomforts there, and we are glad to get back to our home. The weather has been very hot, and I don't know when I have been so used up as I was yesterday, with fatigue, heat and illness.

One of our greatest annoyances at the Hotel in Lexington was the locomotives, for we were close to the railroad station. I never should have taken rooms there, had I thought of that beforehand. Two or three times a day, besides the hourly passage of the trains, there would be a freight train that kept coming and pretending to go, and then coming back again, with tremendous explosions of steam; often in the middle of the night we had it, within a stone's throw of our windows, which we were obliged to

leave open on account of the heat. I used to lie awake and swear internally. I christened the place "The Devil's Kitchen." Sometimes the "Old Boy" seemed to be frying fish half the night. On the cool nights it was n't so bad. Then we had musical classes who kept up a constant thrumming and singing in the great hall, and the service was very ineffective in various ways. But we found some pleasant people, and a gem of an old doctor, Dr. S., a friendly and sympathetic gentleman, who remembered hearing me preach about fifty years ago in Dr. Furness's pulpit! And I was much pleased that he should have remembered one sermon, in which he says I foreshadowed Darwin's doctrine of Evolution. I have a rather vague remembrance of it, but I lost the Manuscript. I suppose it was among the papers and books burnt up in the Old Homestead fire in 1857, while we were in Paris. Besides my books I must have lost many valuable letters and some manuscripts that were worth preserving.

To his brother Edward

CAMBRIDGE, September 5, 1891.

I am very glad to hear from Margie that you are with her and enjoying the change of scene and the sea-air. Before you go back to the West, Lizzie and I want you to make us a little visit in Cambridge, say, in ten days or a fortnight from now, when the household wheels run a little more smoothly. I have not been at all well, more or less, for some time, and this week the horrid dyspepsia is complicated with other symptoms. I have no appetite and no strength and no energy and no ambition. For the last few days I have lived chiefly on tea and toast and milk, and keep to my armchair and Dickens, for want of a better story-teller.

If I am well enough, I shall try to run down to "Brawboat" (the name of N.'s house at Gerrish Island) for a few days. . . . I hope you will come to us.

BOSTON, December 9, 1891.

Your letter is just received. I am sitting up in my easy-chair, and had a quiet day yesterday and a quiet night. I have suffered less pain lately, owing to the caution in my food. . . . I have lost all my strength and it is only with an extreme and sudden effort that I can move from place to place. Dressing and undressing is an absurd labor for me. But I generally have quiet nights, contriving to patch out the long hours with successive light naps and usually pleasant dreams. My wife and daughter are invaluable nurses. We are going back to Cambridge tomorrow, with new servants who promise well. . . .We have been very comfortable here, but shall be glad to be again at home. I think I've not been out of my room for a fortnight.

Edward P. Cranch to his brother

CINCINNATI, January 9, 1892.

It is with deep concern that I hear, through sister Margie, of your prolonged illness and pain and weakness. I am grieved to be so far away from you, and so little in a condition to be of aid and comfort. But I am thankful that you have good nursing and attendance, and I hope the doctor will at last bring you through and restore you to health.

I must not fatigue you with letters, but I want you to know that we are thinking continually of you with deep sympathy and praying for your recovery.

May God bless you and sustain you and bring you to health again, is the sincere prayer of your brother.

George William Curtis to Mrs. Scott

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
January 15, 1892.

I had heard from Mrs. Brooks, so that your letter did not surprise me, although it is long since I have felt so deep a pain. All that you say is in harmony with his pure and gentle and noble life, and I can only hope with you that when the end shall come, it may be as peaceful as you describe his days.

It is fifty years since I first knew your father, and in all that time there has been no kind of break in our regard. How many of my happiest recollections are associated with him and your mother! and how long now seems the vista through which I look back to the earlier days! . . .

My daughter and I are fighting the grippe. My movements are therefore very uncertain, but you will give my old and constant love to your dear father — a love blended with pride to have been the friend of a man who has never broken faith with himself, and has walked always with sublime faith the upward way.

Your mother knows my feeling for her, and indeed, for all of you, and with the warmest sympathy and affection, I am

Your friend always.

Mr. Cranch's health began to fail in the last part of the year 1889. He had then what he thought was dyspepsia. It was the beginning of a deep-seated trouble. He could not eat what he was accustomed to. He wrote funny letters to his brother Edward and to his friend Mrs. Stearns. He made pictures of the "grasshopper burden" at which his friends laughed. His muscular strength held out to the last day of his life. His elder daugh-

The Grasshopper is a Burden.

C.P.C. Oct. 1890

ter was summoned from the West, to take care of him.

Mr. Samuel Longfellow found him bright and hopeful about the outlook.[1] A piano was brought into the house and Mr. Paine played the beautiful classical music he loved. His face was then transfigured, and he listened with an exalted look that was long after remembered. His friend Mr. Boott came and talked with him. The elder two grandsons came to see him from their school, remaining quietly in his room, caring for his fire or his medicine. He gazed intently into their faces, seeming to see their future life and getting encouragement therefrom.

The end came peacefully, like a child going to sleep, the morning of January 20, 1892.

George William Curtis to Mrs. Cranch

West New Brighton, Staten Island,
January 20, 1892.

N.'s telegram has come, and I am very sorry that I am not in a condition to leave home, and I must say elsewhere what I have to say of the pure and noble and gentle soul that is gone. As I told N., it is just fifty years since I knew him first, and I always treasure the recollection of the charm of aspect and manner, and of the exquisite temperament. Fresh and unwasted to the end was the bloom of youth that lay upon his soul, and I shall always hear that mellow voice and feel my pulse beating with that faithful heart.

[1] Mrs. Stearns, in a letter to Mrs. Scott, said: "My old friend, Mr. Longfellow, wrote to me the 21st — 'Yes, Cranch is gone. On Sunday he told me, in a few words, of his outlook of faith into the life beyond. It was the sunset that he had painted.' This sunset reveals your father's life and faith."

My dear Lizzie, there are no words for consolation, and I can but vaguely conceive what the pang must be. The loss of a dear child I have known, but not this more intimate and desolating sorrow. Once, long ago, he spoke to me of the end, but with perfect trust in the divine benignity of the eternal laws. Upon no human soul were they ever more legibly written than upon his, and for all who loved him, his memory will be joy and peace.

Edward P. Cranch to Mrs. Scott

CINCINNATI, February 8, 1892.

I thank you most kindly for the tender care you have taken to inform me of the particulars of your dear father's last moments on this earth. It was a grief to me that my own disabilities, my extreme old age, and the inclemencies of the winter, prevented me from being once more with him in December.

He was very dear to me from childhood, and his memory will be precious to me while I live. During our almost lifelong absence we kept up a most affectionate personal correspondence, and his letters helped to instruct and soothe me through all the vicissitudes of life. It is not without tears of the tenderest love that I can even think of him or speak of him to you, his loving and thoughtful child, his kind nurse in sickness. My heart is full, and yet I can say no more at present, except to share my sympathies and sorrows with his family, his wife and daughters, his two good sisters, and others who knew and loved him. My own best thought now is thankfulness to God, who granted me for three quarters of a century, the life and brotherly love of so noble a man! And oh, it is my comfort to think that if there is in nature a warrant for the aspirations of the human soul, he is now among the blest in that brighter world of his poetic dreams! And

oh, that I were worthy to hope that in some capacity I could again be within hail of that dear brother, that good and patient spirit!

Your dear father was four years younger than myself, and I have no right to expect to survive him long. The decrepitude of age is stealing my strength and brain, but if there is anything I could do to perpetuate his example and his memory on the earth I would gladly do it.

Soon after Mr. Cranch's death, Mr. Curtis in his "Easy Chair"[1] paid his last tribute to his old friend:—

The Easy Chair first saw Christopher Cranch one evening at Brook Farm, when the Arcadian company was gathered in the little parlor of the Eyry, the brown cottage which was the scene of its social pleasures. He was then nearly thirty years old, a man of picturesquely handsome aspect, the curling brown hair clustering around the fine brow, and the refined and delicate features lighted with sympathetic pleasure. He seated himself presently at the piano, upon which he opened a manuscript book of music, and imperfectly struck the chords of an accompaniment to a song which was wholly new and striking, which he sang in a rich, reedy, barytone voice, and with deep musical feeling. There was an exclamation of pleasure and inquiry as he ended, and he said that it was called the "Serenade," and was composed by a German named Schubert. He had transcribed it into his book from the copy of a friend.

Thus at the same time the Easy Chair made the acquaintance of Cranch and Schubert. The singer was still a preacher, but was about leaving the pulpit. He was

[1] *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1892.

already a disciple of Transcendentalism, the far-reaching spiritual revival and impulses of that time.

. . . . . .

Cranch followed the leading of his temperament and talent in becoming an artist. He was, indeed, an artist in various kinds. The diamond which the good genius brought to his cradle, it broke into many parts. He was poet, painter, musician, student, with a supplement of amusing social gifts, and chief of all was the freshness of spirit which kept him always young. The artistic temperament is one of moods, and Cranch was often silent and depressed. But it is a temperament which is also resilient, and recovers its cheerfulness as a sky of April shines through the scattering clouds. Sometimes in later years, when the future which, seen from a studio, is often far from smiling, he came to the room of a friend, and there, before a kindly fire, with a pipe of the "good creature," and with talk that ranged like a humming-bird through the garden, the vapors vanished, and the future, seen from another point of view, smiled and beckoned.

For fifty years his life was nomadic. He was much in Europe, living chiefly in Rome and Paris, with excursions; and in America his centre was New York, even although toward the close of his life his home, where he died, was in Cambridge. His heart was disputed by painting and poetry. He painted and sang. The early bent of his mind, which carried him into the pulpit, held him to religious interests and reading, and while he published poetry and translated the Æneid, he wrote grave papers, and in his "Satan," and other poems, dealt with ethical principles and religious speculation. His nature was singularly childlike and sensitive, and he was wholly in accord with what was really the earnest and advancing spirit of his time. Doubtless he desired a larger public recognition

than he found, and he saw, but without repining, that others appeared to pass him in that uncertain competition where the prizes seem often to be awarded by a fickle goddess.

But no such perception chilled his work or daunted his hope. When he was threescore and ten, his form was still lithe and erect, his step elastic, and, in a friendly circle, his manner was as buoyant as ever. The diffidence of youth still remained, and made his age more winning. Nature in all its aspects did not lose its charm for him, and although in later years he painted little, his interest in books, in society, and good-fellowship never flagged. He was of that choice band who are always true to the ideals of youth, and whose hearts are the citadels which conquering time assails in vain. It was a long and lovely life, and if great fame be denied, not less a beautiful memory remains. It was a life gentle and pure and good, and as living hearts recall its sun and shade, they unconsciously murmur the words of Mrs. Browning, "perplexed music."

THE END

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